* Nov. 9, 1946

# THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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Now that Dubonnet is made here, more and more Americans are discovering the *versatility* of this famous drink of France. No other drink pleases so many palates or has so many uses. A little sweet, a little tangy, Dubonnet has a zestful flavor and "mix-ability" all its own. Created by a 100-year-old secret formula. Try Dubonnet today! Always serve chilled—that way it's best.

*It's smart to say — I'll take Dubonnet*

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**3 DUBONNET MANHATTAN**

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**4 DUBONNET MERRY WIDOW**

½ Dubonnet. ½ dry Vermouth. Stir with ice and strain into a cocktail glass. Add twist of lemon peel.

**5 DUBONNET OLD-FASHIONED**

Dash of bitters. Cubes of ice. Add Dubonnet. Slice of orange, pineapple. Cherry. Serve with a stirrer.

**6 DUBONNET AND SODA**

1½ jiggers of Dubonnet. Juice of ¼ lemon. Ice cubes. Add sparkling soda to fill the tall glass and stir.

**7 DUBONNET AND RUM**

1½ jiggers of Dubonnet. Jigger of rum. Juice of ½ lemon. Add ice cubes. Add sparkling soda and stir.

**8 DUBONNET LIBRE**

Two cubes of ice. Juice of ½ lime, with shell. Add wine glass of Dubonnet. Add cola. Serve with stirrer.

**9 DUBONNET AND BRANDY**

1 oz. Dubonnet, ½ oz. brandy. Stir thoroughly with ice and strain into cocktail glass for serving.

**10 DUBONNET AND SHERRY**

½ Dubonnet, ½ dry Sherry. Add ice cubes. Stir thoroughly with ice cubes and strain into cocktail glass.

# DUBONNET

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KAY BELL

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ON THE PLAZA

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE THEATRE

*(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)*

### PLAYS

**Born Yesterday**—Garson Kanin's extremely funny and expert comedy concerning a big-time crook and the little girl who ruins his racket. Judy Holliday is fine as a current Lorelei Lee, and Paul Douglas makes a most convincing malefactor. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Cyrano de Bergerac**—The question here is whether José Ferrer is better in the title role than Walter Hampden, and the answer seems to be yes as a comedian and no as a lover. Frances Reid plays Roxane, and Ernest Graves is Christian. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Dream Girl**—A play by Elmer Rice about a young woman who finds her fancies a good deal more interesting than life. June Havoc plays this dual and frequently trying role. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Duchess of Malfi**—John Webster's sixteenth-century tragedy, in which Elisabeth Bergner is often magnificent as the most persecuted heroine in history. The play itself and the production, though, are distinctly second-rate. With Canada Lee (in whiteface), John Carradine, and Whitfield Connor. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**A Flag Is Born**—This plea, by Ben Hecht, for a free Palestine takes the form of a pageant. Some of the tableaux are very stirring pictorially, but the author's text is too florid and elementary to carry much weight. With Luther Adler. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

**The Front Page**—Lew Parker and Arnold Moss are never going to replace Lee Tracy and Osgood Perkins in the affections of those who saw this comedy-melodrama back in 1928. It is still a skillful and exciting show, however. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 9.)

**Happy Birthday**—Helen Hayes superb in what would otherwise be just another comedy about a plain girl who turns into the belle of the ball. Anita Loos is the author, Joshua Logan the director, and an excellent cast includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, and Enid Markey. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Lady Windermere's Fan**—Cecil Beaton's nineteenth-century costumes and sets are the real stars of this revival of the Wilde comedy. Cornelia Otis Skinner, Henry Daniell, Penelope Ward, and Estelle Winwood do very nicely, too. (Cort, 48th St., E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**The Iceman Cometh**—Eugene O'Neill, absent from the theatre for twelve years, is back with a four-hour play (there is an intermission for dinner and thought) proving that life is insupportable without illusions. Beautifully acted and produced, but not, perhaps, quite worth all the excitement. The cast of dreamy bums includes James Barton, Dudley Digges, Carl Benton Reid, and Nicholas Joy. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 5:30, with an intermission from 6:45 to 8:15.)

**Made in Heaven**—A comedy by Hagar Wilde about the breaking up and reëstablishment of a rather uninteresting marriage. Donald Cook, starred for the first time, heads the cast. He is assisted by Katharine Bard, Carmen Mathews, and Ann Thomas. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

## A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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**O Mistress Mine**—The Lunts are marvelous in this slight play by Terence Rattigan. The plot has to do with one of those fashionable British extramarital contretemps and you can just forget about it. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance Sunday evening, Nov. 10, for the Actors' Fund.)

**The Playboy of the Western World**—A revival of Synge's drama concerning the humors of parricide. Burgess Meredith gives a fine performance in the title role, and the rest of the cast is also distinguished, but the evening on the whole is disappointing. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:45.)

**Present Laughter**—Noel Coward far below par in a comedy about an actor who has too many girls. Clifton Webb heads a cast that also features Evelyn Varden, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

**Long Runs—Anna Lucasta:** The all-Negro play about a prostitute. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **Deep Are the Roots:** A melodrama concerning a Negro officer who returns to the South. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 16.) . . . **Harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **Life with Father:** You know—"Life with Father." Donald Randolph and Mary Loane. (Bijou, 45th St., W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.) . . . **State of the Union:** The Crouse-Lindsay piece dealing with politics and principles in the Republican Party. Ralph Bellamy and Kay Francis. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.) . . . **The Voice of the Turtle:** John van Druten's play about a sergeant and his two girls. With Alan Baxter, Beatrice Pearson, and Vicki Cummings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

**American Repertory Theatre**—A newly organized group, with Cheryl Crawford as managing director. The players include Eva Le Gallienne, Victor Jory, Walter Hampden, Ernest Truex, and Margaret Webster. The schedule for this week and next is: "Henry VIII," Thursday evening, Nov. 7, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "What Every Woman Knows," Friday and Saturday evenings, Nov. 8-9, at 8:30, and Saturday matinée, Nov. 9, at 2:30. . . . ¶ "Henry VIII," Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 10, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ "John Gabriel Borkman," Tuesday through Friday evenings, Nov. 12-15, at 8:40. . . . ¶ "Henry VIII," Saturday matinée and evening, Nov. 16, at 2:30 and 8:30. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173.)

### MUSICALS

**Annie Get Your Gun**—Ethel Merman is an ear-splitting delight in this saga of Little Sure-shot. Irving Berlin wrote the excellent music and lyrics, and the very competent cast includes Ray Middleton, Marty May, and Harry Bellaver. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Call Me Mister**—A lot of ex-G.I.s and their girls have put together the happiest military offering since "This Is the Army." Sketches by Arnold Auerbach and songs by Harold Rome. With Betty Garrett, Jules Munshin, and Bill Callahan. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

**Gypsy Lady**—Some very pretty Victor Herbert tunes, bogged down in an involved and tedious book. Helena Bliss contributes a few spirited moments, but not enough of them to warrant your attendance. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Three to Make Ready**—Even Ray Bolger's nimble and comic best is unable to make much of this successor to "One for the Money" and "Two for the Show." With Jane Deering, Brenda Forbes, and Rose Inghram. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 13, and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Monday, Nov. 11, at 2:40.)

**Long Runs—Carousel:** "Liliom," transplanted to New England by Richard Rodgers and Oscar

## DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE


| | Page |
|---|---|
| THE ART GALLERIES | 91 |
| BOOKS | 113 |
| THE CURRENT CINEMA | 102 |
| FOOTBALL | 63 |
| LETTER FROM LONDON | 106 |
| LETTER FROM ROME | 68 |
| MUSICAL EVENTS | 109 |
| OF ALL THINGS | 105 |
| ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: CHRISTMAS GIFTS | 86 |
| THE RACE TRACK | 57 |
| THE THEATRE | 51 |



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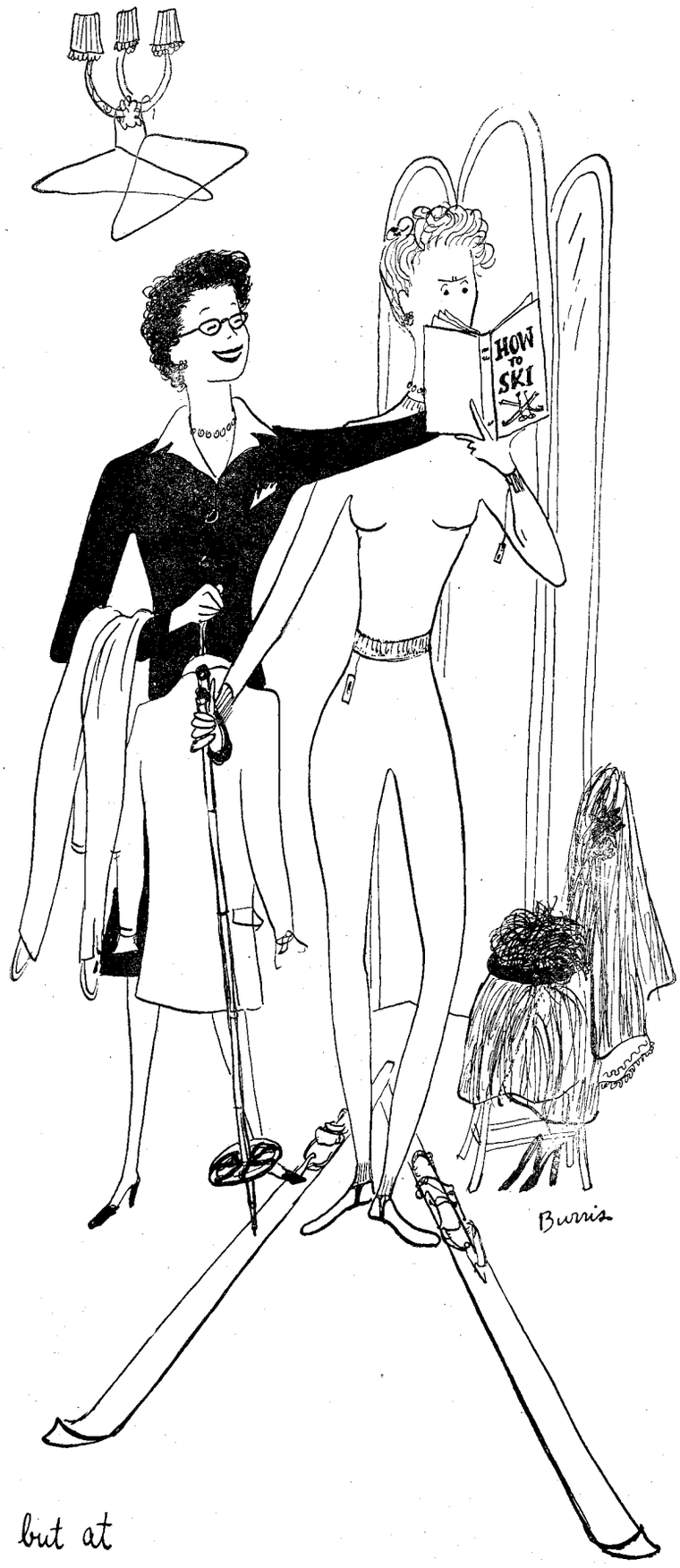
# This is our Miss Quikkleby

MISS QUIKKLEBY is a wholesome girl who got lost once while skiing in the Rockies and found herself alone with a bunch of elk. Being a woman of infinite resources and sturdy muscles, she soon got back on the right track and eventually landed in Saks Fifth Avenue's ski shop. The elks' loss is Saks' gain. For seven years now, Miss Q. has been advising our customers what to wear while skiing, and Heaven help the ones who don't listen.

As an expert skiier of long standing and falling, Miss Quikkleby is especially firm with lady beginners who want their ski togs so suavely fitted there's barely room to sneeze. "First time you fall down, you'll split out the pants and look like a fool," she hints to them graciously. She's also helpful with novices who evidently confuse skiing in Vermont with yodeling in the Alps, and ask for a feathered Tyrolean hat with embroidered bolero. Not being muzzled by any such whimsies as "The customer is always right," Miss Quikkleby sets them straight in a hurry, with 16-oz. gabardine tailored to a stem-turn.

It's part of Miss Quikkleby's credo that in order to keep fluidly aware of what goes on in the ski-fashion world, she must dash off on frequent winter "business trips", a delicious parallel-technique term for going skiing at all the best resorts. After viewing her expense accounts for these jolly expeditions, Saks executives sometimes get rigid from the neck up and have to be rubbed with snow. Oh, well, anything *pour le sport.*




Oh Miss Quikkleby – where else but at

**SAKS FIFTH AVENUE**

at Rockefeller Center

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Hammerstein II. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . OKLAHOMA!: Mr. R.'s and Mr. H.'s musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . THE RED MILL: The Victor Herbert hit of 1906, brought to life again. With Dorothy Stone, Jack Whiting, and Odette Myrtil. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.) . . . SHOW BOAT: Edna Ferber and Jerome Kern, back on the Mississippi. With Carol Bruce, Kenneth Spencer, and Buddy Ebsen. (Ziegfeld, Ave. of Americas at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

PARK AVENUE—George S. Kaufman's and Nunnally Johnson's musical comedy, produced by Max Gordon, with a cast headed by Leonora Corbett and Arthur Margetson. Lyrics by Ira Gershwin and music by Arthur Schwartz. Mr. Kaufman is the director and Donald Oenslager is the stage designer. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

### OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

THE HAVEN—Melville Cooper in a mystery drama by Dennis Hoey, based on a novel by Anthony Gilbert. Directed by Clarence Derwent and produced by Viola Rubber and Johnnie Walker. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

### BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

BALLET THEATRE—Tentative schedule of final performances—"Giselle," "Three Virgins and a Devil," and "Gala Performance," Thursday evening, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ "Les Sylphides," "Undertow," "Pas de Quatre," and "Fancy Free," Friday evening, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ "Petrouchka," "On Stage," and "Helen of Troy," Saturday matinée, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ "Les Patineurs," "Facsimile," "Pas de Deux," and "Gala Performance," Saturday evening, Nov. 9. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30.)

PEARL PRIMUS—With her group. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Sunday afternoon and evening, Nov. 10, at 3:30 and 8:40.)

### MISCELLANY

NAUGHTY-NAUGHT—A burlesque melodrama about Yale men, who don't seem to have changed much with the years. You are encouraged to drink and to annoy the cast, and there is dancing after the performance. (Old Knickerbocker Music Hall, Second Ave. at 54th St. EL 5-9333. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9; extra performances on Fridays and Saturdays at 12 midnight.)

BAL NEGRE—Katherine Dunham and her company in a number of Caribbean and African dances. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

ICE SHOW—"Icetime," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Ave. of Americas at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée and evening performances Monday, Nov. 11, at 2:40 and 8:40.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT—The Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre, presenting "The Secret Garden." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday morning, Nov. 9, at 10:30. For tickets, call EN 2-6984.) . . . ¶ Films and short features of interest to youngsters are shown on Saturday mornings at the Park Avenue Theatre (Park Ave at 59th St., PL 9-5087), starting at 10:30, and at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre (Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180), starting at 11.

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## NIGHT LIFE

(A listing of some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several *of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on* Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so it's a good idea to phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

### DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—William Scotti's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing in the dignified Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Polite and pleasant dinner music in the spacious Bowman Room by Mischa Ragsinsky's string ensemble.

CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN, 128 E. 58th St. (PL 5-9223)—Jack Gilford, adding his own special touch to a moderately entertaining show. On Nov. 11, Eddie South's orchestra will be replaced by Alberto Soccaro's rumba band.

EMBASSY, 149 E. 57th St. (PL 3-8435)—Very, very standard entertainment of the Latin-American variety, but the orchestras of Noro Morales and Erwin Kent may make you feel you need exercise.

LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A fairly close approach to upper-bracket grandeur, with placid romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The patrons, an interesting local tribe, dance in native costume to Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—In the stately Cotillion Room, you will find a small show, Charles Reader's orchestra, and a rumba band. . . . ¶ A trio plays in the Café Pierre for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde is cavorting again in the Persian Room at both dinner and supper. Hal Kanner's orchestra plays all evening, with Mark Monte's lending a hand after the theatre.

RITZ-CARLTON, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—In the Oval Room, Larry Siry's string orchestra provides sweet, reminiscent *music during the dinner hour; no dancing.*

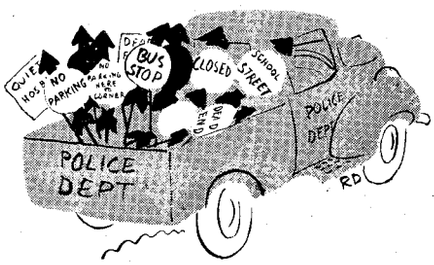
ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Iridium Room has a pretty little ice show, and Paul Sparr's and Theodora's orchestras for dancing. . . . ¶ Two small dance orchestras play downstairs, in the Maisonette.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—In the worldly Café Lounge, the lush music of Barry Winton's orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing every afternoon.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band alternate for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Dwight Fiske and his tittering ribaldries. Dancing to the music of Emil Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Jean Sablon is in the Wedgwood Room after the theatre, singing in four languages about one subject. Emil Coleman, at dinner and supper, plays nostalgic, debparty music; Mischa Borr's rumba band helps out around midnight. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.




### SMALL AND CHEERFUL

DRAKE, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): In the Drake Room, subdued and elegant, there's stylish nourishment to the accompaniment of stylish piano music after nine o'clock by Cy Walter, and at cocktails and dinner by Paul Berlin. . . . COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band play jauntily for dancing in a tranquil, polished setting. . . . 1-2-3 CLUB, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns, providing a background of contemplative piano music for the customers' chatter; no dancing. . . . CASINO RUSSE, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Old-fashioned, bilingual merriment from the real, original Borsch Circuit; dance music of all varieties. . . . MADISON, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): An easygoing place, with Val Ernie's dance orchestra until nine. . . . ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler plays the piano, after nine-thirty, in this agreeable cranny; no dancing. . . . GLADSTONE, 114 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4300): Bunty Pendleton is in the Victorian Room after eleven. . . . ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Park S. (WI 2-5800): Unexciting but pleasant, with dance music by a small orchestra. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Lots of heel stamping, maraca shaking, and other types of more or less Spanish jollification. . . . CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Cliff Jackson and Pete Johnson, a pair of dexterous piano players who have been around almost as long as the murals, and Susan Reed, the little girl with a lapful of Irish harp; dance music by J. C. Heard's orchestra. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Maxine Sullivan, Richard Dyer-Bennet, and the Herman Chittison Trio.

### BIG AND BRASSY

CARNIVAL, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): Milton Berle, who is fine when he watches his step, and scary and rather wonderful circus-trapeze work by Elly Ardelty. Dance music, too. . . . COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis at his funniest, and a lot of expensive costumes to fit the girls. Michael Durso's orchestra and Frank Marti's rumba band.

### SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Irwin Corey, the Golden Gate Quartet, Robert Maxwell, and so many others that you are bound to find something to suit your taste. . . . RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): Day, Dawn, and Dusk and a couple of good comediennes to keep your mind off whatever it is you're saying.

### MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-8736): Some of jazz music's most rugged individualists, among them Max Kaminsky, Dave Tough, and Pat Flowers. . . . 400 CLUB, Fifth Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman's orchestra, almost inundated by jitterbugs. . . . NICK'S, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): *Muggsy Spanier, Pee Wee* Russell, Miff Mole, and their colleagues, all blowing good and loud. . . . JIMMY RYAN'S, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Georg Brunis and Tony Parenti, making a very satisfying racket in this familiar standby.

### MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Pancho's orchestra. . . . PENNSYLVANIA, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra. . . . ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

## ART

(Most galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5:30 and 6 P.M. on weekdays. Some

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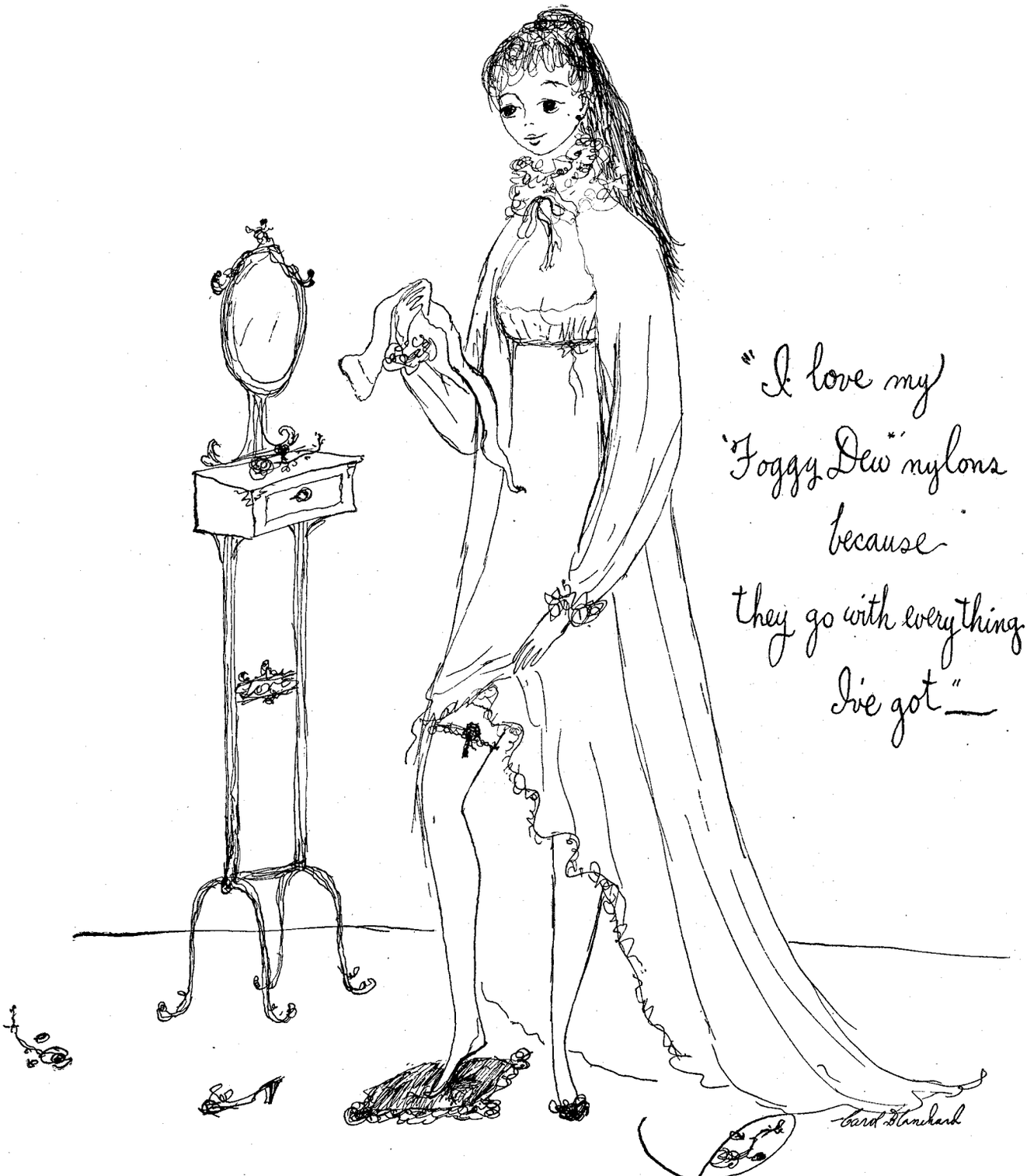


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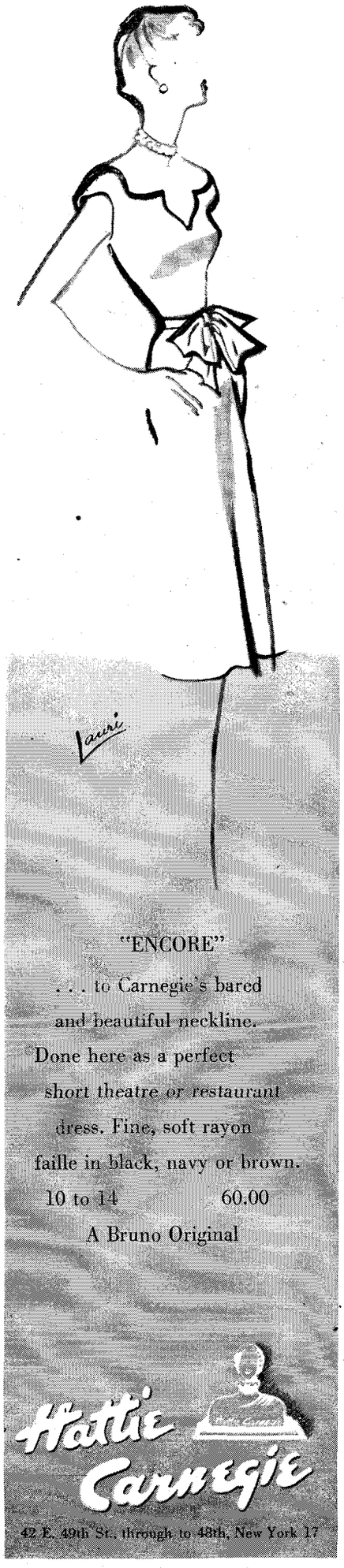


# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

galleries, as indicated below, are open in the evenings or on Sundays as well.)

**Allied Artists of America**—Thirty-third annual exhibition. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 76th St.; Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 24.)

**John Atherton**—Paintings done during the past year. (Julien Levy, 42 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 9.)

**A. S. Baylinson**—Figure paintings and still-lifes. (Laurel, 48 E. 57th St.; Nov. 7.)

**British**—Paintings by three young Englishmen, two of them unknown in this country. (American British Art Center, 44 W. 56th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Marc Chagall**—Oils and gouaches not previously shown. (Niveau, 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**Contemporary French**—Paintings done during and since the war by Picasso, Rouault, Dufy, and others. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**Gladys Rockmore Davis**—Paintings of children. (Midtown, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Drawings**—An exhibition of drawings by Boucher, Titian, Tiepolo, and other European masters. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**Emil Ganso**—A memorial exhibition of paintings. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.; through Nov. 13.)

**André Girard**—Paintings of the Apocalypse. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Groups**—At the **Kraushaar**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Russell Cowles, Henry Schnakenberg, Humbert Albrizio, and others; through Nov. 16. . . . **Lilienfeld**, 21 E. 57th St.: Still-lifes by such French artists as Derain, Herbin, and Vlaminck; through Nov. 21.

**Carl Holty**—Paintings applying abstract technique to hockey and other contemporary subjects. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 9.)

**Knoedler Centennial**—Twenty-four famous paintings sold by the Knoedler Galleries during the hundred years of their existence; a benefit for the Diamond Jubilee Fund of the Metropolitan Museum. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 23.)

**Walt Kuhn**—Still-lifes and figure paintings. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**Lintott**—Flowers, clowns, and ballet dancers in a loan exhibition of this artist's paintings. (French, 210 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Lisa Mangor**—Lightly Expressionist paintings. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 10.)

**Jean de Marco**—Sculptures in wood and stone. (Clay Club, 4 W. 8th St. Weekdays 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 30.)

**Reginald Marsh**—Temperas and wash drawings. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Photographs of Italian buildings and works of art which were damaged during the war; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Supplementing the newly rearranged Renaissance collection is an exhibition of prints and drawings by Mantegna, Dürer, and Pollaiuolo, among others. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A memorial show of paintings by Florine Stettheimer, which revives both the spirit and the personages of the Dadaist nineteen-twenties; through Nov. 17. . . . ¶ Oils, drawings, and sculptures by several contemporary Americans, including Loren MacIver, Saul Steinberg, and Arshile Gorky; through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ The history of cartooning, from the Egyptians to Bemelmans, shown in a group of ninety cartoons; through Nov. 24. . . . ¶ Additions to the Museum's collection, including paintings by Matisse and Picasso; through Nov. 17. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

**Museum of Non-Objective Painting**, 24 E. 54th St.—The Museum's biennial non-objective group show, with paintings by Ilya Bolotowsky, Perle Fine, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

**National Serigraph Society**, 38 W. 57th St.—Silk-screen prints by Sylvia Wald and Riva Helfond; through Nov. 16.

**Paintings and Sculptures of Horses**—Studies, widely diversified in style, by Milton Avery, Giorgio de Chirico, Louis Schanker, and others. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**Ad Reinhardt**—New abstractions. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 9.)

**José de Rivera**—Sculptures in steel and aluminum. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 23.)

**Kurt Roesch and Charles Cutler**—Abstract paintings by the first and sculptures by the second. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Umberto Romano**—Muralesque paintings, dealing with social injustices. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Louis Schanker**—Recent oils. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**Yves Tanguy**—A retrospective show of oils and gouaches. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 30.)

**Toulouse-Lautrec**—The largest show of his work ever held here, for the benefit of the Goddard Neighborhood Center. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through Nov. 23.)

**Ferdinand Warren**—Outdoor scenes, ranging in subject from Brooklyn to the coast of Maine. (Milch, 108 W. 57th St.; through Nov. 16.)

**Max Weber**—Pastels and gouaches, done between 1910 and 1937. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Nov. 9.)

**Whitney Museum**, 10 W. 8th St.—Drawings, paintings, prints, and sculptures by the nineteenth-century American artist William Rimmer. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Nov. 28.)

**Karl Zerbe**—Encaustics, gouaches, and drawings. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through Nov. 9.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House, it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

### OPERA

**New York City Opera**—"Ariadne auf Naxos," Thursday evening, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ "Faust," Friday evening, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ "Rigoletto," Saturday evening, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ "Madama Butterfly," Sunday matinée, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ "La Tosca," Sunday evening, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ "Eugen Onegin," Thursday evening, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ "Ariadne auf Naxos," Friday evening, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ "Carmen," Saturday evening, Nov. 16. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

**Metropolitan Opera**—Opening performances of the season—"Lakmé," with Lily Pons and Raoul Jobin, Monday evening, Nov. 11, at 8:15. . . . ¶ "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Ezio Pinza, Frances Greer, and John Brownlee, Wednesday evening, Nov. 13, at 8. . . . ¶ "Madama Butterfly," with Licia Albanese and Charles Kullman, Thursday evening, Nov. 14, at 8:30. . . . ¶ "Siegfried," with Helen Traubel and Herbert Janssen, Friday evening, Nov. 15, at 7:45. . . . ¶ "Otello," with Stella Roman and Torsten Ralf, Saturday matinée, Nov. 16, at 2. . . . ¶ "Faust," with Raoul Jobin, Ezio Pinza, and Maxine Stellman, Saturday evening, Nov. 16, at 8:15.

### ORCHESTRAS

**Philharmonic-Symphony**—Artur Rodzinski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday evening, Nov. 7, at 8:45, with Leonard Rose, cello soloist; Friday afternoon, Nov. 8, at 2:30, with Mr. Rose as soloist; Saturday evening, Nov. 9, at 8:45, with Sylvia Zaremba, piano soloist; Sunday afternoon, Nov. 10, at 3, with Miss Zaremba as soloist; Thursday evening, Nov. 14, at 8:45, with Mischa Elman, violin soloist; and Friday afternoon, Nov. 15, at 2:30, with Mr. Elman as soloist.)

**Boston Symphony Orchestra**—Serge Kousse-

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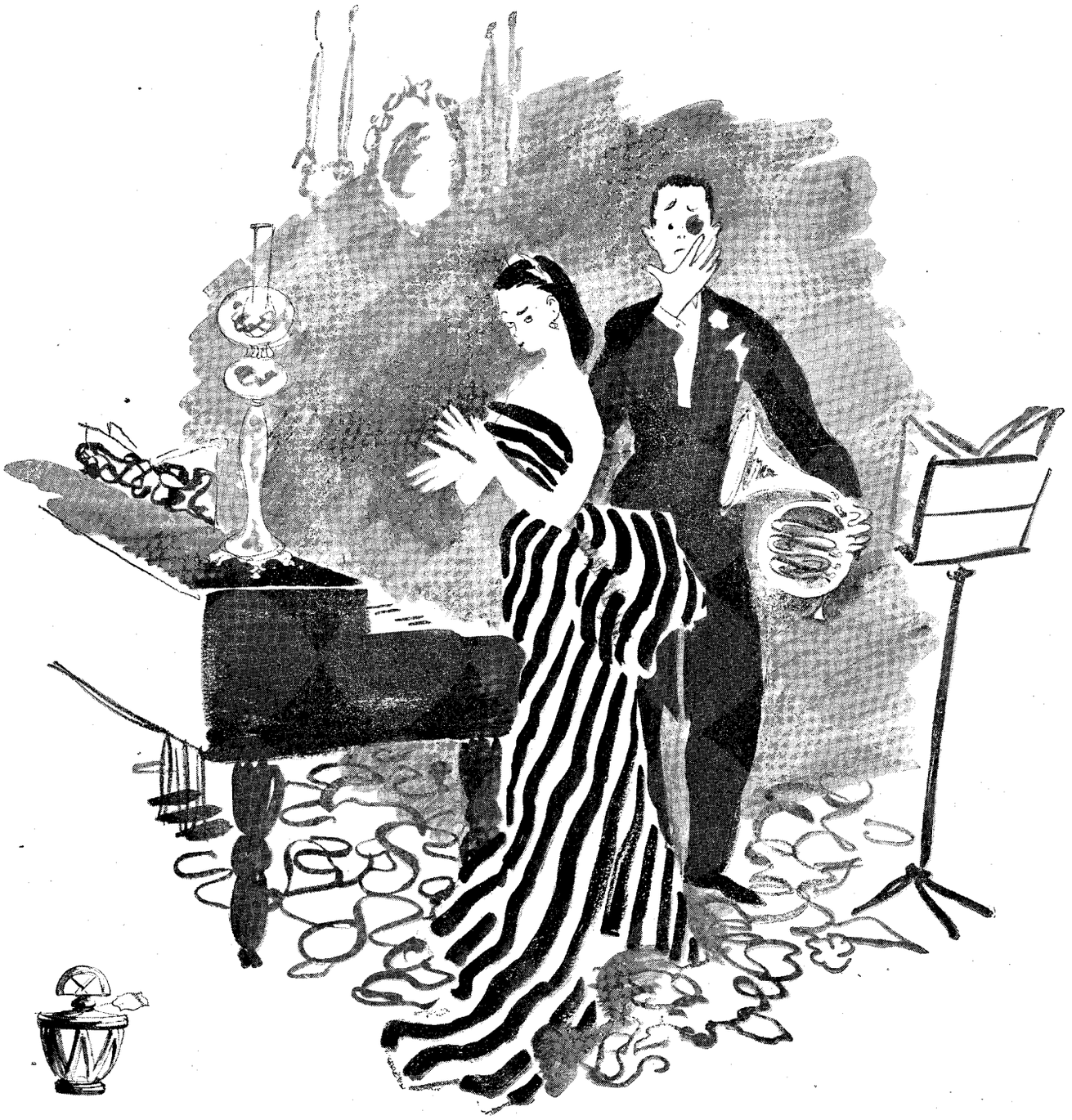

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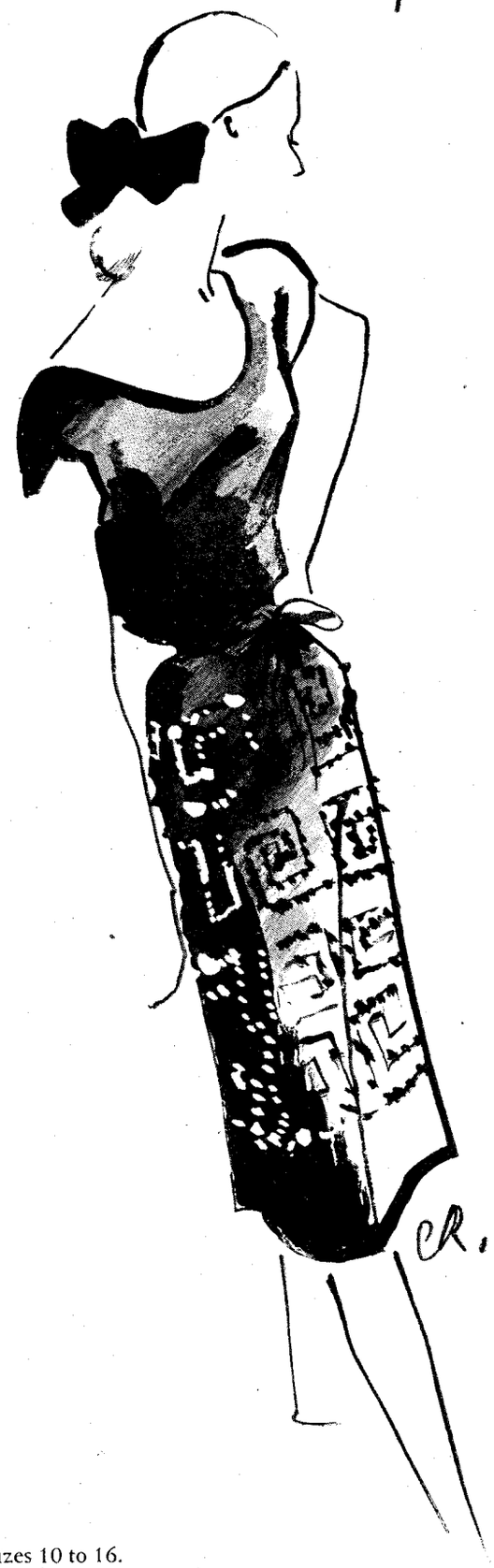

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

vitzky conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 13, at 8:45; and Saturday afternoon, Nov. 16, at 2:30, with Myra Hess, piano soloist. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 68th St. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60. Thursday evening, Nov. 14, at 8:45. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday evening, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

**New York City Symphony**—Leonard Bernstein conducting. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Monday and Tuesday evenings, Nov. 11-12, at 8:30.)

**National Association of American Composers and Conductors**—Beveridge Webster, piano; and two string quartets. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

## RECITALS

**Ruth Freeman**—Flute. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

**Ray Lev**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 8, at 8:30.)

**Irene Jessner**—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9, at 3.)

**Guiomar Novaes and John Corigliano**—Piano and violin. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 9, at 5:30.)

**Yehudi Menuhin**—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RH 4-1500, Ext. 60. Saturday evening, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

**Joseph Schuster**—Cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. ST 9-1391. Saturday evening, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

**Folk Music Concert**—Sidney Bechet, clarinet; Pete Johnson, piano; Pops Foster, bass; and others. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Nov. 9, at 11:30.)

**Tom Scott**—Folk singer. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 10, at 3.)

**New Friends of Music**—The Paganini Quartet. (Town Hall. Sunday afternoon, Nov. 10, at 5:30.)

**Marian Anderson**—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

**Alton Jones**—Piano. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

**Madeleine Carabo and Carol Robinson**—Violin and piano. (Town Hall. Monday afternoon, Nov. 11, at 5:30.)

**Budapest String Quartet**—Chamber music. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 22. Monday and Wednesday evenings, Nov. 11 and 13, at 8:40.)

**Ruth Posselt**—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

**Erno Balogh**—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Nov. 13, at 8:30.)

**John Kirkpatrick**—Piano. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Thursday evening, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

**Alexander Brailowsky**—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

**Carol Brice**—Contralto. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Nov. 16, at 5:30.)

**Giuseppe de Luca**—Baritone. (Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

**Note**—Alexander Schneider, violin, and Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, will give a concert at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700), on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 17, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Nov. 12, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

## SPORTS

**Boxing**—Jersey Joe Walcott vs. Elmer Ray, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, Nov. 15; preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bout at 10.)

**Chess**—Twenty gentleman and ten lady chess experts, thinking deeply and competing for the sixth biennial U.S. Championship. Among the contestants are Arnold Denker and Samuel Reshevsky, present and former champions. (Chanin Building Auditorium, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays,

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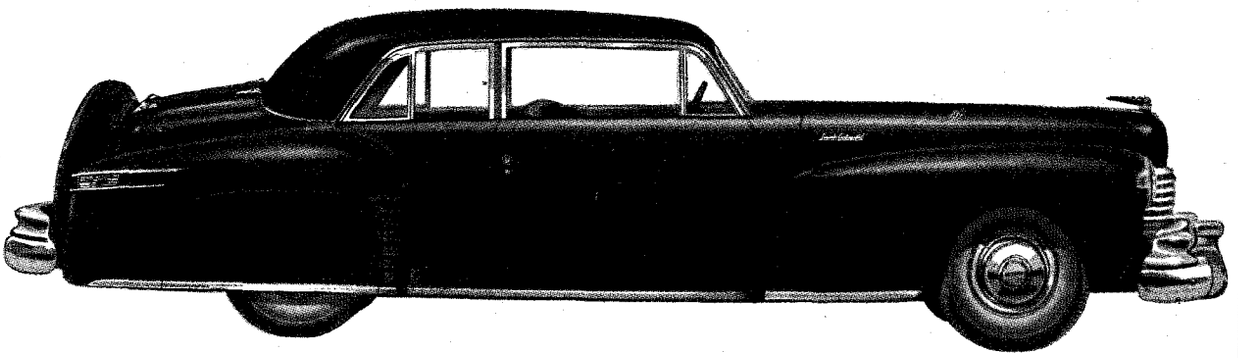

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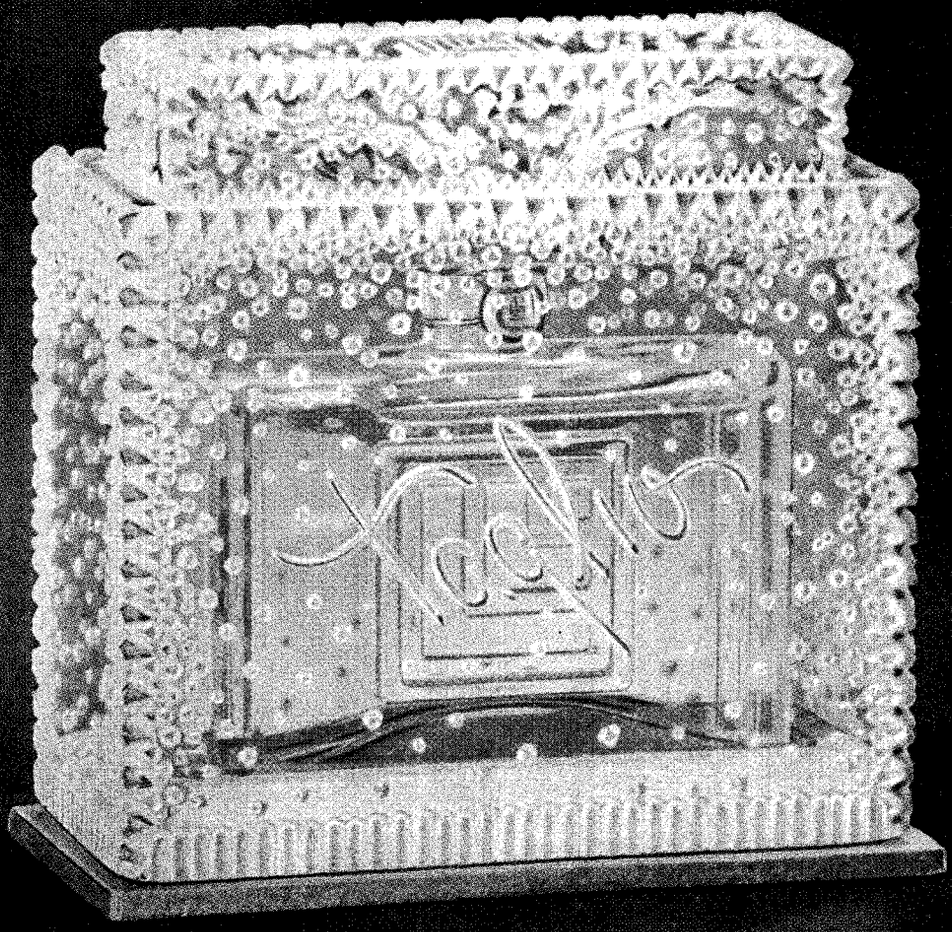

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7 to 11:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6:30 and 7:30 to 11:30 P.M.; through Nov. 16. For further information, call CI 6-8258.)

**College Football—Saturday, Nov. 9,** at 2 P.M.: Army vs. Notre Dame, at Yankee Stadium; Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca; Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover; Princeton vs. Virginia, at Princeton; Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick; Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven.... **Saturday, Nov. 16,** at 2 P.M.: Columbia vs. Lafayette, at Baker Field; Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca; Fordham vs. N.Y.U., at Yankee Stadium; Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge; Lehigh vs. Rutgers, at Bethlehem; Navy vs. Penn State, at Annapolis; Pennsylvania vs. Army, at Philadelphia; Syracuse vs. Colgate, at Syracuse; Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

**Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 10,** at 2 P.M.: Dodgers vs. Buffalo, at Ebbets Field; Giants vs. Philadelphia, at the Polo Grounds; Yankees vs. Los Angeles, at Yankee Stadium.

**Hockey**—Rangers vs. Boston, Nov. 10; Rangers vs. Canadiens, Nov. 13; Rangers vs. Chicago, Nov. 16. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. All games begin at 8:30 P.M.)

**Horse Show**—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 7-9. Evenings at 7:45, Thursday and Friday afternoons at 2, and Saturday afternoon at 1:45.)

**Hunt Race**—Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, Nov. 16.)

**Racing**—At **Pimlico:** Weekdays at 1:15 P.M., through Nov. 14. The Riggs Handicap, Nov. 8; the Pimlico Futurity, Nov. 9; the Walden Stakes, Nov. 13; the Pimlico Cup, Nov. 14. ... **Empire City-at-Jamaica:** Weekdays at 1:15 P.M., through Nov. 12. The Westchester Handicap, Nov. 9. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Jamaica Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M., and Saturdays between 11 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.) ... **Jamaica:** A special race meeting for the benefit of the New York Racing Association Charities, Inc., Nov. 13-15, at 1:15 P.M. ... **Bowie:** Weekdays at 1:15 P.M., starting Nov. 16. The Prince George Autumn Handicap, Nov. 16.

## OTHER EVENTS

**United Nations Meetings**—Plenary sessions of the General Assembly have now given way to closed committee meetings.... ¶ Fifty-odd tickets of admission to open sessions of the Security Council at Lake Success are still being set aside for unofficial spectators. If you call FLushing 8-2000, Ext. 92, around 9:30 in the morning, you can find out if a meeting is to be held that day and reserve a seat for it; the demand for seats, however, is usually greater than the supply. Trains leaving Penn Station for Great Neck are met at regular intervals by busses for Lake Success.

**Flower Show**—The thirty-ninth annual autumn exhibition of the Horticultural Society. (Hotel Pennsylvania, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. Thursday, Nov. 7, from 12 noon to 10 P.M.; Friday, Nov. 8, from 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; and Saturday, Nov. 9, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

**Metropolitan Opera Exhibit**—Costumes and jewels, miniature stage sets, portraits of celebrated singers, and other operatic memorabilia. (I.B.M. Bldg., 20 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday, 1 to 5 P.M.)

**Press Photographers' Show**—Photographs of violence and mayhem, base runners sliding into second, prizewinning babies, and ragged boys and their dogs, along with a good number of serious camera studies, all by local newspaper photographers. (Museum of Science and Industry, 1250 Ave. of Americas, at 49th St. Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Nov. 10.)

**Native Carvings**—A display showing the use of decorative carvings by such primitive peoples as the Maoris and the Northwest Coast Indians as well as by the highly cultivated Chinese. The articles range from the purely functional earplug to the more frivolous totem pole. (Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St. Weekdays, 10


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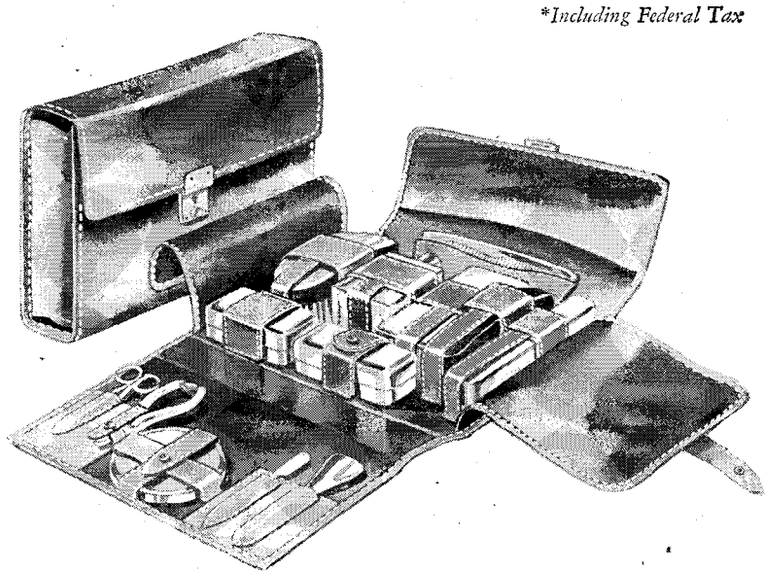

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and Armistice Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

**Browning Collection**—The private and literary history of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, as reflected in an exhibition of letters, early editions, and manuscripts, together with some forged first editions which once rattled the collectors' market. (Room 318, New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

**Planetarium**—The current demonstration is called "From One Planet to Another." (Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

**Presentation Silver**—A display of silver odds and ends handed out to various worthy individuals in appreciation of their accomplishments. The entries include silver medals presented to the captors of Major John André and a three-hundred-and-eighty-one-piece dinner service given to Commodore Perry for negotiating a treaty with Japan. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 76th St. Saturdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; other days, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.)

**Museum of Modern Art Film Library**—The Museum (11 W. 53rd St.) is showing old movies from its collection on the following schedule: "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" (1921), with Rudolph Valentino, Thursday, Nov. 7. (Two showings only, at 4 and 8 P.M.) ... ¶ "Foolish Wives" (1922), directed by and starring Erich von Stroheim, Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10. ... ¶ "In Seville" (1909), and "Nanook of the North" (1922), directed and photographed by Robert Flaherty, Monday through Thursday, Nov. 11-14. ... ¶ "Wild Bill Hickok" (1923), with William S. Hart, starting Friday, Nov. 15. Showings, except as noted above, are held weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and also on Thursdays at 8 P.M., and Sundays at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.

**Auctions**—Modern paintings and drawings, including work by Monet, Vlaminck, and Cézanne, and nineteenth-century paintings by Corot, Blakelock, and others, from various private collections. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.; Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8 P.M.) ... ¶ Renaissance sculptures and tapestries, from two museum collections. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Friday, Nov. 8, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ Early American furniture, and silver, including pieces by Paul Revere, owned by the late W. T. H. Howe and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2 P.M.) ... ¶ Paintings by Milton Avery, George Grosz, Karl Zerbe, Isabel Bishop, and other contemporary Americans, sold for the benefit of the Society of Friends' Sub-Committee on Food Parcels for Europe. (New School, 66 W. 12th St.; exhibition, Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 5-9, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30 P.M.) ... ¶ Etchings and engravings by such artists as Dürer, Rembrandt, and Whistler, owned by Mrs. Norman E. Wells and others. (Parke-Bernet Galleries; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 12-13, at 8 P.M.)

## ON THE AIR

**United Nations**—All open sessions of the Security Council are broadcast in their entirety over WNYC.

**Music**—Metropolitan Opera: "Otello," Torsten Ralf and Stella Roman, Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2 P.M., WJZ. ... ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3 P.M., WCBS. ... ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. ... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Nov. 16, at 5 P.M., WCBS. ... ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sunday, Nov. 10, at 5 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ Budapest String Quartet, Saturday, Nov. 9, at 5 P.M., WCBS. ... ¶ Jascha Heifetz, violin, Monday, Nov. 11, at 9 P.M., WNBC. ... ¶ Joseph Szigeti, violin, Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3 P.M., WNYC.

**Sports**—Football: Army vs. Notre Dame, Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2 P.M., all major networks.

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE THEATRE SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

**The Big Sleep**—A cops-and-robbers picture with a lot of fast action (and an almost incomprehensible plot, if that matters). Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd; Nov. 7-9.... ¶ Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; and Carlton, B'way at 100; Nov. 8-11.... ¶ Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Nov. 9-11.... ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Nov. 12-13.... ¶ Normandie, Park at 53rd; and 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; Nov. 13.)

**Brief Encounter**—A tender and touching British film for grown-up moviegoers. It is an extension of a Noel Coward one-act play, "Still Life," and understandingly tells the story of a married woman and a doctor she meets by chance. Beautifully played by Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th.)

**Caesar and Cleopatra**—George Bernard Shaw's conception of the conqueror. Shaw's wit, Claude Rains' skill, and Vivien Leigh's beauty combine, in Technicolor, to make a highly diverting, but somewhat long, film. (Astor, B'way at 42nd; Nov. 7-13.)

**Extenuating Circumstances**—A French film about a prosecutor who finds himself, through no fault of his own, acting as head man of a gang of crooks. A dozen jaunty character actors perform in it with enthusiasm and great good humor. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th.)

**Henry V**—Any superlatives you have handy may well be applied to this version of Shakespeare's historical drama. As producer, director, and protagonist, Laurence Olivier has done himself and Shakespeare proud, and the cast that helps him along is altogether satisfactory. (Golden, 252 W. 45th; weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30; Sundays at 3 and 8:30; special matinée Monday, Nov. 11, at 5:30.)

**Hymn of the Nations**—A refreshing half hour with Toscanini as he leads an orchestra and a choir through Verdi's "Hymn." (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Nov. 7.)

**The Kid from Brooklyn**—Danny Kaye makes the most of his opportunities in this rehash of the story about a milkman who becomes a very improbable middleweight champion. Vera-Ellen's dancing adds a lot to the film. (Normandie, Park at 53rd; and Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Nov. 7.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th; Nov. 9-12.)

**The Killers**—Ernest Hemingway's tense fragment, cleverly expanded to make one of the best of recent gangster films. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50th; Nov. 7-12.)

**A Night in Casablanca**—Not top-drawer comedy by a long shot, but the Marx Brothers come through with jokes enough to lift the pall of an unnecessarily involved story. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th; Nov. 7-10.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th; Nov. 7-11.... ¶ Stoddard, B'way at 90th; Nov. 13.)

**Notorious**—Ingrid Bergman, acting drunk, disorderly, and wonderful in a shining example of Alfred Hitchcock slickness. It's a postwar spy story, set in Brazil, and has an uncommonly good cast, including Cary Grant, Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, and Mme. Leopoldine Konstantin. (R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd; R.K.O. 81st St., B'way at 81st; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110th; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st; Nov. 13.)

**Open City**—A taut, intense description of the workings of the Italian underground, featuring a cast that is just about perfect. Made in Rome after the city's liberation. (World, 153 W. 49th.)

**Portrait of a Woman**—Françoise Rosay, the French actress, plays four roles and brings off a tour de force in versatility. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Nov. 7.)

**The Strange Love of Martha Ivers**—Barbara Stanwyck as a heroine with a weakness for homicide, power, and Van Heflin. No matter what you may think of the lady's conduct and that of her dubious pals, you'll probably find the picture interesting. (Stoddard, B'way at 90th; Nov. 7-11.... ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Nov. 9-12.... ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th; Nov. 9-13.... ¶ Waverly, Ave. of Americas at 3rd; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Nov. 12-13.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Nov. 13.)

**The Turning Point**—There's plenty here about the Battle of Stalingrad that you probably never knew before. This Russian account of it may move a bit slowly, but it's impressive, nevertheless. (Stanley, 7th Ave. at 41st.)

**Two Years Before the Mast**—A good interpretation of the Dana book, but not quite up to "Mutiny on the Bounty" as a sea film. Howard da Silva leads a highly competent cast through its salty routine. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th.)

**Vacation from Marriage**—The impact of the war converts a drab little English couple into a pair of stimulating people. Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr effect the transformation with the greatest felicity. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Nov. 8-11.)

**The Well Digger's Daughter**—A French film that proves that seduction and its consequences are not always as grim as they are made out to be. The late Raimu and his associates make it one you will almost certainly want to see. (Avenue Playhouse, Ave. of Americas at 47th.)

### REVIVALS

**Along Came Jones** (1945)—Gary Cooper, Loretta Young, and Dan Duryea in a burlesque Western. (Alden, B'way at 67th; Nov. 7-9.)

**Arrowsmith** (1931)—Sinclair Lewis's story, adapted for the screen by Sidney Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Nov. 12-13.)

**Blithe Spirit** (1945)—Ghostly doings cooked up by Noel Coward. Rex Harrison, Kay Hammond, and Constance Cummings. (Stoddard, B'way at 90th; Nov. 12.... ¶ Loew's 86th St., 3rd Ave. at 86th; Nov. 13.)

**Dead End** (1937)—The Sidney Kingsley play. Sylvia Sidney, Joel McCrea, Humphrey Bogart. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd; Nov. 7.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th; Nov. 9-11.)

**Dodsworth** (1936)—Another Sinclair Lewis piece, this time the one about a retired businessman. Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, and Mary Astor. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Nov. 12-13.)

**Fantasia** (1940)—The Disney film with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Republic, B'way at 51st.)

**Gaslight** (1944)—Approximately the same scary story as the play "Angel Street." Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Nov. 8-11.... ¶ Alden, B'way at 67th; Nov. 12-13.)

**The General Died at Dawn** (1936)—Madeleine Carroll and Gary Cooper in the Odets story of intrigue and war in China. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd; Nov. 10-11.)

**The Ghost Breakers** (1940)—Creepy and comic. Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Nov. 8-11.)

**The Lady Eve** (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th; Nov. 8-9.)

**The Last Chance** (1945)—A Swiss film about refugees fleeing from Italy to Switzerland. (Thalia, B'way at 95th; Nov. 8-11.)

**Once Upon a Time** (1944)—Whimsy concerning a dancing caterpillar. Cary Grant and Janet Blair. (Schuyler, Columbus at 84th; Nov. 12-13.)

**The Seventh Veil** (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. James Mason and Ann Todd. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th; Nov. 7-9.)

**Shadow of a Doubt** (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and its mysterious uncle. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Nov. 8-11.)

**Sylvia Scarlett** (1936)—Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant portraying a couple of romantic vagrants. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Nov. 12-13.)

**Top Hat** (1935)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, dancing to Irving Berlin music. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th; Nov. 7.)

**The Westerner** (1940)—Plains, homesteaders, saloons, gun fights, and Gary Cooper. (Victoria, B'way at 46th.)

**Wuthering Heights** (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th; Nov. 7.)

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## THE BIG HOUSES

**Astor**, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
Nov. 7-13: CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA.

**Capitol**, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
Nov. 7-13: "Rage in Heaven," revival, Ingrid Bergman, Robert Montgomery.

**Criterion**, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
Nov. 7-13: "The Dark Mirror," Olivia de Havilland, Lew Ayres.

**Globe**, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
Nov. 7-13: "Angel on My Shoulder," Paul Muni, Anne Baxter, Claude Rains.

**Golden**, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
Nov. 7-13: HENRY V.

**Gotham**, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
Nov. 7-13: "The Plainsman and the Lady," Vera Ralston, William Elliott.

**Hollywood**, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
Nov. 7-13: "Deception," Bette Davis, Paul Henreid, Claude Rains.

**Music Hall**, Ave. of Americas at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Nov. 7-13: "The Jolson Story," Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes.

**Palace**, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
Nov. 7-13: "Lady Luck," Robert Young, Barbara Hale, Frank Morgan.

**Paramount**, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
Nov. 7-13: "Blue Skies," Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, Joan Caulfield.

**Rivoli**, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
Nov. 7-13: TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST.

**Roxy**, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Nov. 7-13: "Margie," Jeanne Crain, Glenn Langan.

**State**, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Nov. 7-13: "White Tie and Tails," Dan Duryea, Ella Raines.

**Strand**, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
Nov. 7-13: "Nobody Lives Forever," John Garfield, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Walter Brennan.

**Victoria**, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
Nov. 7-13: THE WESTERNER, revival.

**Winter Garden**, B'way at 50th. (CI 7-5161)
Nov. 7-12: THE KILLERS.
Nov. 13: "Notorious Gentleman," Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer.

## FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

**Avenue Playhouse**, Ave. of Americas at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
Nov. 7-13: THE WELL DIGGER'S DAUGHTER.

**5th Ave. Playhouse**, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
Nov. 7-13: EXTENUATING CIRCUMSTANCES.

**55th St. Playhouse**, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
Nov. 7-13: "Johnny Frenchman," Françoise Rosay.

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
Nov. 7-13: BRIEF ENCOUNTER.

**Republic**, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-9647)
Nov. 7-13: FANTASIA, revival.

**Stanley**, 7th Ave. at 41st. (WI 7-9686)
Nov. 7-13: THE TURNING POINT.

**World**, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
Nov. 7-13: OPEN CITY.

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CHARLES E. WILSON
*President, General Electric Company*

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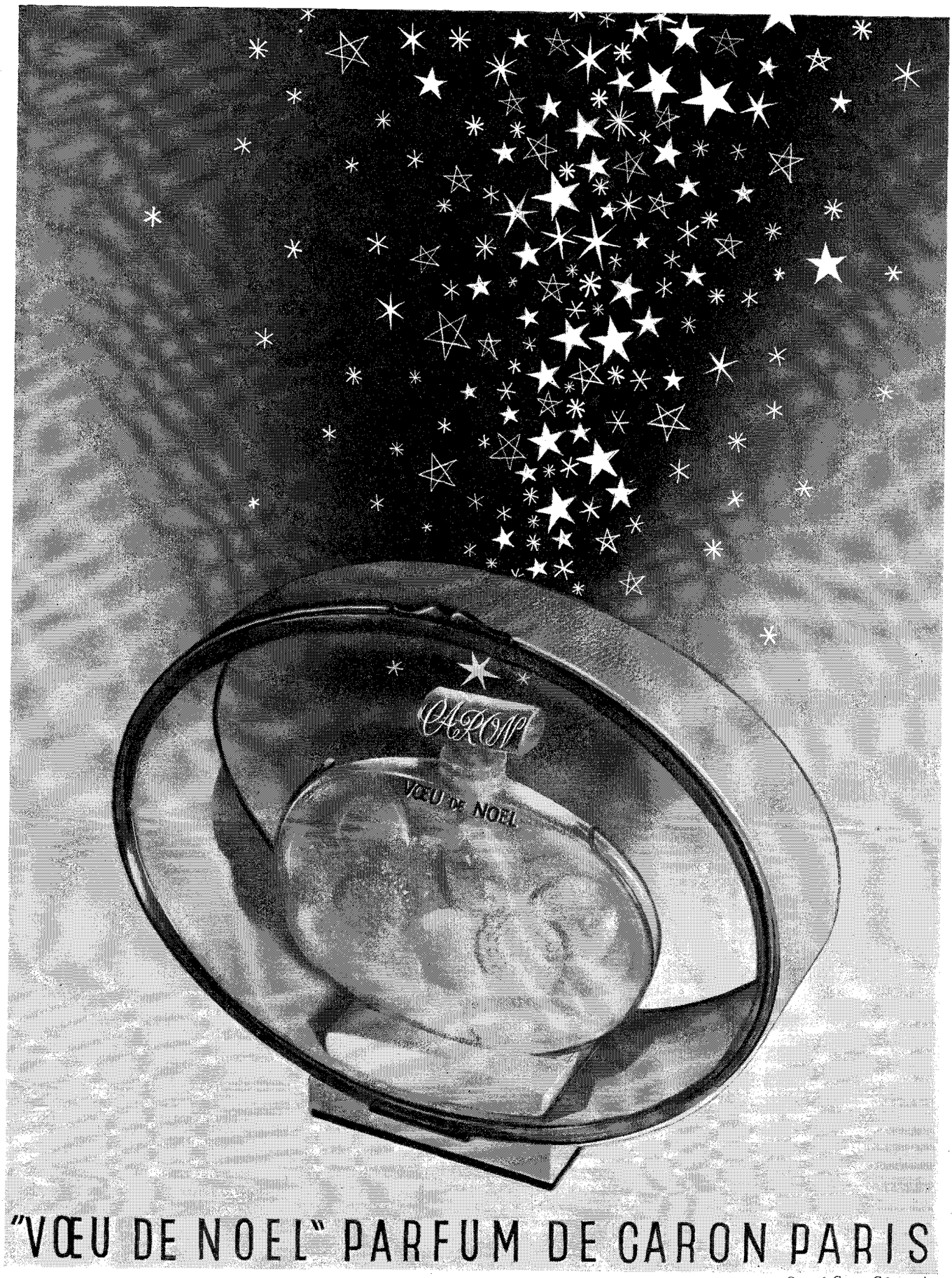


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THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

FAILURE OF NERVE NOTE: *Predictions by Experts*, a publication with offices at 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, has gone out of business.

HARVEST CONFUSION NOTE: One of the First National stores in New Haven has recently been selling tomatoes wrapped in cellophane bearing the legend "Select Lemons" and displayed in a box marked "Packed by the Connecticut Celery Company."

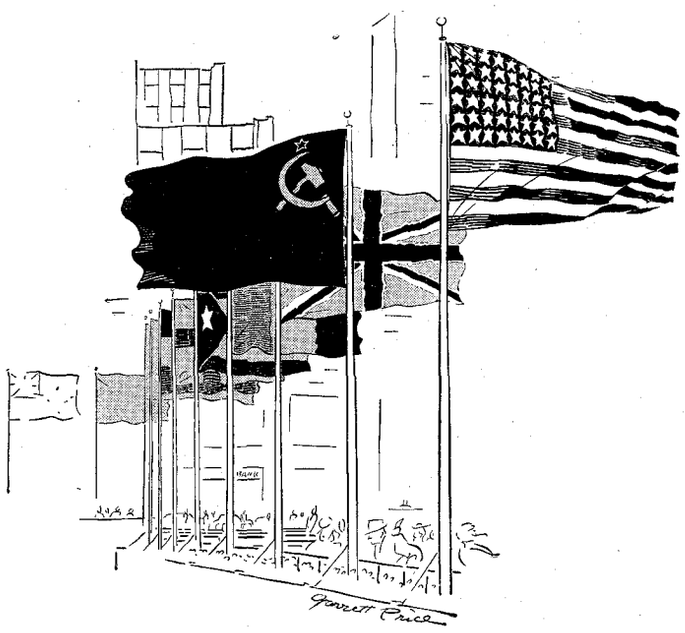
SILVER SPOON NOTE: There's a sign on the door of a shop in Philadelphia that reads:

FRED J. COOPER
JEWELER BY BIRTH

"ALL this," said Mr. Molotov, "goes to show that the truth is not on the side of the American plan." Perhaps Mr. Molotov should simply have said, "All this goes to show that *I* am not on the side of the American plan." One discovers, in many political thinkers, a tendency to mistake their own opinions for Truth. In fact, after a man has thought long and hard about something, the truth and his own opinion are apt to become indistinguishable.

BOTH the *Times* and the *Tribune* gave about a stick of type the other morning to the launching of a new perfume, called Desert Flower. The launching had been held at the Knoedler Galleries, where three new paintings by Salvador Dali were broken over the prow of the scent, and art and commerce took the waves together in one blinding splash. Our special interest in the occasion was in watching the press rassling with its soul on the morning after. The *Times* wonderfully solved its personal crisis simply by putting a set of quotes in the headline, so that it read, "3 NEW DALI PAINTINGS 'INTERPRET' PERFUME." A sly wink, to let the reader know that the *Times* still can recognize whence a smell came.

THE fault we have to find with the myriad improvements and wonders of the modern age is that most of them aren't as good as what we had before. Take plastics. We know a beautiful, long-haired woman who has always been dependent on genuine bone hairpins to hold her hair up. All she can get nowadays are the brave new improved plastic hairpins, which are fine except they keep shooting out, as from the barrel of a gun. The woman has stood up fairly well under the rigors of this situation, retrieving fallen pins (in shops, streets, buses) and replacing them in her hair, or, as she puts it, "reloading." She has even become proficient at bringing down pins in mid-air (they often get up most unexpectedly, like a partridge in heavy cover). Last week, though, she reached the end of her new-world patience when she bought a pair of modern new-world pajamas and the tag said, "Don't launder. Dry clean."



THE Fifty-first Annual Report of the Public Education Association states, in part, "As the Association moves into its fifty-second year, it will put forward a vital, consistent policy for school improvement." We reproduce this statement because we admire its use of the word "moves." It implies purpose and volition, as if the Association's trustees, given a choice, had voted that their outfit push on into another year, majestically, like a glacier. Let us all take a leaf from the Public Education Association—and an active verb rather than a passive one—and advance in voluntary and determined fashion past our birthdays, in accordance with a vital, consistent policy of getting a day older every twenty-four hours.

WE had a quiet breakfast early one morning last week with Lewis L. Strauss, the Kuhn, Loeb partner who has just been appointed to the new and seemingly all-powerful Atomic Energy Commission and is the only member of the group with local roots. The Commission will assume control—lock, stock, and bomb—of every phase of atomic energy in this country and has been charged, in President Truman's words, with "responsibilities as great as any men have ever assumed in peacetime." We found Mr. Strauss in the dining room of his apartment on Central Park South, about to tackle a plate of sliced grapefruit and looking as though he had already assumed his responsibilities. He is a tall,

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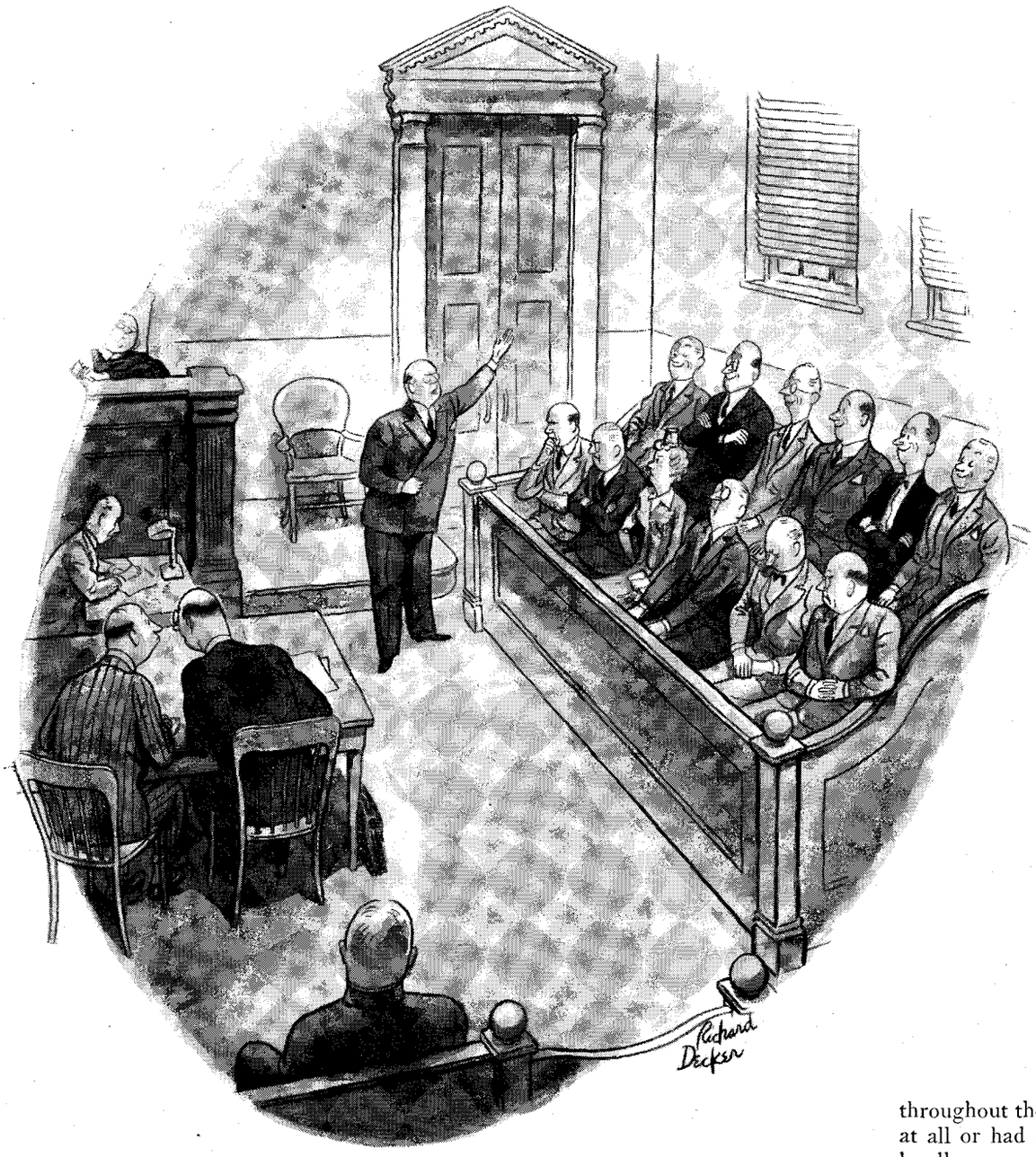


*"I'm afraid we're in for a hung jury."*

• •

impeccably dressed man of fifty, with a large head, a patrician bearing, and a mellow voice. He is currently engaged, he told us, in the unique task of jettisoning most of his income and extricating himself from his partnership in the banking house and from a number of directorships in other corporations. "I feel like a man who is amputating his own leg," he said. "After all, I have been with Kuhn, Loeb almost thirty years, and trees grow together in that time. Strangely enough, my interest in radiation goes back to high-school days in Richmond, Virginia. I really wished to become a physicist. Let me show you something," he said, and walked briskly out of the room. He returned a moment later with a worn textbook—"A First Course in Physics," by Millikan and Gale. "Started me off," he said. "Written in 1906, and radioactivity covers only seven pages. One night a few years ago, I brought out this book, and Robert Millikan, sitting where you are sitting now, inscribed the flyleaf for me."

Strauss's ambitions about physics were smothered, he told us, by lack of funds for a college education and by the first World War. Shortly before we entered the war, he joined the staff of Herbert Hoover, who was then engaged in Belgian-relief work. He became Hoover's secretary, assisted him in the Food Administration, and accompanied him to the Paris Peace Conference, where Mortimer Schiff offered him a Kuhn, Loeb post. Throughout the twenties and thirties, he followed every development in radiation he could find out about, and he became fast friends with a number of physicists, among them Millikan and Bohr. During the late thirties, he financed a notable research experiment in cancer therapy. He interested Millikan and Lauritsen, of the California Institute of Technology, in the work of a German scientist who had escaped to this country with blueprints for a huge machine known as a surge generator. "The surge generator," Mr. Strauss said, without blinking, "was built to produce high voltage and, by electrical bombardment of selected elements, make radioactive isotopes available for cancer treatment—a method now obsolete. After all, radium then cost a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars a gram and most hospitals throughout the country either had none at all or had at best a few milligrams, hardly enough for massive radiation treatment." Work on the construction of the surge generator was interrupted by the second World War. Strauss, who held a reserve commission in the Navy, was ordered to Washington early in 1941 as staff assistant to the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. He became the Navy member of the Army-Navy Munitions Board, one of the first non-Annapolis men to achieve the rank of rear admiral, special assistant to Secretary Forrestal, and the Navy member of the Interdepartmental Committee on Atomic Energy.

Strauss is married to the former Alice Hanauer of New York, has a son in his early twenties who is just out of the Navy and is studying physics at Harvard, and pronounces his name "Straws," an accepted custom among many Southern Strausses. He hopes his new job will permit him to retain two

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non-profit positions he now holds—the presidency of Temple Emanu-El and the vice-presidency of the Institute for Advanced Study, at Princeton. "I don't know whether I'll be living in Washington or New York," he told us, starting to open a pile of mail lying on the table. "Good heavens!" he said. "Here's a letter from my draft board. Say they've lost touch with me. Want me to fill out the enclosed form, listing occupation and whereabouts." Admiral Strauss smiled tolerantly.

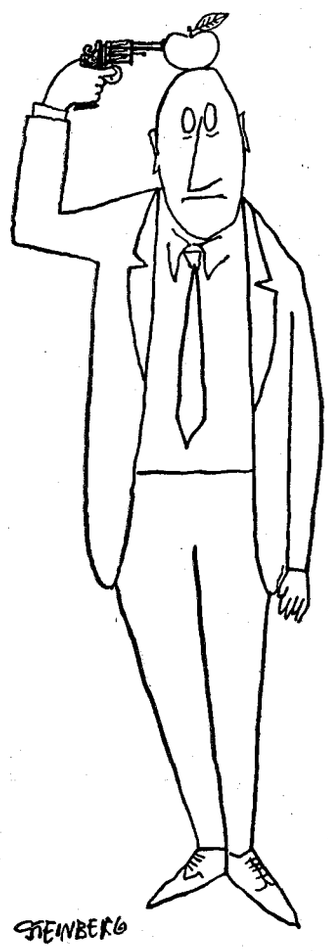
### *Style*

YALE has erected a number of Quonset huts off campus to house married undergraduates, most of whom are ex-G.I.s catching up on the bright college years, and our agent up there reports that he was passing one of these structures the other evening around supper time and, glancing through a window, saw a maid in apron and lace cap briskly shaking up cocktails.

### *Healthy*

SMELLING slightly of fish and kelp, our man Stanley has returned from a pleasant journey to The Raunt, a cluster of ramshackle houses built on piles sunk in the tide-swept isles of Jamaica Bay, which he found accessible at low tide by means of the Long Island Railroad. According to a story out there, in which he is not inclined to place great confidence, fishermen of Norwegian origin used to visit the area years ago in search of shad roe and named it after their native word for roe, which is "*rong*," and of which "raunt" is the Yankee corruption. The Long Island Railroad divides the community roughly in half. Stanley, who is a precise man, counted twenty-five houses in West Raunt and twenty-three in East Raunt. He found that about seventy-five people live there all the year round and that the summer population reaches five or six times that number. Since there are no stores in The Raunt, people shop in Rockaway Beach or Broad Channel, and children attend school in Hammels and other villages in the Rockaway section.

Tidelands (any land over which the tide flows) within the boundaries of New York City are under the supervision of the municipal Department of Marine and Aviation. Up to fifteen years ago, the Department was prepared to rent out plots of Raunt tideland twenty-five feet wide and a hundred feet long at the rate of approximately forty-five dollars a year, with no restrictions as to the kind of dwellings to be erected on them. These plots, consisting largely of water at high tide and eelgrass at low tide, were laid out according to an ancient map in the possession of the Department which showed the vicinity as though the bay were filled in and crosshatched with streets. No one was allowed to build a house where the map showed a street, and a boardwalk that now provides the principal means of communication from house to house more or less follows what was intended to be a main thoroughfare. When the city was building the Cross Bay Boulevard in 1925, it razed Goose Creek, a community similar to The Raunt, and condemned the oyster beds which had provided a livelihood for many of the houses-on-piles dwellers. People in The Raunt still worry about being forced to make way for some monumental, highly antiseptic civic improvement, on the trumped-up ground that The Raunt is an unhealthy place to live. Stanley was assured that there can be no truth whatever in any such loose talk, the residents being always in good health, probably because of the virtues of the basic native diet—rain water and weakfish, flounder, fluke, porgies, skates, eels, bluefish, garfish, rays, and striped sea bass.




Stanley chatted with several of the islanders, among them a plump old man named Eddie Bozett, who has been living in The Raunt for thirty-one years. His house consists of a cozy front parlor, a small bedroom, a kitchen, and a storeroom. Stanley stayed for high tide and reports that the water made a musical, lapping sound just under the floor. Stanley also spoke to Mr. Martin Pfannkuchen, known to his friends by the literal nickname Pancake, who is seventy-five and the oldest living inhabitant, and to Mr. Jesse Bird, secretary of The Raunt Civic Association, which keeps the boardwalk, docks, and pilings in repair. In the course of his visit, Stanley heard many tributes to the Watts family, who built the first house in The Raunt, some ninety years ago. Old Mrs. Watts (said to have met with a fatal accident on the mainland) was a great one for shooting sea gulls and making a medicinal juice out of them. When her husband unaccountably fell sick once, she killed and eviscerated seven cats, wrapped the cats' contents in cheesecloth, and applied them to Mr. Watts' bared stomach. He was up and about again in an hour or two.

### *Higher Economics*

A LADY residing on East Fifty-fourth Street has forwarded us the following self-explanatory, and probably conclusive, memorandum from her cleaning woman:

DEAR MADAM:

Your husband asked me would I stay or not and I will for an $80 raise on the 15 weeks of housecleaning and 7 weeks since then last week will this coming Thursday will be the 8th or 9th week since housecleaning.

15 weeks plus 7 weeks equals 22 times 80 which is $1760. If you can send me a check for that amount I'll stay. I would like to take out an annuity.

Someone I know had one and is living very well off of it.

Sincerely,

ELSIE

### *Ex-Rink*

WE'VE had a talk with Aymar Embury II, who set about designing the City Building in Flushing Meadow Park at a time when that green pleasance still bore the ignoble name and aroma of Flushing Dump, and who, with Louis Skidmore, a fellow-architect, was hurriedly called in last April to remodel the building for the many needs of the General Assembly. Mr. Embury, a stocky, soft-spoken man of sixty-six

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who looks as if he were in his middle forties, is an old hand at doing rush jobs for the city, with whose building program he has been more or less intimately connected ever since he took a job as consulting architect to the Parks Department in 1934. It means working with Robert Moses, a man who is happy only when hurrying. "As a matter of fact," Mr. Embury told us, "the original design of the City Building was knocked out in less than a week. Moses called me one Monday morning in 1937 and said that the city was interested in putting up a building that could be used to house exhibits during the Fair and to house the indoor-recreation program of the Parks Department when the Fair was over. A number of city officials were meeting to discuss the subject on Friday, and if I could rough out a few sketches . . . Well, I handed in a full set of elevations and plans, and they were adopted right on the spot. The only change ever made was one I didn't approve of—the outer walls were filled with glass brick instead of regular windows. That was LaGuardia's idea. He was crazy about glass brick—insisted on having it in every building the city put up."

The shape of the building was determined by Parks Department requirements. Its width, two hundred feet, provides room for indoor tennis courts, and its length, four hundred, can accommodate hundred-yard dashes. After the Fair, however, it was decided to turn the building into an ice- and roller-skating rink, and that's what it was until the United Nations tapped it last spring. The city made about twenty-five thousand dollars a year out of it as a rink; the United Nations gets it free. When Skidmore, Embury, and their associates undertook to remodel the building, they were informed that, like everything that has been done for the United Nations so far, the alteration would be a temporary one, so the ice-making machinery was left in place and the new interior framework was designed so that it could be taken down without damage to the shell of the structure. The building rests on piles sunk in the sand below the mud of a swamp, so there has been no noticeable settling (unlike LaGuardia Field, which was built on filled-in land), and it was therefore judged safe to load the floor, which is, in effect, a concrete mat on dirt fill, with an auditorium, offices, lounges, bars, and passageways. "We had the usual difficulty getting materials for the job," Mr. Embury said. "We had to pick up what we could where we could. The seats in the Assembly chamber, for example, had been ordered by Paramount to replace worn-out seats in theatres around the country. They kindly let us have them when it looked as if the delegates wouldn't be able to sit down without them. A good deal of the equipment we put in will be salvaged when the U.N. finally gets its own home. Everyone connected with the city hopes the U.N. will stay in Flushing Meadow. If it does, my City Building will be torn down and a whole new group of buildings will be put up, centering on the site of the old Perisphere. The city can do a rush job on that, too, if the U.N. will let us."

## *Beaten*

FOR some years, there's been a Chinese laundry in the Chelsea district named, in honor of its proprietor, Sem Ting Wong. The poor fellow evidently cracked under the strain, for he's got a new sign out now, reading simply, "W. S. Ting."

## *Gilded Commentary*

THE formal evening opening last week of the new Fifth Avenue quarters of Prince Matchabelli, Inc., found us on hand, primed for the occasion by a torrent of publicity releases and word-of-mouth discussion of an almost hysterical nature. "Largest and most distinctive room of its kind," "A charming balcony reminiscent of a box at the Paris Opéra," "Grisaille murals," "Reception hall like a Versailles garden, with its topiary murals and marblelike desk and banquettes" were some of the phrases buzzing in our head as we went down a reception line made up of President Norman F. Dahl and Executive Vice-President L. V. Talamini, of the Matchabelli firm; their wives; and Princess Margarita Matchabelli, director of Les Parfums du Prince Matchabelli, of Paris. Dodging several red-coated Sherry waiters carrying trays of champagne, we ran into Jerome Zerbe, the photographer, setting off his flash bulbs. "My God!" he said. "I was at another one of these affairs all afternoon. I get five hundred dollars for the two jobs, but this sort of thing is terribly uncertain; you never know what you're really making. And all our friends are so rich!" We milled around with three or four hundred other guests, inspecting the main salon's Chippendale mirrors, parachute-nylon curtains, and inlaid Italian tables until a publicity lady caught up with us and guided us to a Victorian conversation seat in sea-blue satin. "The room has a twenty-two-foot ceiling and is thirty by sixty," she said. "It used to be the main banking room of the Manufacturers Trust. William Pahlmann did it over—his first big job since the war. There's never been a room like this in the history of the cosmetic business. It's perfect for introducing our new perfume, Crown Jewel. It's so easy to go overboard on the crown motif, but Pahlmann didn't—just some stained-glass crowns in the windows and some crowns in the chandeliers. Let me show you the President's little office—I call it the Taj Mahal." Mindful of the fact that Prince Georges Matchabelli died eleven years ago and that the invitations began (under an engraved crown), "Prince Matchabelli requests the pleasure of your company," we expressed a certain misgiving. The young lady said they'd thought of adding "Inc.," but decided it would sound awfully cold.

We next admired two large cabinets filled with rare old perfume bottles and vials lent by the Newark Museum, and a diamond-studded Russian nuptial crown, on loan from Cartier, which was worn by three czarinas on their several wedding days. This exhibit was under the protection of a man from the Holmes Patrol, who told us he'd be on the job the rest of the night, until Cartier sent for the crown in the morning. "Still in the essential-oils business?" a guest at our left elbow said to another. We wandered into one of several smaller showrooms, where a pretty girl gazed at a case filled with perfumes and mused, "That stays with you much longer than the Duchess of York." "After that he died, poor fellow," a man at our right elbow said. We then sought out Princess M., who is the widow of Georges Matchabelli's brother, Artchil. We found she had just arrived by Clipper. "Perfume is the essential industry in France, and a French perfume, such as Crown Jewel, always has its own cachet," she said. One of the editors of *Town & Country* buttonholed us at

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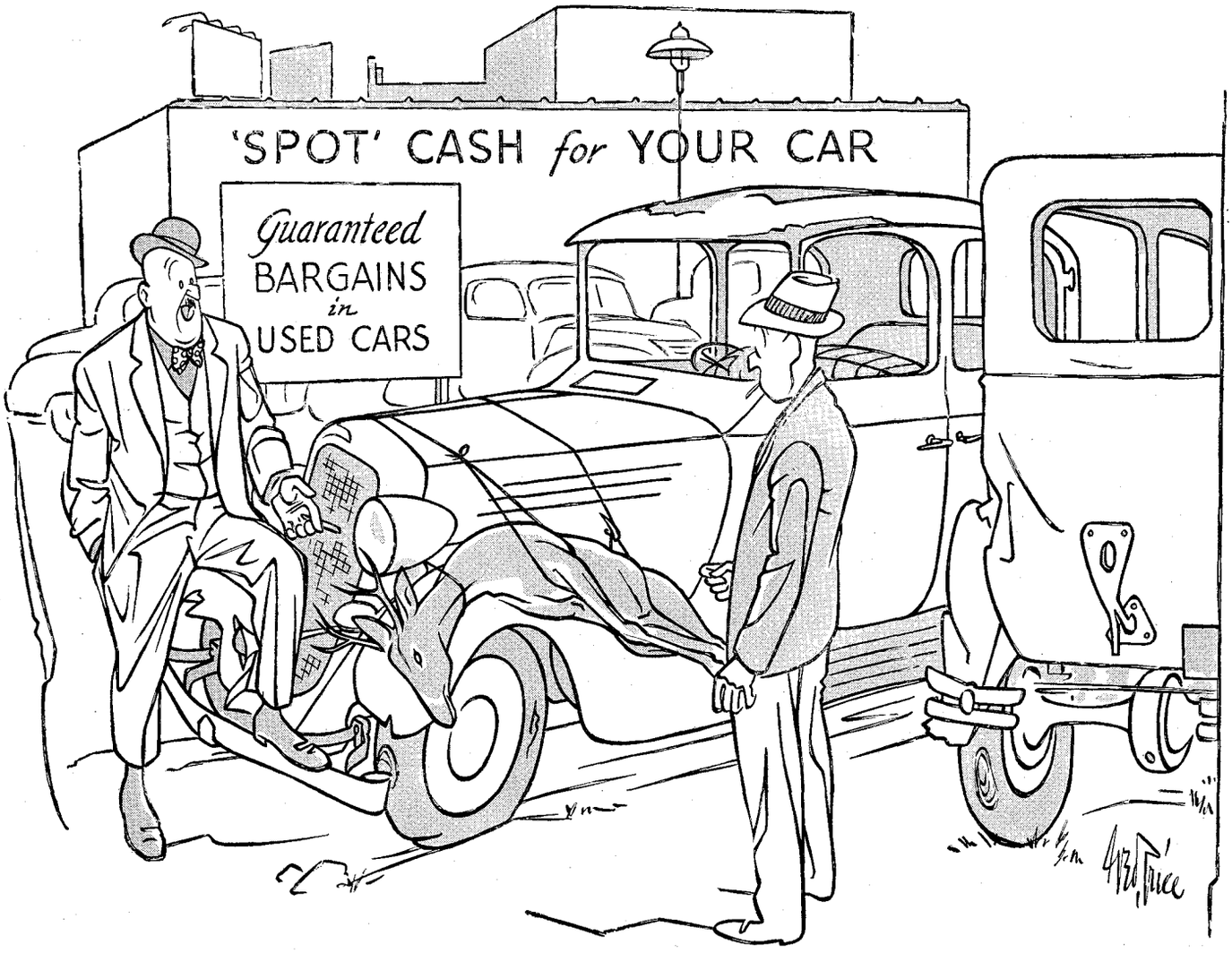


*"Now, here is a sweet little buy if your taste runs to valve-in-head engines and choice venison."*

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this point. "You cut me dead at Costello's two months ago," he said. "What's the idea?"

"Here's Enid Edson. She designed the first fur package in the world for us," said the publicity lady, who had caught up with us again. We asked what the big salon was for, and she said, "Pahlmann will lecture to women's clubs there, we'll lend it to charity organizations for parties, we'll have fashion shows and exhibits of treasures there, and, of course, it's a good room to which to invite buyers from the stores." Passing two men in white ties, we edged into the topiary hall and met an individual who, without giving us his name, cautioned us not to mention it. "Eighty-five per cent of all customer purchases are motivated by emotion," he said. "That applies to the department-store buyers, for whom this place was built. The big room conveys the atmosphere of perfume—those Graustark-green satin drapes, the palace-pink sofas, and all that sort of garbage." We made a note of this, and then he introduced us to a lady who is in charge of activities and functions in the Crown Room. "I'm going to offer it to the ladies of the Four Hundred for cocktails, and to the United Nations," she said. "If Ingrid Bergman or Joan Crawford wants to throw a party, she can do it here. Look at that rug. It's made in alternating squares of gray and beige, so as to look like linoleum." "Linoleum?" we said. "Linoleum," she repeated. "*Marble*," rasped a stately young woman in back of her. We met Mr. Pahlmann on our way out, and he told us the Crown Room had been a hell of a problem, what with strikes, and that he had finished it (after starting work last January) just two hours before the opening. "This seems to me an exceedingly loused-up operation," said a man near us. "It's a commentary on the age we live in. The whole place is owned by the Vicks VapoRub people. Try to get a Vicks VapoRub here and see what happens to you!"

### *Substitute*

THE father of an East Side young lady who got married last week gave her a postwar wedding, complete with all the old-fashioned trimmings: pages, flower girls, striped awning from the church door to the curb. Everything, that is, but the rice to be thrown after the reception. He *thought* of the rice all right, but the emissary he sent to get it returned with a report that none was to be had anywhere. A resourceful usher saved the situation by dashing around the corner to a grocery and coming back with half a dozen boxes of Wheaties, "The Breakfast Food of Champions." Turned out to be a reasonably satisfactory substitute; not quite as good to throw as the genuine article, maybe, but easier to sweep up.

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*"I think you're silly to jump at the first man who comes along. I'm going to wait till I've finished the course."*

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# PILGRIMAGE

MR. BRENNAN pulled another sheet of yellow paper out of his typewriter, squeezed it into something like a ball, and shot it like a marble into the wastebasket. He put in a fresh sheet and typed out, "The Sports Whirl, by Tim Brennan. New York, November 8," and stopped. He reached into the basket and took out a couple of pieces of crumpled paper, read over what he had written, and tossed the papers back again. There was a tapping on the door of his hotel room and he opened it to admit a short young man who had "Valet" written on his uniform.

"Come in, son," said Mr. Brennan. "Got my suit all ready, eh?"

"Yes, sir." The young man hung the suit in the closet.

"What's the damage?" asked Mr. Brennan.

"Sir?"

"How much do I owe you?"

"You can put it on the bill or whichever you like. One twenty-five."

Mr. Brennan picked up the money from some stuff on the bureau. "One twenty-five, and fifty for you. O.K.?"

"Yes, sir. Thank you," said the young man. "Say, you're going to the game, huh?"

"Yes, covering the game."

"Oh, a newspaper reporter," said the young man. He examined the press ticket which was lying on the bureau. "What paper, may I ask?"

"The Centreport *Times*, Centreport, Indiana."

"Oh, yes. Indiana. That's where Notre Dame is. I had a friend in the Army worked in the Studebaker plant where they have Notre Dame College. The same town. I guess you get passes to all the fights and so forth? I never cared much about football, but baseball and fights . . . Of course, I follow all sports to some extent."

"Yes, so do I," said Mr. Brennan.

"I see. I guess they pay all your expenses on like these trips."

"Oh, yes."

"Uh-huh. That oughta be worthwhile, if a person cared about sports. I couldn't of done it, though. I was a very poor speller when it came to spelling words. I have my kid is seven years old and I wouldn't put it past him if he could spell better than me. Well, in a coupla years."

"Yes. I have a grandson about that age, and they're smart as a whip these days. Of course, they have different methods of teaching nowadays."

"Oh, yes. Yes, I guess so. Well, sir, anything else I can do for you?"

"No—uh. That's—uh—half a dollar is all right, I mean for a tip? I don't get East—"

"Oh, plenty, thanks. Yes, sir. Good night, sir," said the young man, closing the door.

Mr. Brennan would have liked to talk some more with the young man. Whether he was in Centreport, where he knew more people than any other man in town (the time he met Willkie, that was the way he had been introduced—Tim Brennan, knows more people than any other man in the *county*, not just the town), or on a trip like this or the other time he had come to New York, when Christian Keener Cagle was playing for the Army, Mr. Brennan liked to chat with people and get their opinions and different points of view and so forth. Great or small, it didn't matter to Mr. Brennan. Rockne, of course, he had known personally from going up to South Bend once or twice every year to get a slant on the new material. Zuppke, Stagg, Yost, Crisler—he had met all of them several times and had had long talks with them. He had corresponded with Eckersall. The big ones were just like anybody else once you got to know them, and it was the same in politics or business as it was in sports. On the other trip to New York, to see Cagle play, he had sat up till late talking to a citizen that only turned out to be a vice-president of the General Motors Corporation, that was all. One year, he got a smoked turkey at Christmas from Steve Hannagan, and whenever Mr. Brennan went to the five-hundred-miler at Indianapolis or the basketball tournament at Bloomington, they treated him like a king. You couldn't want better treatment. This trip—the boss, young Bert Leader, was the instigator of this trip, back in September. "Tim, this year you're going to the Notre Dame-Army game. How does that sound?" Well, how *would* it sound? He immediately contacted his friends at South Bend and they fixed him up with his press ticket and helped him with the hotel reservation. And tonight the Consolidated Press was sending one of its sports side to take him out to dinner and show him a little bit of the town, which just proved that the C.P. didn't forget that the Centreport *Times* was one of the oldest members of the C.P., from back in the days when the paper had a Morse wire.

Mr. Brennan's thoughts along this line led him to a startling awareness of duty; the fellow from the C.P. would be along any minute and he had not finished his piece. He sweated a little and then had his idea for his column. He wished he could have written more about tomorrow's game, with a little inside stuff from Blaik and Blanchard and so on, but the paper would be getting enough of that from the C.P. Instead, he wrote, in very fast time, a column on a favorite topic—recollections of Rockne from the angle of pleasant associations in the sports world generally. He finished the piece, folded it, and put it in his pocket. The young fellow from the C.P. would know which was the best Western Union place to take it to.

MR. BRENNAN dressed with care. He had shaved—second time today—and bathed before starting to write his column. He removed his moiré silk dressing gown and gave his black shoes a rub with the inside of the dressing gown. He put on his white shirt and flower-patterned tie, and thought of his promise to his son's daughter, who had given him the tie for his birthday. His promise had been that he would save the tie for a special occasion, and if the night before the Notre Dame-Army game was not a special occasion, it would suffice until one came along. When it came time to spread his watch chain across his vest, Mr. Brennan had a decision to make—whether to wear the solid-gold basketball with the diamond on it that he had been given for coaching the Centreport High team to victory in its class at Bloomington, or the gold football that he had been awarded for coaching the only undefeated, untied team Centreport had ever produced in the Tri-County League. He decided in favor of the football and the Sigma Delta Chi honorary-journalistic-fraternity key. He had just got his coat on when the telephone rang. He walked over and lifted the instrument out of its cradle.

"Hello," he said.

"Hello, Brennan? This is Montgomery."

"Henry R. Montgomery of the C.P.?"

"Yes. I'm downstairs. Come on

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*"Oh, dear, I hope Consolidated Edison hasn't done something foolish!"*

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down and we'll have a drink at the bar."

"Wouldn't it be better if we had one up here? How're we going to recognize each other?"

"That's all right, they know me here," said Montgomery. "Tell them you're looking for me."

"You're the doctor," said Mr. Brennan. Mr. Montgomery had a youngish sound to him, but he could not be a very young man to have been writing sports as long as Mr. Brennan knew he had been. Another thing Mr. Brennan knew was that Mr. Montgomery was hardly one of the C.P.'s top men; Montgomery got pretty good assignments, but not the best. The Centreport *Times* sports department was not what you would call overstaffed, and Mr. Brennan, many times, had written the headlines over Montgomery's stories, and as many times he had spiked Montgomery's stories in favor of junior-high basketball-game stories of local origin. These recollections did not add up to anything against Montgomery, but they gave Mr. Brennan a little more self-assurance than he might have felt if it had been Montgomery's boss instead of Montgomery who was taking him to dinner. He also thought that knowing more about Montgomery than Montgomery knew about him gave him an advantage, an advantage that was slightly unfair, and he determined to put himself out for Montgomery.

He was on his way to the door when the telephone rang again. He was of two minds about answering it; it was most likely to be Montgomery, impatient, but when he answered, it was Mrs. Brennan, telephoning from Centreport.

"Why, hello. What is it, Nellie?" he said.

"Now, don't get upset, Tim. It isn't serious, but I knew you'd want to know right away. Little Timmy broke his leg falling off the garage roof."

"Broke his leg? How? Where?"

"I just said, falling off the garage roof at their place."

"No, I mean where's the leg broken? Is it a bad break? How'd it happen?"

"Now, I wouldn't of called you if I'da known you'd let yourself get all upset. He's all right. It's a simple, clean break and Dr. Hawthorne says it's nothing to worry about, the poor little fellow. He and Miller's boy got a ladder and went up on the roof, and little Timmy fell off."

"Where is he? Is he in the hospital?"

"He's at home. Dr. Hawthorne said it wasn't even serious enough to take him to the hospital."

"I don't care what Bob Hawthorne said, get the lad to the hospital! All Bob Hawthorne was thinking of was the hospital is overcrowded. Well, let somebody else move. A broken leg needs weights and casts and special equipment. You hang up and I'll call Bob Hawthorne."

"The leg's in a cast and Timmy'll get all the special attention he needs. Remember the child's mother was a registered nurse and she knows how to take care of him, and don't you dare call Dr. Hawthorne. He has enough to do without you—"

"Call Bert Leader. He's a member of the hospital board."

"I'll call no one, and neither will you. Jack is right here beside me and he says to tell you everything's all right. If it wasn't, I'd tell you to come home. I'd be the first—you know that. So stop worrying and go out and get your supper. It's an hour later there."

"I know that. I changed my watch on the train," said Mr. Brennan. They said goodbye and Mr. Brennan stood there for a little while before remembering that he was keeping Mr. Montgomery waiting. On the way down in the elevator, he thought of broken legs he

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had seen in his years in sport—ugly compound fractures on muddy football fields, for instance—and he knew of one case where the leg had had to be amputated, and at least two where the leg had had to be rebroken and reset.

"I'M looking for a fellow named Montgomery," said Mr. Brennan to the bartender.

"I'm Montgomery. I guess you're Brennan."

They shook hands. "I apologize for keeping you waiting, but I got a long-distance call." Mr. Brennan wanted to talk about his grandson, but he knew immediately that Montgomery was not the man he wanted to talk to. "Take a rye and a beer chaser."

"Get *him*," said Montgomery to the bartender. "Brennan, you must be getting ready to knock one out of the ballpark. Well, that's for me. Give me another one of these, Fred. Where do you wanta eat, Brennan? We can go to the Colony if you want to. I've never been there, but I was told to give you the full treatment."

"That sounds too rich for my blood, and anyway I don't want to take advantage, unless you'd like to go there."

"Well, frankly, any time I go to the Colony on the expense account—and believe me, that's the *only* time I'd go there—I'd rather take a broad with me. They say they have a nice fifteen-dollar blue plate there. Wait a minute! What am I doing? We could get a coupla broads. The office said the full treatment."

"No, thanks," said Mr. Brennan.

Montgomery looked at him and then said, "No, I guess not." He raised his drink and said, "Cheers."

"Happy days," said Mr. Brennan, on what should have been a happy day.

"You're in town for this Donnybrook at the Stadium, hey? What do you do, cover all Notre Dame games?"

"No, not all of them," said Mr. Brennan.

"Indiana? Purdue?"

"Occasionally. If I want to see Purdue play, I see them play. Indiana. Notre Dame. Northwestern. Whichever game I think'll make the best story." Mr. Brennan was not liking himself for putting it on for Montgomery, but several things had happened since he had decided to be nice to him, and one of the things was Montgomery himself. Montgomery's suit was a dark blue, the hat on the back of his head was an undistinguished gray, and his necktie was no fancier than Mr. Brennan's own, yet Mr. Brennan considered him a loud dresser. Montgomery's features were all right and neither his voice nor his accent was particularly offensive, yet Mr. Brennan did not like his looks or the sound of him.

"That's what I used to think I'd like to do when I first started out in this business," said Montgomery. "Stick around here awhile, then pull out for some small town, buy in on the local gazette, and more or less be my own boss. If I wanted to see Ohio State play, I'd go see them play. If I wanted to watch the high-school game, I'd do that. Or if I felt like playing golf and the hell with football, I'd damn well play golf. Brennan, you may have something, and I may yet do it myself."

"You better hurry," said Mr. Brennan to himself. "Why don't you?" he said aloud.

"Aw, Christ! I have a wife and two kids. We live out on Long Island and the wife likes the schools out there." He glanced at Mr. Brennan. "Forest Hills."

"Where they have the tennis matches. That sounds agreeable."

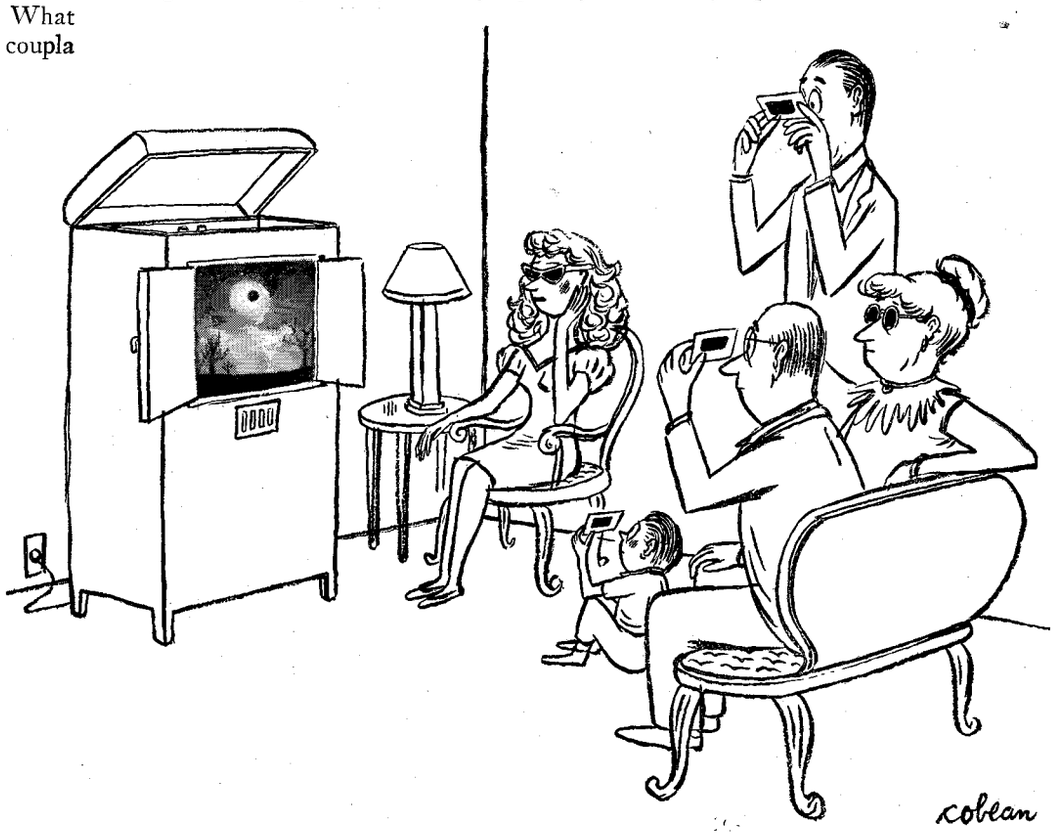
"I guess so. I'd probably blow my top in a small town. Let's have another strawberry jigger and go out and hunt up a steak."

MR. BRENNAN and Montgomery finished their next drink during a quick discussion of a choice of restaurants, and went to the only place Montgomery recommended. "Every place in town'll have the rope up tonight," he said, "but I guess I can wink up a table, or sit with some of the mob."

It turned out that his second guess was good; Montgomery saw some people he knew, and he and Mr. Brennan joined them. Montgomery did not bother to identify Mr. Brennan, who stood alone while waiting for a chair. The chair was put between two of the men he had just met, and Montgomery, on the other side of the table, left Mr. Brennan to his own resources.

The men on his right and left did not stop eating even when their plates were moved slightly to make way for Mr. Brennan's silverware. Montgomery opened a conversation with a man at the next table, whose chair was back to back with his. Mr. Brennan could not hear a word they were saying, not even whatever it was Montgomery said that made the other man and Montgomery burst out laughing.

"Henny, what was the name of that project you were working on Wednesday or Tuesday night? The one used to

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*"And they lived in perfect adjustment forever after."*

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be at the Copa?" This question came from the man on Mr. Brennan's left and was addressed to Montgomery.

"Why?" said Montgomery.

"I want to know her name, that's why," said the man.

Montgomery rubbed his chin and glanced around the room before speaking. "The one with the lungs?"

"Uh-huh."

Montgomery rubbed his chin again. "Gimme time to think up a phony name," he said. "Anyway, you can't score there, Charlie. I couldn't."

"I don't believe you, you son of a bitch, but even if you couldn't, I'd like to make a pitch," said Charlie.

"Her name is Dorothy De Vere and she's married to a very ill-tempered bastard, a detective, and she's five months pregnant and that isn't all that's the matter with her. Will that hold you?"

"You can have her," said Charlie.

"I have her," said Montgomery. "Will *that* hold you?"

"I'll find out someplace else," said Charlie, cutting his roast beef.

"All right," said Montgomery. "Now let *me* ask *you* a question."

"You're old, you ain't got any dough, you're one of these cheesy newspaper guys worse than musicians," Charlie said. "Why don't you give yourself up? Why don't you go home to Kew Gardens, you head-shrinker? I bet you a fifty-dollar bill I have a date with her by Sunday at the latest, and I don't even know her name. Now, what was the question you wanted to ask me?" While he was speaking, Charlie never raised his eyes from his plate.

"There's Grantland Rice," said Mr. Brennan.

"What was that, friend?" said Charlie, without turning.

"Grant Rice," said Mr. Brennan.

"Brennan's a newspaperman, too," said Montgomery.

"Yeah? What paper you on?" said Charlie. He leaned toward Mr. Brennan, ear first, momentarily suspending the knife-and-fork operation.

"Oh, you never heard of it," said Mr. Brennan.

"How do *you* know I never heard of it?" said Charlie. His smile was cold.

"I'll bet you never heard of it," said Mr. Brennan.

Charlie laid down his knife and fork and took out a bundle of money. He counted off ten hundred-dollar bills and laid them on the table in front of Mr. Brennan. "Any part of that, one to three."

"I don't want to bet you," said Mr. Brennan. He was trying to be affable, but not trying hard enough.

"Well, then, shut up, for Christ's sake." Charlie put the bills back in the bundle and the bundle back in his pocket, and while doing these things he inspected Mr. Brennan with an insolence that was a new experience for Mr. Brennan. It had been many years since Mr. Brennan had hit a man, but suddenly he felt the time had come. Then he knew that Charlie could see that.

"Well?" said Charlie. His hands lay flat on the table.

"Take it easy, Brennan, Charlie," said Montgomery. The others at the table were looking at Charlie and Mr. Brennan.

"Keep your nose out of it," said Charlie. The moment passed and Charlie formed a smile. "All right if I start eating, old-timer?" He picked up his knife and fork, and glanced quickly at Mr. Brennan's watch chain. "I never played no football." The others watched Charlie and Mr. Brennan, more Charlie than Mr. Brennan.

Mr. Brennan waited until he was sure his move would not be misinterpreted; then he rose. "I'll be leaving," he said.

"I guess I will, too," said Montgomery.

"No, you stay where you are," said Mr. Brennan.

"I'm blowing in a couple minutes, old-timer," said Charlie. "Stick around."

"No, thanks," said Mr. Brennan. He hurried out and got his hat and coat, followed by Montgomery.

"Where you going?" said Montgomery.

"Never mind," said Mr. Brennan. He heard Montgomery saying, "If that's the way you feel about it . . ."

—John O'Hara

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**NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK**

*[From a letter to the editor of the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle]*

Having read an article relative to the dumping of seven thousand bushels of potatoes on page 15, Sept. 21 issue, of the Democrat and Chronicle . . .

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# VOJTA AND THE ANGEL OF DEATH

OF all the things that people in this country are now sending to their friends and relatives in Europe, none are more appreciated than American cigarettes, coffee, and nylons, which have become accepted media of exchange everywhere in Europe's new barter system. Next on the list are American books, magazines, and newspapers, for which there is an enormous demand. Unlike cigarettes, which are warmly appreciated regardless of brand, American reading matter should not be sent overseas indiscriminately. Some time ago, an old friend of mine, whom I'll call Vojta, wrote from Prague asking me to send him "anything printed in America." I sent him a lot of stuff and gave his address to some friends in California and New York and asked them to do likewise. One of them, a painstaking fellow who has an office on Broad Street and an apartment on Park Avenue, in due time notified me that he had sent Vojta some back numbers of *Fortune*, *Barron's*, *Banking*, the *Bond Buyer*, and the *Wall Street Journal*.

This assortment did not cause unmitigated joy in Prague. A few days ago I received another letter from Vojta. He asked me to thank my friends for the magazines but suggested that they stop sending such "untimely" publications as the *Wall Street Journal*. "You see," he wrote, "my friends and neighbors wouldn't always understand. We are back in Klobouk's waiting room."

It was a coded message, and it took me right back to the late twenties, when Vojta and I were studying law at Prague University. We and a few of our friends were deeply interested in the far-away, fantastic land of America and wanted to know all about it, but there were few American publications to be found in Prague in those days. The City Library had the New York *Times*, one big textile firm, to whose offices we had access, subscribed to the *Corset & Underwear Review*, and a few doctors had back numbers of the *National Geographic* in their waiting rooms. But these publications didn't quite satisfy our curiosity about the currents and undercurrents of American thinking. So we were greatly excited when Vojta, who then was a wild-haired, chess-playing, radical thinker of twenty-two, and violently ashamed of his wealthy family, told us that he had discovered, in the proletarian suburb of Žižkov, a dentist by the name of Klobouk, in whose waiting room there were such unheard-of treasures of American radical thought as the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, *Justice*, and the *New Masses*.

"Klobouk, I've been told, has a brother-in-law in America," Vojta reported. "This man is a dentist in Cleveland and sends Klobouk all his magazines. From what I've seen in the *New Republic* and *New Masses*, I feel sympathetic toward the brother-in-law in Cleveland."

The next morning, Vojta, three other fellows, and I went to Klobouk's waiting room in Žižkov, found it to be all that Vojta represented it, and thereafter a number of us became habitués of the place, losing ourselves among Klobouk's clientele, which was vast, and readily being accepted as patients waiting for dental ministration. Klobouk was not a doctor but merely a *zubní technik* (tooth technician). In Czechoslovakia then, a man with three years' practice as a dental-laboratory worker was permitted to practice dentistry as a *technik*. People who couldn't afford expensive crowns and bridgework at a real doctor's had their fillings made and teeth extracted by a *technik*, at considerably less cost.

Klobouk was a very thin, sinister man, consisting mainly of bones and a little skin. He had hollow cheeks, deeply sunken eyes, a hypnotic stare, and a high-pitched, barking voice. One of his patients told us that he was popular in the district as an amateur actor, and that at an annual banquet of the Žižkov

*"Do that again! With the duster!"*

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trolley-car motormen he had played the part of the Angel of Death in an allegorical play called "Death and the Poor Rich Man, or Money Isn't Everything," without using any makeup at all. We judged, from the shrill cries of his victims, that Klobouk was a follower of the old European dentistry school that shunned the use of anaesthetics.

DURING the following weeks, Vojta and the rest of us spent many mornings in Klobouk's waiting room. It was full of the smell of chemicals and rotten wood. On one wall was a photograph showing the members of the Žižkov *Sokol*, the local branch of Czechoslovakia's nationwide physical-culture organization, at a canoe outing. Presumably, Klobouk was one of the people in the picture holding a paddle. Tacked up on another wall was a program of the first performance of Karel Čapek's "R.U.R.," at the National Theatre, and a framed painting of two birds of paradise, with real feathers glued to the picture, which was considered by Klobouk's clientele a major objet d'art. The only other decorative effect in the room was a drawing of the inside of a man's head, which hung near the door.

Every once in a while, the door to Klobouk's operating room would open and the technician would stand just inside the waiting room, wearing a long, grayish coat that had perhaps never been white. He would give the frightened crowd in the waiting room a sweeping, terrifying stare, while his latest victim staggered out behind him in a daze. There would be a moment of hushed horror, then Klobouk would bellow "*Příští!*"—"Next!"—and some wretch would get up, white-faced and trembling. The only unconcerned people in the room would be myself and Vojta and the rest of my friends. We wouldn't even bother to look up from the American magazines.

"You be sure to leave before noon," Vojta told us several times. "After eleven-thirty, no more patients come in, and if you don't get out soon after that, Klobouk may catch you."

A couple of our group decided to back out after two or three visits to Klobouk's waiting room. They said that the feathered painting and the cries of the agonized patients were more than they could stand. Vojta shrugged disgustedly when he heard about these defections. "That proves again how decadent our youth has become," he said. "As far as I am concerned, Klobouk's waiting room is more cheerful than my home. At least it's got *reality*." Vojta's home had reality too, though of a different kind. It was an elegant, modern villa with a big garden. His father was an executive of the Škoda munitions works, much to Vojta's embarrassment —"Imagine, my own father a Profiteer in Death"—and the villa was in the swank suburb of Bubeneč, a long way from Klobouk's waiting room in Žižkov, both geographically and ideologically.

ONE morning, I arrived early at Klobouk's waiting room with two classmates. A new shipment of Radical Thought had arrived from the United States, and soon we were deeply engrossed in the case of former Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, who had been found guilty of accepting a bribe of a hundred thousand dollars from Edward L. Doheny in the leasing of the Elks Hill naval oil reserve. I was trying to figure out, somewhat wistfully, how much a hundred thousand dollars—three million crowns—would buy in Prague, when Vojta arrived. He looked angry. He had had another argument with his father, the Profiteer in Death, at the breakfast table.

"My father now even objects to my reading the *Rudé Právo* while I sit in his Praga limousine waiting for him every afternoon in front of the Škoda offices," Vojta said bitterly. The *Rudé Právo* was the official newspaper of the Czechoslovak Communist Party; the Praga limousine was black, long, shiny, and very capitalistic. "He pretends I'm making him the laughingstock of the office. I find it more and more difficult to stay at home."

I showed Vojta the articles on the bribery case and he was fascinated. He was still reading at eleven o'clock, when the rest of us left to attend a class.

My two schoolmates and I saw nothing of Vojta for two days afterward;

then he turned up for an important lecture at the University, and when it was over, he told us his story.

It seems that he had been in the middle of the bribery case when he was suddenly aware of Klobouk's voice barking "*Příští!*" And then, louder, "Come on, I haven't got all day for you!" Vojta glanced up from his magazine and found himself staring into Klobouk's hypnotic eyes. He looked around the waiting room and saw that there was nobody there but himself.

Klobouk shrugged impatiently. "Another of those cowards who come here day after day and always sneak away before their turn comes, ha?" he shouted. "I been watching you, *hochu*. You've been here for weeks. You are the kind that just can't face it. You must be *made* to face it."

Vojta, still preoccupied with the fascinating bribery situation around Washington, D.C., didn't quite get the meaning of Klobouk's words at first. By the time he sensed their awful significance, he found himself pulled up by the *technik's* strong, sinewy fingers, shoved into the operating room, and slammed down into the dentist's chair.

"I tried to protest, to fight him off," Vojta said. "But he kept shouting at me, and the first thing I knew, I had a gag in my mouth, and one of those devilish contraptions around my jaw which they show you in the torture chamber in the old Town Hall dungeon. Klobouk's head was eerily silhouetted against a shaft of light that slanted from the window, and I swear that he looked like the Angel of Death. I was done for."

The Angel of Death pushed most of the fingers of both hands into Vojta's mouth, centered his attention on a molar, and attacked it with a weapon that, according to Vojta, looked like a combination of a harpoon and a battle-axe, and all the time he kept talking.

"We'll have that son of a bitch right away," Klobouk was saying. "Open up! Wider! Much wider! A little suffering will do you a lot of good. You guys always amaze me. Sitting around out there for *weeks!* Always leaving in panic before your turn comes. The things you people will do to get away from your fears! Even pretending to read those American magazines, which no one can understand. Open up! There! Like a girl who goes to her date and can't quite make up her mind. *Voilà*—that molar! It's bad. It's full of poison. It must come out. *Bože*, people beat up their wives, go into bank-

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ruptcy, and put *slivovice* into their beer, and they don't know that it's all in their teeth. Don't bite me, silly. We'll have it out in a minute!"

At this point, Vojta's narrative became confused. It seems that Klobouk started to pull, at the same time delivering his great monologue from "Death and the Poor Rich Man." Vojta vaguely remembered that at one point he gave a long, unearthly cry of terror, and that some time later he staggered out into the street and made his way home.

He never went back to Klobouk's waiting room, and neither did any of the rest of us.

VOJTA graduated from the University a few months later. His father got him a job with an old, conservative law firm handling the business of the Škoda works and affiliated Profiteers in Death. Vojta kept up his interest in American Thought. Once, a year or so after we had graduated, I went home with him, and he showed me a copy of *Harper's*, to which he had just subscribed. Some time later, I passed the head office of the Škoda works and saw the black, long, shiny Praga limousine parked in front of the house, waiting for Vojta's father. Vojta was sitting inside, reading *Lidové Noviny*, Prague's most distinguished newspaper, which its admirers, in their tender moments, compared to the London or the New York *Times*. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

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The story about Emil Morris getting a marriage license from the county clerk last week is an error. It was a license to hunt rabbits.—*Toluca (Ill.) Star-Herald.*

Well, that's more like!

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# PROFILES

## PHENOMENON

### III—JUST A KID FROM HOBOKEN

*Frank Sinatra*

TWO or three months ago, while Frank Sinatra was dining at an elegant midtown restaurant, with headwaiters twittering into his ear and the street outside full of fans awaiting his departure, he began to describe to his companions a dance he had gone to the night before at a Westchester country club. "What a chichi joint!" he said. "Everybody there had zillions!" Sinatra, who was himself wearing what might have been described as a chichi ensemble—saggy black bow tie, a pseudo-military jacket, and gold accessories—has always thought of himself as a matchless singer, but sometimes it seems that he is not yet fully aware of the extent of the material good fortune his voice has brought him. He apparently hadn't stopped to think that many of the other guests at the country club might have been even more awed by his earning power than he had been by theirs, and that almost any one of them might easily have said, after the ball was over, "Can you beat that kid making four million dollars in the last four years!" Sinatra is a native of Hoboken. In public statements, he likes to describe himself as "just a kid from Hoboken" and to imply that if a poor boy from a place like Hoboken can do as well as he has done in so short a time, this is indeed a land of hope and promise. His triumph has been as splendid as Cinderella's, and the storybook quality of his life is probably the basis of much of the appeal he has for young citizens who have never known anything even approximating success or prosperity.

Sinatra, an only child, was born in 1917, on December 12th (a day which some of his fans now regard as an anniversary second in importance only to Christmas), to Martin and Natalie Sinatra, who were born in Italy. In his younger days, Martin Sinatra did some professional prizefighting as a bantamweight, but for many years he was a boilermaker, and at the time of his son's birth he was doing war work in a Hoboken shipyard. Some years later, he abandoned boilermaking for the somewhat less strenuous routine of the Hoboken Fire Department, in which he is now a captain. Mrs. Sinatra has spent a good part of her life keeping house for her family, but lately she has been passing her winters in a hotel in Florida, as befits any mother of so eminent a son. Frank grew up in a section of town populated largely by Italians. Being Italians, and also Catholics, his family and their neighbors were subjected to many of the indignities familiar to minority groups, including an occasional visit from local representatives of the Ku Klux Klan. Sinatra did not, as has been reported, once help a group of aroused citizens to disperse a Klan meeting with clubs and baseball bats; he was too young to wield a bat. He did, however, get close enough to see it, and the memory of this skirmish, along with other depressing recollections of racial and religious bigotry, has influenced his social point of view and is responsible for the stand he has publicly taken against intolerance.

Sinatra had a public-school education in Hoboken. In 1935, when he was a senior, he left high school to go to work as an eleven-dollar-a-week helper on a delivery truck of the *Jersey Observer*, the local afternoon daily. A story has been widely circulated that he became a promising sportswriter for the paper. In fact, his official biography, issued by his press agent, confers this distinction upon him, adding that he "walked into the city room one day and gave his notice to the bewildered editor." No one is more bewildered by this account of Sinatra's journalistic career than the editor of the *Observer*, who is under the impression that Sinatra never contributed so much as an adjective to his sports department. On the whole, however, the *Observer* is proud of him, and when he is mentioned in its columns nowadays it is inclined to refer to him noncommittally as "a former employee."

Even in his teens, Sinatra had a single-minded determination to become a successful singer. Today he is known to his many fans as a lover of banana splits and, when he is roughing it, plain pistachio or chocolate ice cream, but one of his schoolmates recently recalled that Frank rarely dallied with the other kids in Hoboken ice-cream parlors, being far too preoccupied with his future to waste time on such ephemeral fripperies. Sinatra enjoyed certain social activities, such as high-school proms and neighborhood weddings, but only because they afforded him an opportunity to sing to an audience, even if sometimes an inattentive one. Early in 1936, shortly after his eighteenth birthday, he went to a Jersey City theatre to hear Bing Crosby and, having listened appraisingly, decided, with characteristic self-confidence, that if Crosby could make a go of singing, he could, too. Without bothering to inform Crosby, he forthwith began, on an extremely modest scale, to be his rival. His first public recital before a crowd of strangers was in an amateur contest at the State Theatre in Jersey City. He won it, thereby becoming eligible to appear in an amateur contest at the Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, in Manhattan. The patrons of the Academy were a finicky lot, given to expressing openly and crudely their opinion of amateurs whom they wanted to dissuade from turning pro. Sinatra's assurance has deserted him momentarily a couple of times. In 1943, just before making his first appearance at the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, he got so jittery that he slipped in a bathtub, sprained an ankle, and nearly had to cancel his première. He felt the same way before he went on at the Academy. "I'm standing backstage there, shaking," he says, "figuring that the minute they announce a guy's from Hoboken, he's dead." (Sinatra follows the show-business convention of describing mild sensations in grim terms. If he says "I'm dying," he means "I'm slightly upset," and if he says "That fractures me," he means "That's an amusing joke.") When Sinatra was introduced at the Academy,

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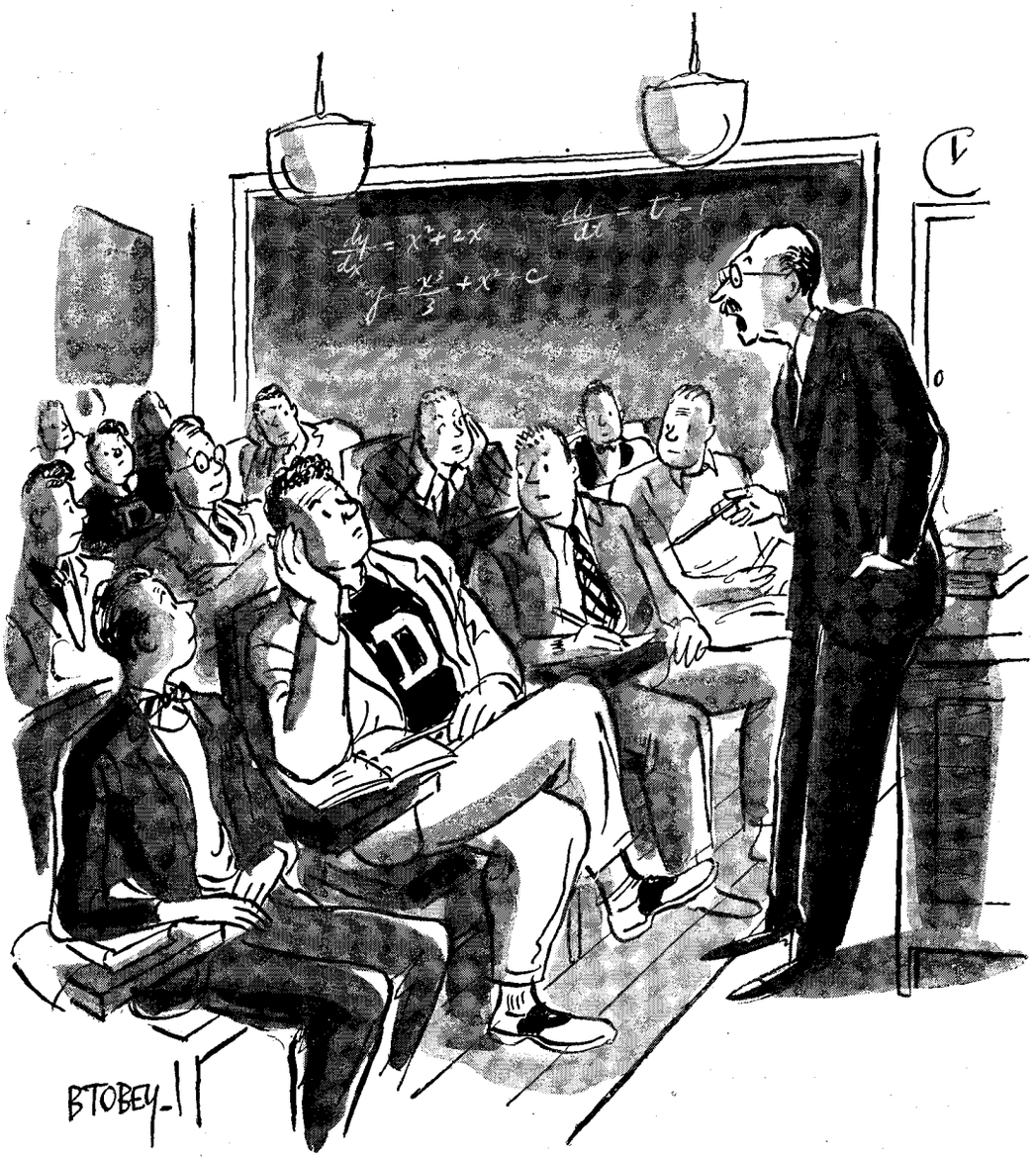
no one took exception to his having come from Hoboken, and although he didn't win, he heard no boos and was called no uncouth names by the patrons.

Heartened by this encouraging silence, Sinatra decided to give up his journalistic career and try singing with some of the semi-pro, pick-up bands that were then prowling around New Jersey, snaffling a small job here and a smaller one there. The leaders of these bands usually hired their musicians and vocalists by the engagement, ordinarily paying three dollars or less a night. To enhance his standing with these rural band leaders, Sinatra borrowed fifteen dollars from his father and bought a number of arrangements of popular tunes. Few leaders of pick-up bands had such libraries; by offering his music along with himself, Sinatra got more jobs and once or twice earned six dollars a night. In a few months, though he had as yet attracted practically no attention, he had managed to save sixty-five dollars, which he invested in a portable public-address device with a rhinestone-studded amplifying horn. Band leaders found a vocalist who, regardless of what they might think of his voice, could provide them with a library *and* a rhinestone-studded public-address system almost irresistible. Sinatra, however, soon felt that he had done all he could with this career, and began once again to think about amateur contests. The late Major Bowes was then the undisputed Maecenas of all more or less amateur amateurs who hoped to become established professional amateurs. Sinatra entered himself in one of Bowes' audition broadcasts, but when three young instrumentalists from his home town turned up too, Bowes arbitrarily teamed them together and hastily named them the Hoboken Four. They were well received and were hired to make a tour with one of the amateur companies Bowes was then sponsoring, but after a couple of months of travelling, Sinatra got homesick and left the troupe.

Sinatra became a full-time professional soloist at the age of twenty, when he got a job at the Rustic Cabin, a roadhouse outside Hoboken, at a weekly wage of fifteen dollars. He remained there a year and a half, during which time he received his only formal instruction in singing, his teacher being a man who specialized in voice exercises intended to strengthen the muscles of the throat. Sinatra, his throat muscles bulging, got a ten-dollar raise in February, 1939, and celebrated this omen of prosperity by marrying Nancy Barbato, a Hoboken girl with whom he had been keeping company for several years. Faced with new responsibilities, he began to search for new opportunities. He was distressed by the realization that while a number of people along the west bank of the Hudson could hear him sing whenever they felt like it, this pleasure was being denied all who were less fortunately situated. He made an informal survey of the habits of people who liked to listen to singers on the radio and concluded that they could be divided into four significant groups—the early-morning birds, the lunchtime devotees, the teatime gang, and the insomniacs. He wangled introductions to officials of three local stations and offered to sing over the air without charge. All three took him up, and he was soon singing eighteen times a week—at dawn, at noon, and at five o'clock in the afternoon, as well as at the roadhouse later on. (One of the stations paid him seventy cents a week for carfare.) It was a taxing schedule, but he was able to comfort himself with the knowledge that his voice was finally being




*"Now, think, Woolsey. Let's suppose you're on the ten-yard line. You gain eight yards. How many yards does that leave you to go for a touchdown?"*

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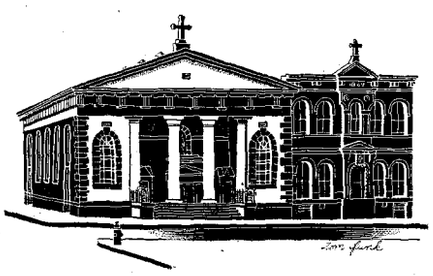
made available to at least some of the people most of the time.

EVER since Sinatra has been in the pleasurable position of being able to ask for fees in addition to carfare, practically everybody who ever shook hands with him during his early days has taken credit for his success. As a matter of fact, his own determination and his unswerving faith in himself deserve most of the credit. His first break came in June, 1939, when Harry James, the trumpeter, who had left Benny Goodman's band a few months before to form one of his own, began casting around for a presentable vocalist and hooked Sinatra. James had not then attained any great renown, and during the six months that Sinatra was with him, neither of them created a noticeable stir. Together, they recorded a fairly undistinguished tune entitled "All or Nothing at All," and the record's sales during the next year reached the depressing total of about eight thousand. (In the spring of 1943, after both men had arrived, the record was reissued, and more than a million copies of it were sold.) A music publisher who hoped to interest Tommy Dorsey, the trombonist and band leader, in the exceptional merits of "All or Nothing at All" played the James-Sinatra version of the tune for him one day. "Tommy just sits there taking in this vocal," a song plugger who was at this audition recently recalled. "It seems to intrigue him. He likes this guy Sinatra." Dorsey's interest may have been captured by something very familiar about the vocalist's style. For many months, Sinatra had been studying Dorsey's technique and vocally imitating the trombonist's peculiarly smooth phrasing. Dorsey asked Sinatra to join his outfit. Most aspiring singers know that in order to catch on, they have to be presented to the public gaudily and often. Dorsey's band was, as it still is, one of the leading dance bands in the country, and Sinatra could not have hoped for a more resplendent showcase. Sinatra, who was in Chicago with the James band when the call came, hurried to Milwaukee to join Dorsey at the theatre in which he was playing. The singer nervously went through a couple of numbers for the audience, and was received with considerable enthusiasm. "The guy actually looked into a mirror and pinched himself," a member of Dorsey's band recalls. It is one of the few times Sinatra has been astonished by approval.

Many of Sinatra's present admirers simply can't believe that he languished for a year and a half at the Rustic Cabin and for three years with Dorsey, playing second fiddle to a trombone. The latter association was, though, of enormous benefit to Sinatra. Dorsey taught him a number of useful tricks, such as how to handle teen-age music lovers, and introduced him to branches of the entertainment world with which he was largely unfamiliar, except as a layman. Sinatra was briefly visible in a couple of movie sequences with the band, he was frequently heard on network radio programs, he took bows from the stages of some big motion-picture theatres, and, through Dorsey's records, he became a permanent inmate of the nation's juke boxes. Several of the records he made with the band, including "I'll Never Smile Again" and "This Love of Mine" (Sinatra composed the lyrics of this one), brought tears to the eyes of thousands of barflies and débutantes. Meanwhile, the kid from Hoboken was also making quite an impression upon his colleagues. His salary went from an initial seventy-five dollars a week to two hundred and fifty. He never saved much, however, being seized even then by the extravagant impulses that still relentlessly grip him. He was constantly picking up restaurant checks, and he insisted on staying at fancy hotels, no matter where the rest of the outfit might be quartered. He amazed his companions most of all by his immaculateness. Bandsmen become con-



## HAD ENOUGH? VOTE ANT

"If the human race is so damn stupid that in 2,000 years it hasn't had brains enough to appreciate the secret of happiness—contained in one simple sentence that you'd think any grammar school kid could understand—then it's time we dumped it down the nearest drain and let the ants have a chance. The sentence is the golden rule."—*Eugene O'Neill in an interview in the Herald Tribune.*

Are you sick of *Homo sapiens?*
Have you had enough of humans?
And the Heavens
Of the Bevins
And the Stalins and the Trumans?

Let the ants
Have a chance.

*Formica sanguinea* steals the pupae of other ants and makes them slaves,
And when they die, it buries them in special graves.
The aged *Stigmatomma pallipes* worker creeps off to die alone
To avoid being eaten alive when its social utility is gone.
*Leptothorax* lives off the food of *Myrmica*, its neighbor;
Some leaf-building ants employ child labor.
*Crematogaster*, a small ant, has formed an alliance with large brown *Camponotus*,
And they go foraging together for ant nectar and lotus.
"Honey-pot" ants loll around like Romans
While workers help them fill their fat abdomens.
*Atta* raises fungus in gardens; *Lasius americanus* keeps cattle;
But the Legionary Ant spends all its time in battle.
Says Julian Huxley ("Ants," New York, Cape & Smith, 1930, opposite p. 64):
"Ants are among the very few organisms other than man which go to war."

Close the book of human folly
On the last ignoble pages—
Let the ants
Have a chance!
It's a slogan for the ages!

But as usual, the record
Is checkered.

—W. W. WATT

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ditioned by one-night stands and overnight bus jumps to an acceptance of small amounts of dirt; Sinatra was sensationally fastidious. "Why, he changed his shirt every day," one of his colleagues has said. "Sometimes he took two or three baths a day, and he was always washing his hands. Also, damned if he didn't refuse to eat from a dirty plate."

In January, 1942, Sinatra was chosen by the readers of *Metronome* as the best male band singer of the preceding year. A press agent sent on the road ahead of the Dorsey band to glorify its talents discovered, to his surprise, that the journalists he approached were often more interested in Dorsey's vocalist than in Dorsey, and he so advised Dorsey. The trombonist, who was, after all, the leader of the band and who has always been a sensitive, temperamental man, was not altogether pleased at this intelligence. Sinatra, whose sensitiveness and temperament can hold their own in any competition, couldn't have been happier. He decided that he was ready to step out on his own. Dorsey and his business manager, Leonard Vannerson, agreed to release Sinatra from his contract, which they held jointly, in return for forty-three and one-third per cent of his gross earnings for the next ten years, a deal to which Sinatra committed himself. "He would have given anybody a piece of him then," a friend has since explained.

*"Tch, tch, tch."*

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Sinatra left Dorsey in the summer of 1942, and in the ensuing twelve months earned nearly two hundred thousand dollars, of which he was entitled to only about a third, since he had acquired a booking agent, a press agent, and one or two other satellites who had staked out small claims on him. He began to feel that he had been imposed upon, and instead of giving Dorsey his cut, he got a lawyer. "You can quote Sinatra as saying," Sinatra told some reporters, "that he believes it is wrong for anybody to own a piece of him and collect on it when that owner is doing nothing for Sinatra." Dorsey and Vannerson, unmoved by this chauvinistic attitude, began proceedings to attach Sinatra's earnings, and some of Sinatra's most militant fans started to picket theatres where Dorsey was appearing. The band leader could undoubtedly have survived this quaint boycott, but before long the dispute was settled anyway by the Music Corporation of America, a masterful talent agency. M.C.A. paid Dorsey, who was one of its clients, and Vannerson thirty-five thousand dollars, and Sinatra added twenty-five thousand, gallantly lent him by the Columbia Recording Corporation as an advance against royalties. In return, Sinatra's old friends gave back to Sinatra their pieces of him. Sinatra, who was being represented by the General Amusement Corporation (which, making an interesting adjustment, now calls itself the General Artists Corporation), in turn agreed to switch from G.A.C. to M.C.A. Finally, M.C.A. agreed to split with G.A.C. its commissions on Sinatra's earnings up to 1948. Sinatra had the last word. "I now own myself," he told the press.

Sinatra had signed up with G.A.C. when he left Dorsey. For the first couple of months, the agency found that many employers of theatrical talent were not impressed by a band singer detached from his band and considered him merely an ordinary solo act, and a mighty frail-looking one at that. G.A.C. did manage to get Sinatra signed to a recording contract with Columbia, but he could not take full advantage of it because James C. Petrillo at the time was not permitting the musicians in his union to make any records. Sinatra and a few other singers turned out some records in which vocal choruses supplied accompaniment, but they had an anemic sound. One of Columbia's executives, Emanuel Sacks, who had a good deal of respect for his firm's new property, persuaded William S. Paley, head of the Columbia Broadcasting System, to use Sinatra on some C.B.S. sustaining programs, and G.A.C. got him a booking at the Mosque Theatre, in Newark, where he was practically a home-town boy and where he made extremely good. He was heard there by the manager of the New York Paramount, who engaged him as an extra added attraction

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on a bill headed by Benny Goodman's orchestra and opening at that theatre on December 31, 1942. Sinatra was held at the Paramount for eight weeks. Just after his début there, he took on George Evans, the gifted press agent who has become one of the principal members of his court. Evans had handled publicity for the late Glenn Miller's orchestra and for other musicians. He went to work on Sinatra with considerable esprit. He also went to work on American womanhood, a junior segment of which soon became convinced that applause was no longer an adequate expression of approval for a performer. The nationwide squealing began. Theatre people have an axiom that any publicity is good publicity, and press agents are continually inventing or appropriating timely mots and comments, which they present to columnists as the creations of their clients. Thus, as Sinatra began to move up, readers of the columns came upon items leading off with "Frank Sinatra observes that when certain big-shots . . ." or "Frank Sinatra hopes the Japs will . . ." or even "Frank Sinatra tells the story of the press agent who . . ."

SOON after opening at the Paramount, Sinatra received and accepted several attractive offers from radio and from the movies, but he was still so uncertain a drawing card that several night-club proprietors who had a chance to hire him did not leap at it. In March of 1943, he was booked into a New York café called the Riobamba, again as an extra added attraction, and his own press agent and the club's press agents went to work on the problem of getting him even more publicity. What developed was, in effect, a campaign using the words "Sinatra" and "swoon" as the roots of what became the most extravagant vocabulary ever constructed around one man. Readers of the public press were soon running into, and often being stopped cold by, Sinatrance, Swoonheart, Sinatritis, Swoonology, Sinatralating, Swoonatra, Sinatraceptive, Swoonatrance, Sinatramania, Swoonatic, Sinatrick, Swoonster, Sinatruck, Swoonery, Sinatractive, Swoondoggler, Stripatra, Swoonism, Sinatraless, Screenatra, Sinatrism, Sinatraphile, Sinatraphobe, Sinatraddiction, Sinatration, Sinatraish, Sinatrabugs, Sinatraltitude, Sinatraing, Sinatroops, Sonatra, and several dozen others. Not all the users of these words were sure what they meant. Walter Winchell thought "Sinatra'd" was the past tense of a verb meaning "to cut up into several financial pieces," but to Dorothy Kilgallen it was a synonym for "mobbed." When, in April of that year, Sinatra made his next appearance at the New York Paramount, the theatre was called the Parasinatra. When he spent a few days at Mt. Sinai Hospital curing a sore throat (some of his mourning fans wore black bobby socks during this crisis), the hospital was called both Mt. Sinaitra and Mt. Sinatra. When British planes bombed Sumatra, in the spring of 1944, many young women carelessly glancing at the headlines were severely shocked before the truth dawned on them. The press, playing word games on its own, went even further. It began to devise outlandish names for him, just a few of which were The Voice (which became the official one), the Lean Lark, the Croon Prince of Swing, Moonlight Sinatra, the Swoonlight Sinatra, the Boudoir Singer, the Swoon Kid, the Groovey Galahad, the Swing-Shift Caruso, the Sultan of Swoon, the Swami of Swoon, Loverboy, Dreamboat, The Larynx, Prince Charming of the Juke Boxes, the Mooer, Shoulders, Mr. Swoon, the Bony Baritone, the Svengali of Swing, Frankie Youknowwho, Too-Frank Sinatra, and Angles. The last was a nickname Sinatra once said he thought especially appropriate, since angles were what he was always trying to figure out new ones of.

Sinatra's fans are among the nation's most conscientious students of the syndicated gossip columns, and they judge the conductors of them solely by their attitude toward Sinatra. Earl Wilson is their old reliable. He has maintained closer liaison with Sinatra than any of his competitors, and his reports of the singer's activities are fairly accurate. So many Sinatra fans around New York read Wilson that he prints intra-Sinatraish bulletins like "Note to Sinatra Fans: Don't try to mob Frankie when he arrives shortly; let him alone, for he's busy." Whereas Wilson is the most dependable about Sinatra, Dorothy Kilgallen is the most dependent on him. Now and then, probably when she is tired, she doesn't write a column at all but instead publishes a batch of letters from his admirers and detractors. Ed Sullivan is the most mathematical. He has reported that the odds against Sinatra's becoming famous were the same as those against a gambler's throwing four consecutive double sixes, or 1,679,615 to 1. Elsa Maxwell is the most erratic. In August, 1943, she called Sinatra "actually the glorification of ignorance, musical illiteracy, and the power of fake, synthetic, raw publicity in its greatest arrogance—propaganda in its most cynical form." Three months later, perhaps having concluded that

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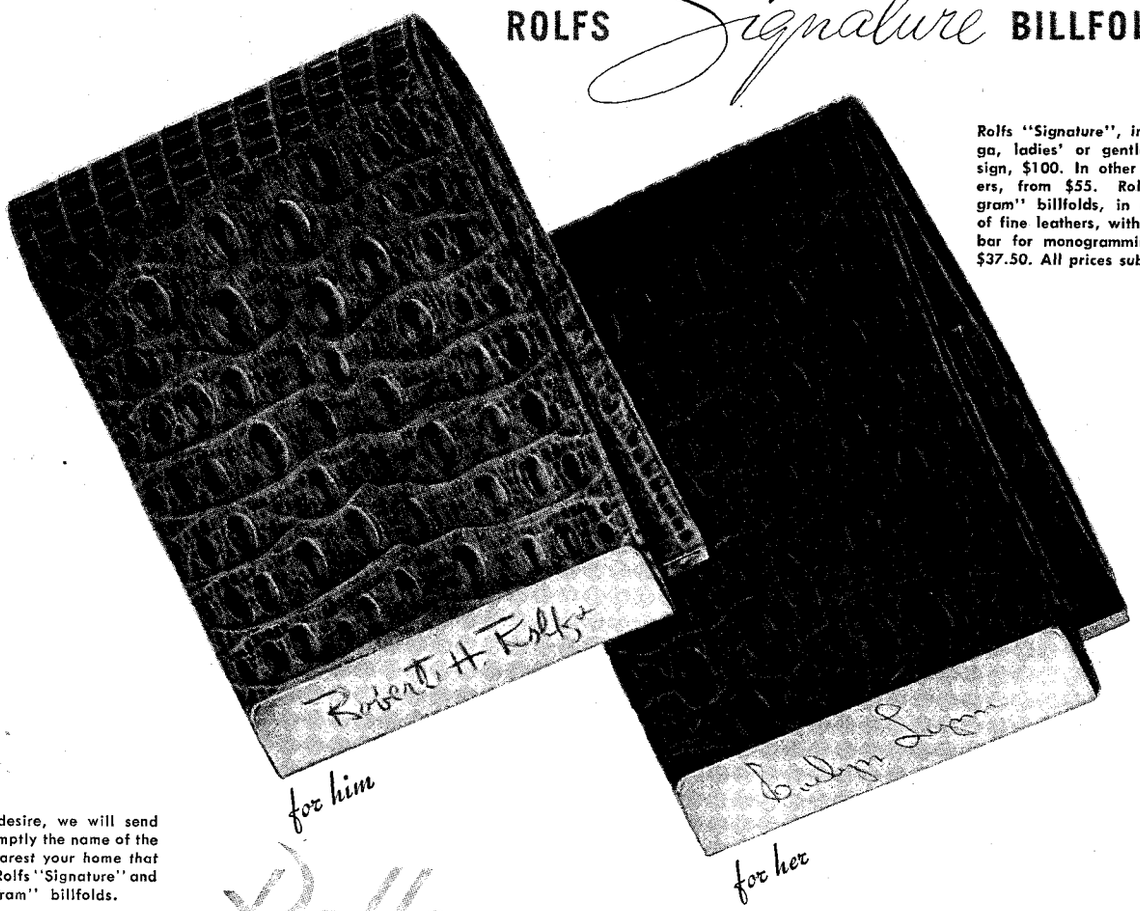


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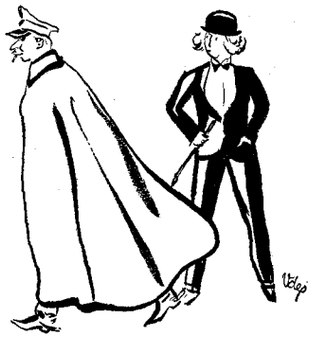
anyone as obnoxious as all that deserved further investigation, she met him and reported, "I found a simple unspoiled singer of songs." In August, 1944, she suddenly reversed herself again and called him "my bête noire," and thirteen months after that, in a spectacular re-reversal, "my adopted son."

While Miss Maxwell was trying to make up her mind about Sinatra, he was steadily becoming more and more famous as an effective singer of sentimental ballads. He has probably been the most talked-about ballad man since Robert Burns, who a while ago was described in a church sermon as "the Sinatra of his day." Burns was perhaps not quite the Sinatra of his day, since he didn't sing professionally, let alone croon, and Sinatra may not be quite the Burns of his day, having composed nothing but the lyrics of "This Love of Mine," but his devotion to the ballad is complete and wholehearted. He is so fond of ballads that he hums them at the dinner table, and he can easily be persuaded to render them at night clubs into which he has ostensibly wandered as a patron, not as a minstrel. He sings ballads to friends at parties and lulls his children to sleep with them. In "Tips on Popular Singing," a booklet which Sinatra was credited with having helped to write and which was issued in 1941 by a music-publishing company owned by Dorsey, several requisites for success are set down, among them "good health, hard work, and plenty of patience." Sinatra's health and patience are remarkable for a man whose disciples often come close to trampling him to death, and he has worked so hard during some engagements that he has sung as many as four hundred and eighty heart-wringing ballads in a single week. The ballad most frequently associated with him, and which serves as the theme song of his current weekly radio program, is "Night and Day." Back in 1943, Sinatra was considered so thoroughly a ballad man that when, late that year, he essayed a now happily neglected number, "Pistol Packin' Mama," there was violent protest against this revolutionary departure.



Once before, Sinatra had offended a large number of music lovers, when he happened to speak of the personnel of the New York Philharmonic as "the boys in the band." Sinatra made an appearance as soloist at the Hollywood Bowl with the boys in the Los Angeles Philharmonic during the summer of 1943, a year in which he pulled a number of American symphony orchestras out of the red merely by making one appearance with each of them. Despite the disapproval of the Los Angeles *Times*—which, commenting on an earlier Sinatra concert, with the Washington Symphony, said, "It is a disgrace to the nation that the symphony orchestra of our capital has to be supported by lending its name to entertainers of this type"—Sinatra's recital at the Bowl drew ten thousand spectators. He did not go on until toward the end of the program, since he had a broadcast earlier in the evening. Some of his fans arrived at the Bowl carrying portable radios and tuned them in on him full blast while the symphony tried gamely to compete.

An Indiana University professor once said that Sinatra's popularity could be ascribed to a rebellion of many young people against the classical-music training crammed into them at school. Classical musicians could hardly take that kind of talk lying down, and one of them, Artur Rodzinski, came out fighting in a newspaper interview in which he declared that jazz was contributing to juvenile delinquency. This aroused Sinatra, and soon a lively debate was being waged in the press, with communiqués being issued by Leopold Stokowski, who sided with Sinatra, and Lily Pons, who backed Rodzinski. On January 22, 1944, the *Sun* published a three-column story about the Sinatra-Rodzinski war on its front page—a page on which the *Sun's* hard-pressed editors also had to find room for the first news of an invasion by Allied forces of a stretch of Italian coast near a summer resort called Anzio.

THE goal of many performers of popular music is to become the featured attraction of a weekly network radio program. Sinatra has been the star of one, and sometimes two, such programs for nearly four years. His first sponsored show was the Lucky Strike "Hit Parade," on which he started singing in February, 1943. He stayed on it until January, 1945. The "Hit Parade" antedated Sinatra by many years and, before his time, had always regarded its vocalists as incidental to the brisk and brassy efforts of its bands,

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Dances by AGNES de MILLE
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HENRY DANIELL
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by OSCAR WILDE
with PENELOPE WARD
JOHN BUCKMASTER • REX EVANS
and ESTELLE WINWOOD
Staged by CECIL BEATON—Directed by JACK MINSTER
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"A MUSICAL SPARKLER."—Walter Winchell
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Smash Hit Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
with BETTY GARRETT
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
NATIONAL, 41 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:35

which relentlessly paraded hits at a rapid tempo. With the arrival of Sinatra, the emphasis shifted to the singer. The sponsors became so accustomed to a singer of consequence that when the time came to select a successor to Sinatra they conferred the honor on Lawrence Tibbett. The "Hit Parade" is usually produced in New York, and when Sinatra moved from New Jersey to California, in the spring of 1944, he arranged with Lucky Strike to do his portion of the program in a Hollywood radio studio and agreed to pay part of the expense this entailed. He was required to sing only three or four numbers per parade, and in between them, while the New York part of the show was on the air, he would sometimes have it switched off and entertain his audiences all by himself. That was fine with his studio audiences, although dismaying to his sponsors. "We'd have liked the house in California to listen to the whole of the show," a Lucky Strike man said recently, "including the commercials." Once Sinatra had moved to California, he automatically became the beneficiary of that state's attractive "community property" laws, which permit a wife to pretend that she has earned half her husband's income, and which, by thus reducing the federal income tax a family must pay, have proved as inviting as fresh air and sunshine to many migratory citizens. A married couple like the Sinatras, living in Hollywood and having an income of around a million dollars a year, can usually, after taking advantage of the generous deductions for expenses the Bureau of Internal Revenue permits, manage to hang on to something between a hundred and a hundred and fifty thousand.

All the while Sinatra was getting his foothold, there was a war on, and many service men—perhaps feeling that if they had been spared, they might have attained like eminence—took to muttering that he ought to be drafted. This cry was even raised by a group of Australian schoolgirls, who wanted him sent there by our Army to sustain their morale. Sinatra was deferred for a legitimate reason—he had a perforated eardrum—but the service men thought that he had been excused by the government simply to avoid disturbing young American womanhood. "Mice make women faint, too," a sergeant in Europe pointed out in *Stars & Stripes*. Sinatra's status became so spirited a topic of discussion that the chairman of his draft board was constantly badgered for public statements, and a few Broadway gamblers, during a brief

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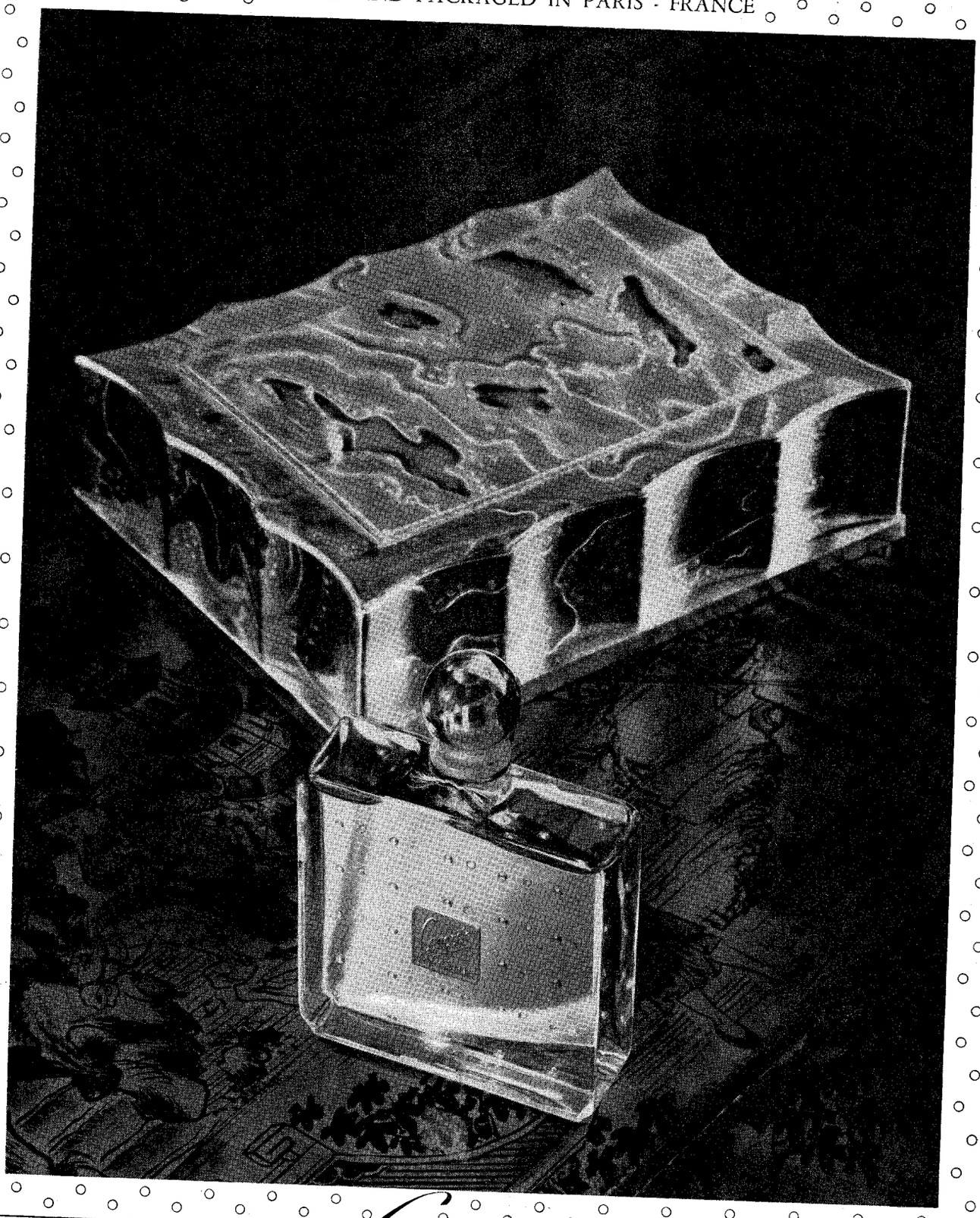

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moratorium on horse racing, passed the time by making book on whether the singer would or wouldn't be taken in. Sinatra's replacement of the horse occurred in February, 1945, a month before his draft board finally granted him permanent deferment. Sinatra attempted to make his peace with the armed forces by going to Europe and Africa on a six-week U.S.O. tour just after V-E Day. He was, on the whole, favorably received by the service men, and he also had a brief audience with the Pope. As soon as he got home, however, he denounced U.S.O.-Camp Shows and Army Special Services for putting on mediocre shows and handling artists poorly. He himself was denounced for this outburst by numerous other performers, including Marlene Dietrich, an artist who had spent considerably more than six weeks, before V-E Day, entertaining troops abroad. She remarked to an interviewer that you could hardly expect the European Theatre to be like the Paramount. Sinatra, who prefers one-punch arguments to prolonged debate, had by then retired to the sanctuary of the Waldorf, where he devoted most of three days to making long-distance calls to the families of a couple of hundred soldiers for whom he had offered to transmit messages. He was slowed down in the accomplishment of this mission by the refusal of most of the people he talked with to believe, at first, that it was Sinatra on the phone, and by the insistence of many of them, once convinced, on chatting more about him than about their absent boys.

SINATRA has appeared in six motion pictures, in the last three of which—"Higher and Higher," "Step Lively," and "Anchors Aweigh"—he has had speaking roles. In the earlier ones, he merely sang. In one of these, "Reveille with Beverly," he sang only a single number, but later, when he had become much more of a drawing card, the picture was revived and he was given star billing. When "Higher and Higher" was made, in the summer of 1943, he was just a supporting player; by the time it was released, the following December, R.K.O., its producers, were billing it as "The Sinatra Show," to the dismay of a couple of actors who had thought it was their show. At first, R.K.O. was so impressed with Sinatra's air of innocence that they evidently got him mixed up with Shirley Temple, for they declared that they would not allow him to kiss a girl. (He was twenty-five at the time and had a three-year-old

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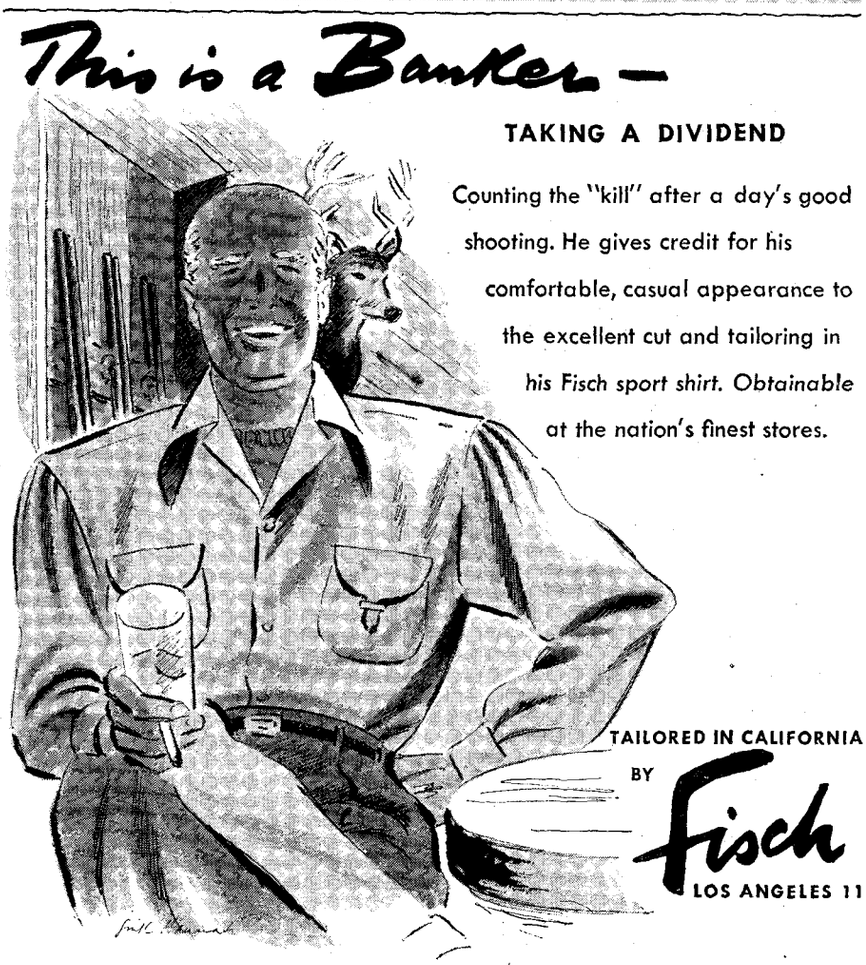
daughter.) Later, R.K.O. announced breathlessly that he would deliver his first screen kiss in "Step Lively." This unprecedented bit of eroticism aroused so much interest that *Look*, America's Family Magazine, devoted four pages to it, and it was subsequently revealed that the fan mail of Gloria de Haven, the actress granted the honor of receiving the historic kiss, had climbed from four or five letters a day to several hundred.

Lately, Sinatra has been touring the country, speaking in behalf of interracial harmony. When he heard, a year ago, that some white school children in Gary, Indiana, had refused to attend classes with Negroes, he went there and spoke eloquently, if ineffectively, against this attitude. He believes that he can help to improve the world by inducing young people to give up such prejudices, and he has been at least as successful as a good many elder statesmen who are also dedicated to improving the world. Sinatra had planned to attend the World Youth Conference at Prague this August, but his ideals came into conflict with the demands of commerce and he was obliged to forgo the trip and toil in a movie of something less than international scope called "It Happened in Brooklyn." Sinatra's press agent did not immediately abandon hope of conveying his client, in sound if not in substance, to Czechoslovakia. "That was the State Department," Evans told a visitor who walked into his office one day as he was hanging up a telephone. "They're anxious to have Frankie appear at Prague by short wave or television or something. They figure there can't be a World Youth Conference without having Frankie there." It proved impossible, however, to beam Sinatra to Prague, and world youth muddled through without him.

It happened that the shooting schedule of "It Happened in Brooklyn" restricted Sinatra not only to this country but, for six weeks, to New York City. M.G.M., the producers of the film, thought it would be nice to photograph some scenes in Brooklyn and sent a detachment East for that purpose. From M.G.M.'s point of view, the junket turned out unsatisfactorily, as Brooklyn inhospitably cloaked itself in a fine, unphotogenic haze, and after a month and a half the technicians led a retreat to Hollywood, where, presumably, a replica of Brooklyn was constructed. Sinatra, however, was delighted that he got the chance to be in New York for six weeks, and so were his local

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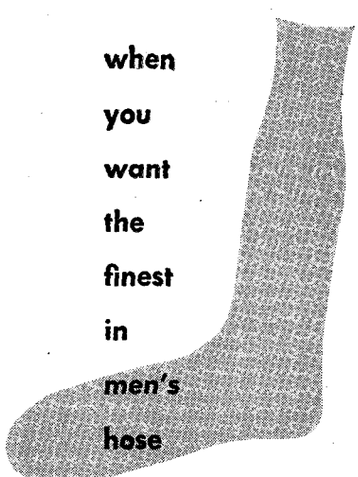

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fans, who followed him around Manhattan, a borough he really prefers to Brooklyn. Some of his admirers chase him as determinedly as if they were song pluggers, sometimes even bumping into song pluggers. His fans are well organized, and whenever he flies from, say, Chicago to New York, some key fan here is almost certain to get a telegram from some key fan there, giving his flight number and time of arrival and wishing the recipient good luck. His fans find him fairly easy to pursue, since he is a man of regular and limited habits. In New York, he checks in at the Waldorf, where he establishes himself and his entourage in a suite of rooms, and rarely strays south of Fortieth Street or north of Sixtieth. He usually eats out—at Toots Shor's, the Stork Club, or one of a number of midtown Italian places. His fans, naturally, hardly ever eat at these places, but they spend hours outside them. While on the trail, many of them obtain nourishment at Howard Johnson's, a restaurant conveniently situated on Fiftieth Street, between Madison and Park. They have little use for surnames and refer to the place simply as Howard's. Most of his fans have to attend school or go to work during the daytime. Accordingly, except for vacations, weekends, and holidays, they follow him mainly between seven and eleven at night; many of the girls quit at eleven, because they know that Sinatra disapproves of their staying up as late as he does. At Howard's, they fortify themselves with hamburgers and discuss strategy. A few extremists have special tip money for dining out. These girls paste miniature gummed photographs of Sinatra onto the coins they leave behind them, so that any waiter who has served them will know whom he really has to thank for their beneficence. Sinatra usually goes out to dinner at seven-thirty, so at seven the girls leave Howard's and deploy themselves around the Waldorf, close to whichever of its twelve exits their intuition tells them he is likely to use. When he emerges and hops into one of the limousines he engages while he is in town, any girls who see him and are lucky enough to be near a vacant taxicab swarm into it and take off after him. Others light out on foot, but they lose track of his car after a block or so. Then, breathing heavily, they try to guess where he is eating or—since he almost always goes to the theatre after dinner when he is in New York—which of the shows is on his agenda. Those doughty girls who don't mind staying up late regardless of what he thinks of it have to make equally difficult decisions about his choice of a night club after the theatre. Some of Sinatra's pursuers may go two or three days without seeing him at all; on the other hand, certain fans with good luck or good judgment, or both, have been known to get as many as four separate glimpses of him in a day. In the course of waiting around for him, the girls may catch sight of many other celebrities, but an all-out Sinatra fan will have little to do with run-of-the-mill notables. "We only say hello to them if we know they're friends of Frank's," one girl has said.

Sinatra has been a trial to the Waldorf. Last winter, when he and Van Johnson were there at the same time, the hotel's switchboard occasionally became clogged with calls for both parties, and once two factions of young ladies gathered on opposite sides of Forty-ninth Street, outside the hotel, and began chanting, competitively, "We want Van" and "We want Frankie." So many other girls assembled in the hotel's entrances that the management augmented its regular detective force with reserves and assigned them to the task of shooing these obstacles away. Sinatra's fans have since contended that the detectives seemed partial to the Johnson fans, whom the Sinatra crowd consider young and silly. "Why, they're little kids, only twelve years old," a sixteen-year-old Sinatra fan said a few weeks ago, reliving the Battle of the Waldorf. "They're not even bobby-soxers—they're bobby-sockettes. You should have seen them coming into the Waldorf on roller skates, with their hair in pigtails. Imagine! It would embarrass Frank if we did anything like that. And you should have seen Van. He's awful-looking. Ooh! One Saturday, we waited for Frank for eight hours and we only got Van. Ooh, we were so mad at Frank. We get mad at him a lot of the time, but it never lasts long."

Sinatra bears up remarkably well under it all. A man who had dinner with him at Toots Shor's not long ago, an hour or two before he was to take off by plane for California, noticed that, everything considered, he was a good deal calmer, as the time for his departure drew near, than were his secretary, his press agent, his recording adviser, his real-estate adviser, and the one or two other associates who were eating at his table. When Sinatra got up to leave, Shor presented him with a box lunch to tide him through his flight, and Evans scanned the lobby for any fans who

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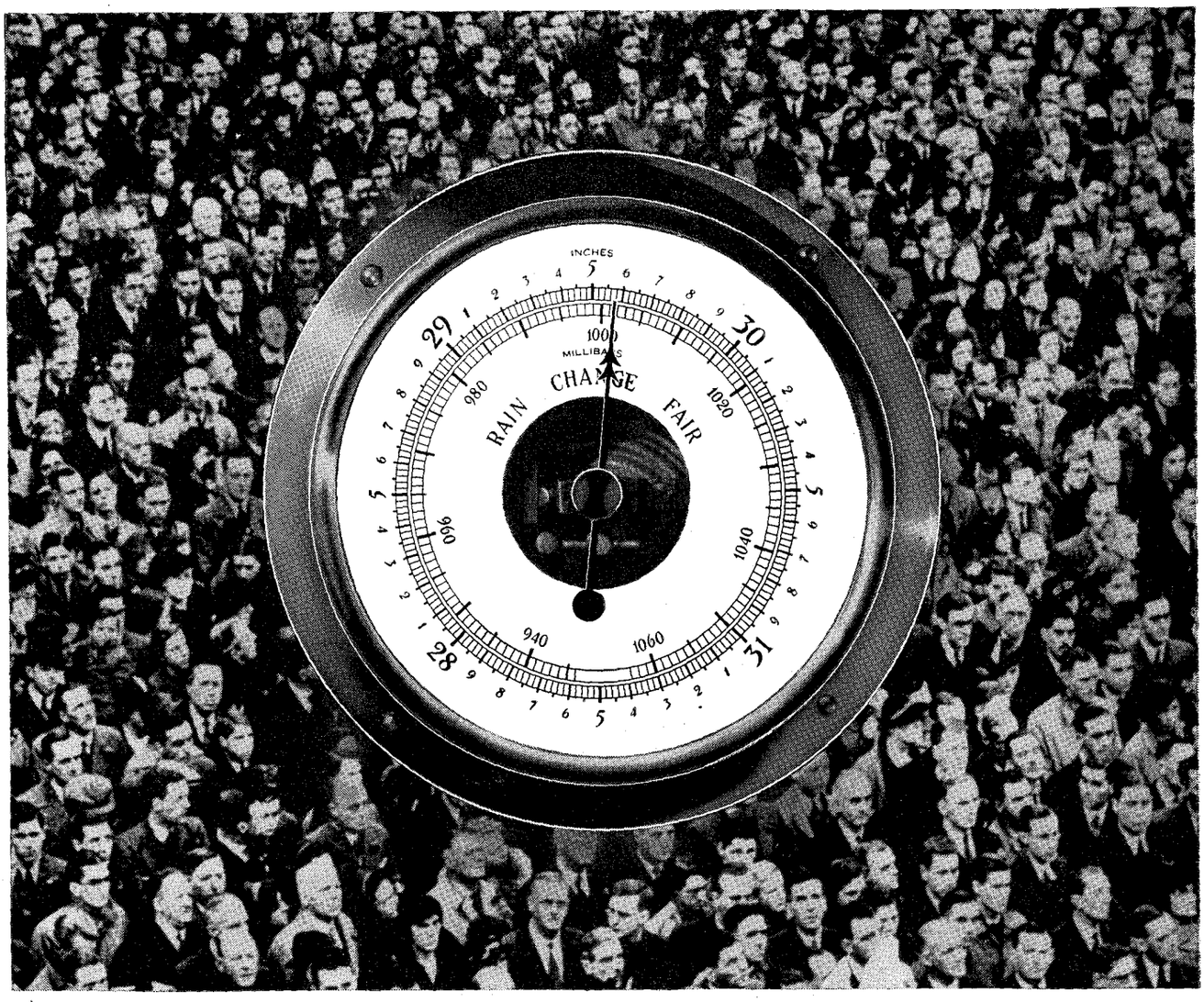


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To those who exercise their financial "vote" through the facilities of this market, the Exchange offers this advice: At no time is it safe or sensible to base your investment decisions on vague rumors or alleged "inside" tips. *The grapevine will always let you down.*

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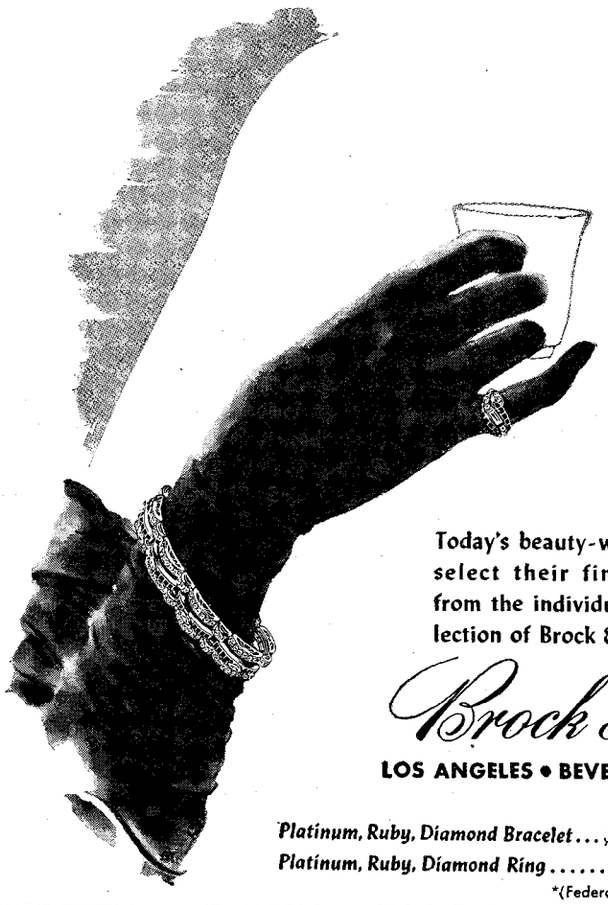

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might have crept in there while the doorman's back was turned. Then Evans signalled to the doorman. The doorman beckoned to the driver of Sinatra's car, who maneuvered it into position for a getaway, and kept the motor running. At this hint of impending action, twenty-five fans who had assembled on the sidewalk scrambled onto the hoods and running boards of any convenient car, including Sinatra's, and another twenty-five pressed into a solid mass before the restaurant entrance. At another signal from Evans, Sinatra's retinue, plus Shor, emerged from the door in a flying wedge, the doorman tugged open the door of the car, and the singer darted toward its glittering security. A nimble girl pressed a white carnation into his hand, and he accepted it without breaking his stride. Then, taking a last look around to make sure that none of his flock had been swallowed up, Evans churned through the crowd like an egg beater and jumped into the car. With the help of Shor, who used to be a bouncer, the doorman got the car door closed. A moment later, the limousine crawled off, fans tumbling from the fenders. The girl who had given Sinatra the carnation said, "Now I gotta get to Western Union, quick," and scurried down the street. She sent off a wire to an official of a California fan club, saying that Frankie was on his way.

—E. J. Kahn, Jr.

*(This is the last of a series of three articles.)*

•

Position Wanted—Librarian with fifteen years of administrative experience desires position in the West. Knows arts, literature, social sciences. Can speak and write. S 13.—*Adv. in the Library Journal.*

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Just a nice hike before breakfast.

•

### UH HUH DEPARTMENT

[*From the Los Angeles Daily News*]

He has a keen sense of humor. One of his pals has a weak stomach, particularly allergic to any kind of cheese. Nothing pleases him more than to sneak a bit of limburger or Roquefort into the pal's ice cream.

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That look of perfection isn't luck...it's planned.

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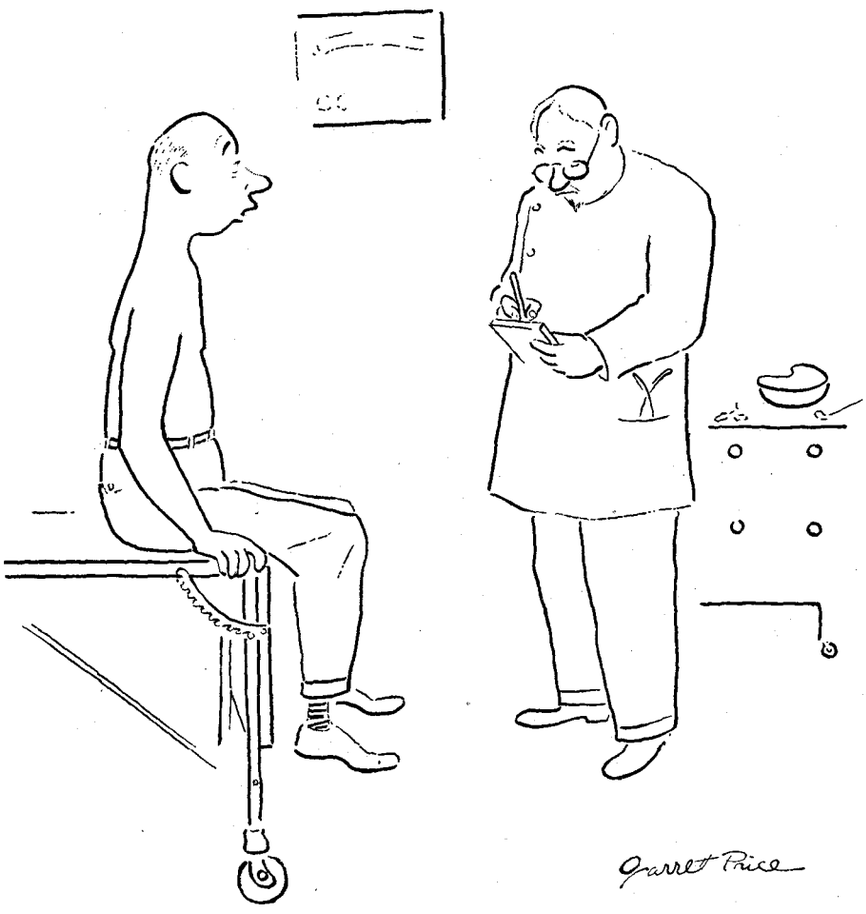
## MISS HAYES AND MR. COWARD

ONE rainy afternoon, Addie Bemis, up to then a blameless librarian, wandered into the Jersey Mecca Bar, in Newark. Nobody in the world had less intention of getting drunk. All she wanted to do was warn a bank teller named Paul that her father, who often got terribly silly ideas, was out to avenge her honor and that he, Paul, had better take to the hills. It is hard to say what the atmosphere in a bar does to people, but very soon Addie had had a couple of Pink Ladies, a drink that I, personally, wouldn't feed to the cat, and from then on things just began to come apart. When she came in, she had been rather supercilious about the place, giving it as her opinion, in fact, that the guests were mostly scum, but it wasn't long before they were the most fascinating characters she'd ever met in her life, always excepting Paul's companion, Maude, who no amount of Pink Ladies could convince Miss Bemis was any better than a tramp.

In addition to making so many delightful friends, Addie had a lot of very unusual and dreamy experiences. At one point, a bottle behind the bar lighted up and carried on quite an interesting conversation with her; lilies sprouted out where you'd least expect them; the air once was mysteriously full of bubbles and somehow a bar stool flew right up to the ceiling. Naturally, in the midst of so many prodigies, Addie took part in the floor show, singing a very successful torch song into the microphone and doing Latin dances with an abandon surprising to everybody. It is astonishing that, so variously occupied, Addie found time to be practical, but she did. On a sudden inspiration, she called up a Mr. Nanino, who happened to be Maude's protector, and told him that he'd better come over and investigate what looked to her like a pretty dubious situation. In a way not perhaps entirely clear to me, this straightened everything out. Addie got her man, to the admiration of her father, who, of course, was by no means the black-hearted scoundrel that everyone had imagined, and if she had a terrible hangover in the morning, I'm sure that on the whole she felt that it was all in a good cause.




*"Let me put it this way, Doctor. Does my condition warrant my investing in a lifetime pen?"*

All this is a very casual synopsis of "Happy Birthday," Anita Loos's cheerful present to Helen Hayes at the Broadhurst. It isn't, I guess, much of a play. The plot, as you can see, is practically nonexistent, doing little more than offer Miss Hayes a series of opportunities to prove that she is indisputably the most versatile actress now operating on the American stage. The textual humor, as distinguished from the mechanical effects, is pretty slight, having almost none of the dry, authentic observation that made "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" a minor classic. The best criticism of the whole thing, indeed, may lie in the fact that it seems to have reminded nearly every reviewer of something else—"The Time of Your Life," "Lady in the Dark," "Dream Girl," "A Kiss for Cinderella," and almost every play that has employed fantasy to disguise the fact that the author really hadn't anything in particular on his mind. Hostile as you may be, however, to the idea that practically any bar offers a wonderful cross-section of life or even to dramas about mousy little girls who suddenly turn into spectacular sirens, I don't see how you can find Miss Hayes less than enchanting. I can't say I thoroughly approved of a single thing she was called upon to do, but I admired every detail of the way she did it. The rest of the cast, which includes Lorraine Miller, Louis Jean Heydt, Jacqueline Paige, and Enid Markey, is very fine, too. If, for any reason, I had to spend an evening with a bunch of far too picturesque types in a noisy bar, they'd be the ones I'd choose. I guess I'd have Jo Mielziner and Lucinda Ballard in charge of the decorations and costumes, too.

THE danger in writing like Noel Coward is that you have to do it almost perfectly or you are very apt to come out sounding like a parody executed by the hopeful humorists on the Harvard *Lampoon*. Mr. Coward's formula, that is, lies largely in reducing all human activities, with particular emphasis on adultery, to absurdity by discussing them either with an acute

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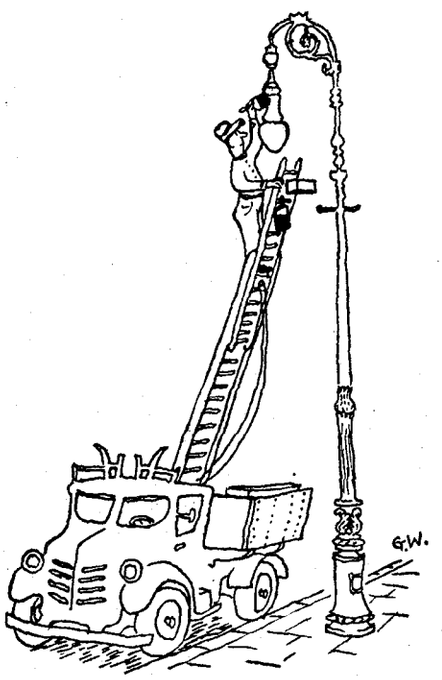
spinsterish distaste or else with a languor very hard to distinguish from the final sleep. Done at its author's stylish, nervous best, this system can be remarkably effective, producing something like a latter-day equivalent of Oscar Wilde, though to some extent with epithets substituted for the epigrams. Diminished ever so slightly, however, allowed to cross the hairline that separates stylized wit from labored perversity, it can easily be disastrous, and that, I'm afraid, is what has happened in the case of "Present Laughter," our little cousin's latest comedy of bad manners, now visible at the Plymouth.

It is hard to explain why Mr. Coward is so seldom funny in his current play, since he is saying almost exactly the same things he said in "Private Lives," "Design for Living," and "Blithe Spirit," all of which, of course, had the customers in bowknots. For one thing, I think, the reason is that his success depends to a remarkable degree on the juxtaposition of words not commonly associated in the normal mind, as, for instance, when the hero of "Blithe Spirit" was described as possessing "a certain seedy grandeur." If there are any such happy conjunctions in "Present Laughter," I'm afraid I missed them. Mr. Coward's boys and girls still call one another names with most of their old spirit and venom, but the precision and malignant inspiration have apparently gone out of them. For the most part, in fact, they all just seem to be looking for over-ingenious synonyms for the word "bitch."

Another past talent of Mr. Coward's has been for creating small, neat plots

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*two centuries ago at the court of Louis XV.*

But the quality of Lanson,

its sparkling verve and magnificent flavor,

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its production still the devoted care of the Lanson family.

Here again, for the connoisseur's ultimate pleasure,

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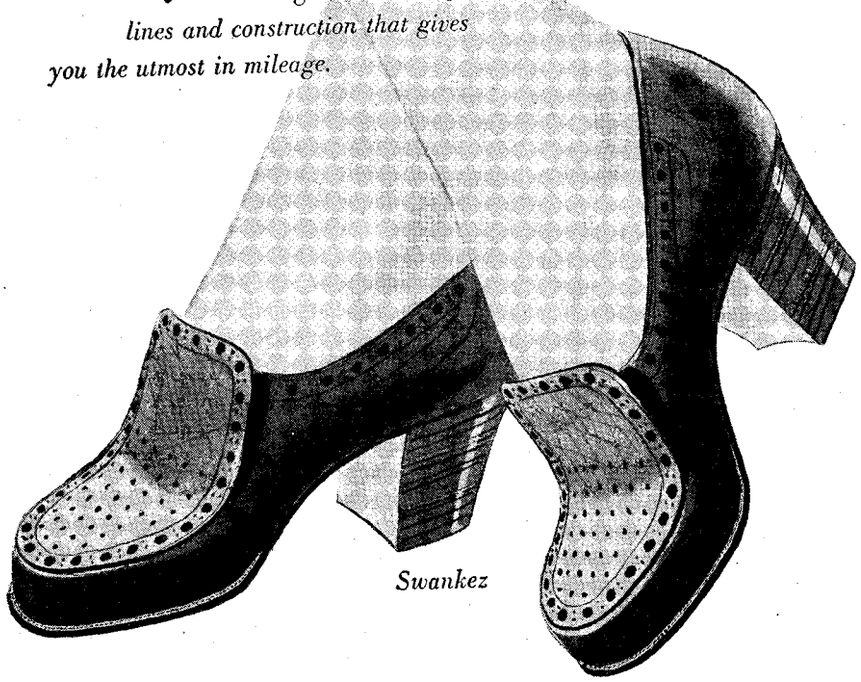

*Swankez*

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that have served him well and unobtrusively as vehicles for his fashionable conversations and more or less irrelevant comic inventions. They have usually employed very few actors, the complications of the story have scarcely been anything to tax even the most languid mind, and the message has never been hard to grasp. In effect, he has said, marriage is a preposterous institution, made tolerable only by frequent, rather disembodied infidelities, about which it is possible to display a crisp, unearthly wit. "Present Laughter" has practically none of these qualities. The cast is quite large, and the characters' relations to one another are so extremely elaborate that a whole act is necessary before the audience can hope to get them sorted out. The full details are certainly not going to be given here, but perhaps you ought to know that Garry Essendine, a still toothsome matinée idol somewhere in his forties, is legally bound to Liz, though not living with her; that Joanna Lyppiatt (Mr. Coward, you will note, has not lost his fancy taste in names), though married to Hugo, the star's manager, and conducting an affair with Morris, his playwright, has nevertheless sufficient energy left to seduce Garry, too; and that that hard-pressed player is also tentatively molested by Daphne Stillington, a young society woman who finds him glamorous, perhaps because he is the owner of no less than eighteen silk dressing gowns. In addition to these tangled emotional types, we are offered a funny female secretary, who is able to regard the various ladies who have a way of turning up in the morning in her employer's pajamas with tolerant amusement; a terribly intense young playwright, who professes himself bewitched by the fact that Garry remains so magnificently an actor even off the stage; and a cockney butler, who, as you might expect, has acquired a good many of his master's cast-off eccentricities. All these, on the surface, are typical Coward creations. Unfortunately, however, there is not much trace of the old inward spark, and the situations in which they find themselves are too crowded with personnel and too mechanical in construction to suggest anything much more elevated than an old-fashioned French farce, a description, as a matter of fact, which one character actually does apply to the proceedings. The message, as I got it, is that promiscuity can be quite charming if undertaken with a light heart and an honest desire to please, but only, to borrow a trace of Mr. Coward's own accent, a desperately untidy business if one gets

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tiresome and emotional about it. However, this thought was delivered with such clipped elegance that I may easily have missed the point. I wouldn't bother much about it one way or another if I were you.

Given a minimum of clever lines to say and not much to do except change from one dressing gown to another, Clifton Webb falls back on a succession of graceful, exhausted mannerisms and an impressive precision of speech to convey the fact that he is an extraordinarily sophisticated fellow, well worth all the fuss the ladies make about him. That he is partly successful is a considerable tribute to his personality and technique. The others, given even less material, occasionally seem to be trying to cover up this deficiency by performing with a fashionable vivacity that I found a little touching. However, the warring ladies—Jan Sterling, Doris Dalton, and Marta Linden—are all pretty, the gentlemen generally distinguished, and the comics, especially Evelyn Varden, as spirited as you could possibly wish. Donald Oenslager's set, I thought, had a good deal more style and humor than anything in the script.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

For if a sign is a kind of preparatory-stimulus, it might appear that signifying always has a future reference; how, it may be asked, can an animal be disposed to respond to something which has already occurred? The answer lies in the fact that while the behavior prepared by a sign is always later than the sign itself, the behavior prepared may be to things which no longer exist or to an object or situation as having characteristics due to objects or situations which once existed but which no longer exist. X says some afternoon "It rained this morning." These signs designate a certain occurrence at a time previous to the time of signifying. This occurrence cannot be a stimulus-object to X. But X is prepared to act to his present environment as having certain characteristics due to the earlier occurrence of rain. Any evidence as to the truth of the statement relevant to X's knowledge must be available to X himself: he may observe puddles of water, note the condition of the ground, use his memory or notes he made in the morning, consult the newspaper, ask other persons. But whatever evidence employed it is evidence that something occurred at a certain time earlier than the time of signifying. Hence the importance of distinguishing between the locus of signifying, the locus signified, and the locus of confirmation that something occurred as signified at the time and place signified.
—*From "Signs, Language, and Behavior," by Charles W. Morris.*

Furthermore, it's important that X come in *out* of the rain.


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They belong to a vivacious brown-eyed songstress whose scintillating personality has made her equally popular on stage, on screen and in supper clubs. Her inimitable style has just been captured in a new record album. She's KITTY CARLISLE.

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## DEPARTMENT OF ELEGANCE

### (TWILIGHT OF NEW ENGLAND DIVISION)

[*A proposal received in a recent contest to name a new night club in Waterbury, Conn.*]

Mr. Fred DiNapoli
915 Bank Street
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Dear Sir:

Regarding your advertised request for a name to suit your new dining-ballroom, and after seeing it one night recently, I wish to submit the following name.

Webster's dictionary says the first word of the name means, "not of this world. Above the moon." In short, "Out of this world!" The second part of the name is formed by using part of your surname, DINA, then adding N to give it rhythm and "that certain swing."

And so I offer you—

"SUPERLUNAR DINAN-BALLROOM"

Much can be done with this name in advertising and patrons will not be disappointed either. The name suits your place to perfection for it *is* "out of this world."

However, to give your advertising agents a more dynamic field, a broader scope, and a colorful theme to develop, I respectfully submit the following suggestion:

That you change that long entrance hallway leading to your SUPERLUNAR DINAN-BALLROOM in order to gain a dramatic effect which is now dormant. This can be done at slight expense in this way—

Line the walls of this hall with very dark cloth (Bergundy red?) to get the effect of richness; paint the ceiling deep purple with octagon panels in gilt, stipple inside the panels to get a soft texture; place indirect lights to cast a soft glow *on the floor only* (for safety); cover the floor with durable rubber flooring over carpet-felt.

Over the doorway opening into the SUPERLUNAR room place a painted sign similar to this—"Ye who enter these portals leave all cares aside. You are now going OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD!"

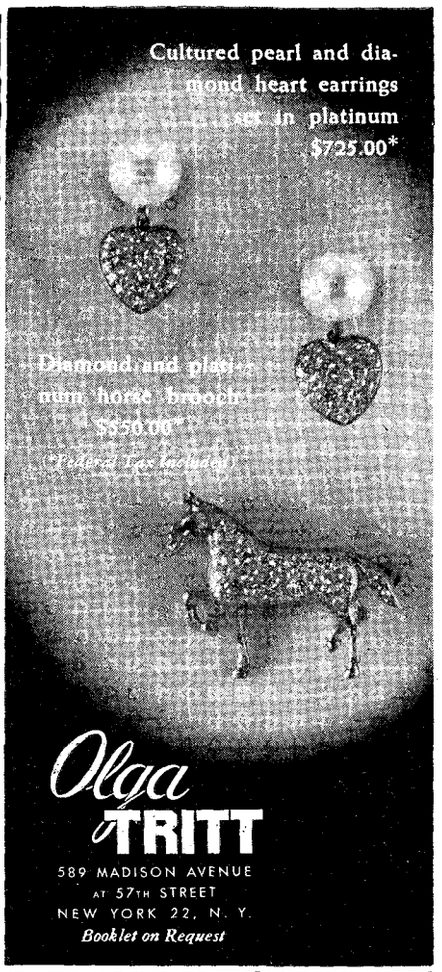
Hidden incense burners should keep this "mystic passage" scented and small chimes could add their tinkling, silvery tones to the emotional effect.

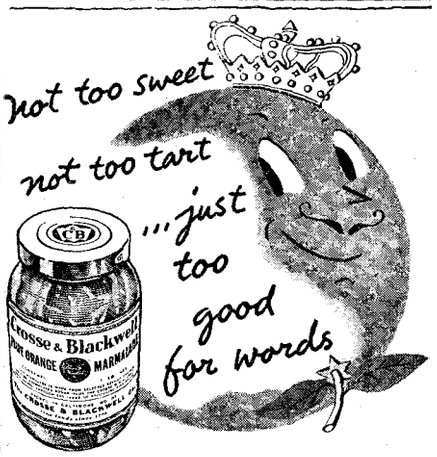
You can readily imagine how dramatic the mental impact—passing thru this darkened, softened, heavily scented corridor, soft under foot, mystery music in the air—then suddenly emerging, like a chrysalis to a butterfly, into the beautiful, aurora-lit Superlunar atmosphere!

Your patrons would be overwhelmed by a feeling of luxury and well being and would spend more freely. Your entertainers too could pick up the theme of the Middle East; you could use it on your menus, napkins, etc., and presto! you have distinction of tremendous advertising value. Your SUPERLUNAR room will become the talk of the state and farther and patrons will come from far and near.

Yours for a super-symposium sanctorum, super-distinctive, and wholly original

"SUPERLUNAR DINAN-BALLROOM"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A special lot of bigger-than-Jumbos. They're really beauties! Plump, tender, and wonderfully rich in flavor. Great for eating like candy and fine for cooking.

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I am a real dirt farmer. I know fruit when I see it, and I tell you that these prunes will really make a hit with you! They're not only special in size but special in the way they're processed. I use my own farm kitchen method which makes them doubly good. 4-lb. Box, $3.95; 7-lb. Box, $6.95; PREPAID ANYWHERE IN USA.

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# THE RACE TRACK

*Young Hopeful*

YOU may have noted that Phalanx won a couple of stakes races at Jamaica last week. Both of the two-year-old's performances were pretty impressive, too. In the Remsen Handicap, on Tuesday, he horrified the people who play favorites by beating Donor, winner of the Champagne Stakes and of half a dozen other events earlier in the season. Of course, Phalanx had a nine-pound advantage in the weights in this race, but in winning the Ardsley Handicap, on Saturday, he carried top weight and had all the worst of the racing luck. He was crowded back and knocked off his stride going to the first turn and was last half a mile from home. Then he settled down, went around his field, and won by lengths. As both events were at more than a mile, I'll risk a timid guess that he will be hard to beat in the mile-and-a-sixteenth Pimlico Futurity at Baltimore this weekend.

Phalanx, in case you haven't paid much attention to him, is a medium-sized, well-made bay with a resolute way of running. C. V. Whitney, who owns him, calls the colt "just a good plodder"—a really superior piece of understatement. Phalanx is one of the few Whitney horses who were not bred at home. He was acquired about a year ago from A. S. Hewitt in one of those complicated horse trades between breeders. Whitney, by the way, is going to have a lot of two-year-olds in his stable next season, and an unusually large number of them will be colts; in addition to several colts by other stallions, there will be twelve youngsters by Mahmoud, the sire of First Flight.

MOST horseplayers consider Polynesian a sprinter, but Mrs. Peter Widener and Morris Dixon, his owner and trainer, insist that he can win at a mile and a quarter. I wouldn't hazard an opinion on that. Nevertheless, he did carry a hundred and twenty-six pounds and beat a first-rate field at Jamaica in the Scarsdale Handicap, at a mile and seventy yards. I expect that old First Fiddle, who finished second, will be almost at his best for the $50,000 Westchester Handicap on Saturday. Early last week, he made his first appearance since midsummer and ran

He-man style raincoat by Aquatogs — *if you please*, $12.95.
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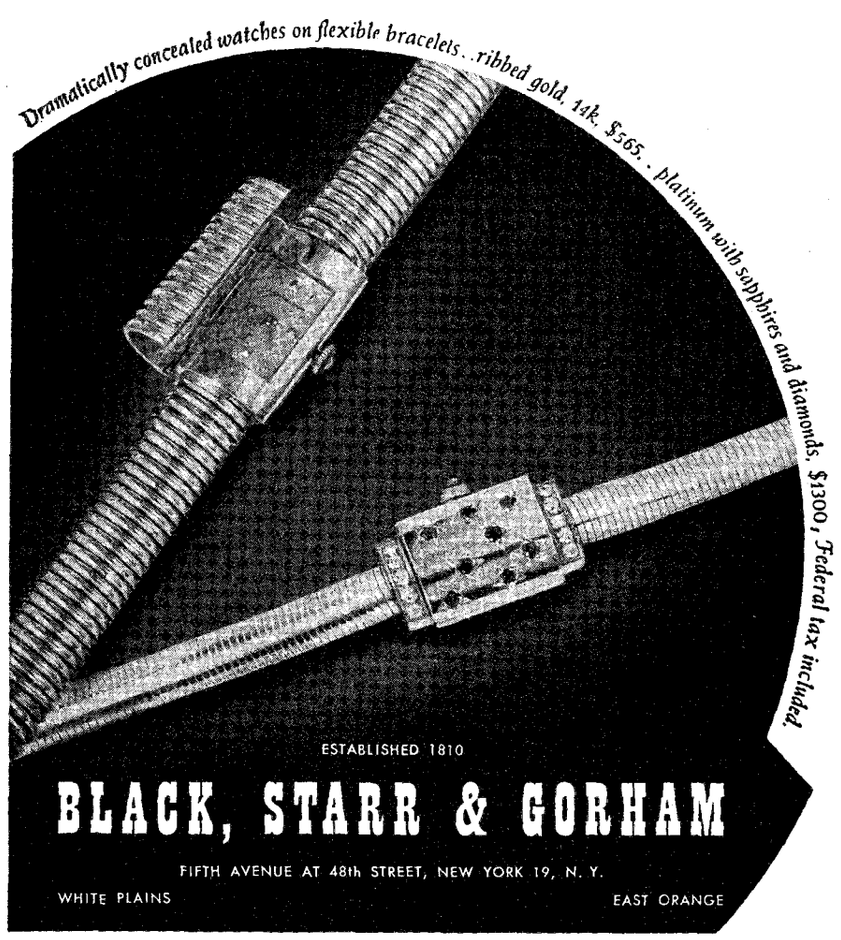
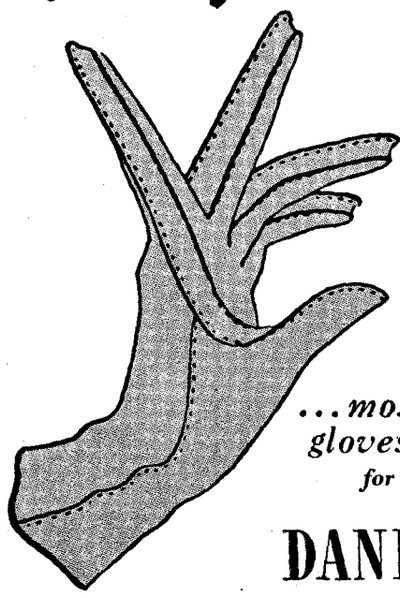



*Finger Free



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third to Round View and Dockstader. He's beginning to show his age, for his gray spots are turning white (as dapples grow older, you know, they begin to look more and more like circus horses), but he's still a runner.

Racing slipped along so smoothly at Jamaica last week that the change in the cover on the programs was about the only means of telling when the Metropolitan Jockey Club's meeting ended and the Empire City Racing Association's began. I daresay lots of people like the treadmill monotony of seeing the same horses running in the same sort of races every afternoon. Anyway, the betting figures continue to average around two million dollars a day. Incidentally, the season at Jamaica has been extended to November 15th, which is as long as the state law allows, to include a special three-day meeting for charity.

WHEN the entries for the Pimlico Special came out, almost everybody at Jamaica thought that Stymie would gallop off with this $25,000 sweepstakes and thus make up half the distance that separates him from the all-time money-winning record, but, as I was saying a week ago, the last fifty thousand is always the hardest. Assault, who hadn't won since July, beat Stymie by half a dozen lengths. From all accounts, it was Arcaro's handling of Assault that did the trick. I guess there's no doubt that Arcaro is pounds and lengths better than Mehrtens, who has been riding Assault all season. Besides, he must have made something of a study of how to beat Stymie; certainly he's had enough tries at it this fall. Well, Stymie and Assault will meet again in the Westchester Handicap at Jamaica on Saturday, and your guess is as good as mine—maybe better—as to the winner.

All sorts of extraordinary rumors run wild at a race track. The most recent and the most startling was one at Jamaica to the effect that Arcaro had dropped dead at Pimlico, just before the Special. It seems that a gas-station attendant told it to a group of horseplayers on their way to the track, just for a joke. Some joke. —AUDAX MINOR

•

HAWTHORNE'S
Got a Few More Shells
Few Rifle Cartridges
Lots of Buckshot
Guns Pretty Well Picked Over
AINT GOIN TO BE IN SATURDAY
—*Bath (Maine) Times.*

Goin gunnin?

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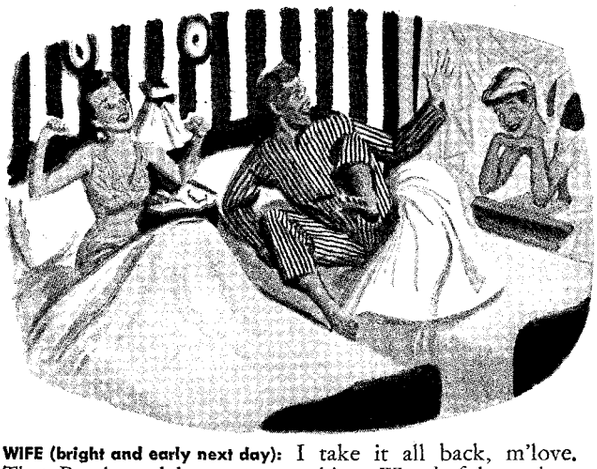
# Bob West, who IS this woman!

**WIFE:** We sit here minding our business and what happens? This—this *creature*—flits over and starts whispering secrets!

**PSYCHE:** But madam, your husband called me over for a consultation. I'm Psyche—the symbol of White Rock sparkling water—and something of an authority on gala evenings . . .

**WIFE:** I don't care if you're the Queen of Sheba! This is *our* night on the town . . . and he's *my* husband!

**PSYCHE:** And a discerning lad he is to call for White Rock. Its mineral blend has a glorious tang that brings out the best in your drinks *tonight*. While those same minerals are delightfully alkaline . . . to help you feel chipper *tomorrow*.



**WIFE (bright and early next day):** I take it all back, m'love. That Psyche gal has got something. Wonderful evening. Wonderful morning. Wonderful White Rock!

**HUSBAND:** I feel like a million myself!

**PSYCHE:** Cute couple, aren't they? Now you know why so many people find White Rock sparkling water well worth a few pennies extra. 'Bye, now—I've got to be getting back to the White Rock label!

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*keeps you sparkling, too!*

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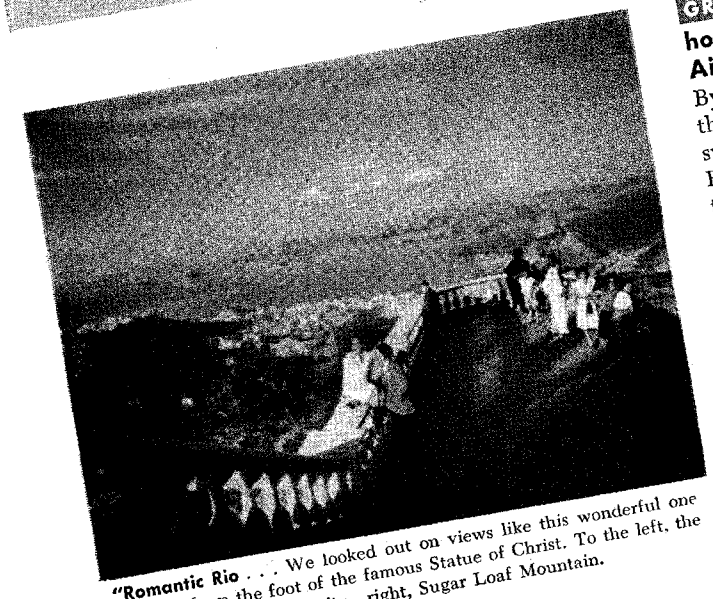
# All Latin when you fly

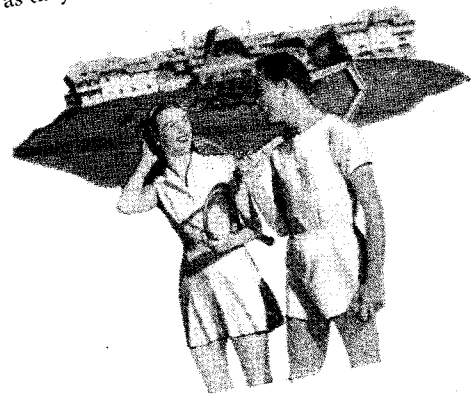
**GROUP 1** **From Miami . . "The West Coast of South America**

At last Bob, Jimmy and I are ac tually seeing it! We took the Clippe at Miami . . . and in a matter of onl a few *hours* arrived at Balboa. Ther we visited the ruins of famous Ol Panama City (above) . . . Then w flew to beautiful Lima, Peru, and t La Paz, Bolivia, by Panagra, Pa American's West Coast affiliate. A here we are (left) on a side trip colorful Bolivia, with its busy, sun market places. *A wonderful trip!*



**"Romantic Rio** . . . We looked out on views like this wonderful one (above) from the foot of the famous Statue of Christ. To the left, the harbor and part of the city—right, Sugar Loaf Mountain.

**GROUP 2** **From New York . . "A honeymoon in Rio and Buenos Aires** had always been Betty's dream. By Clipper from New York it's just about thirty hours to Rio! Betty and I went swimming every day, rode horseback in Rio's hills. Betty discovered some fine topaz earrings and enough *real* silk for a new dress. But what impressed us most was the gaiety of the people—*cariocas*, as they call themselves in Rio.



**"Beautiful Buenos Aires,** with shops playing fashions as smart as any in P

**"Lake Guillermo** (above) and lux Llao-Llao Hotel (left) in the spect Argentine National Park where f golf and tennis are at their best. O Clipper could we have had time fo a thrilling side trip."

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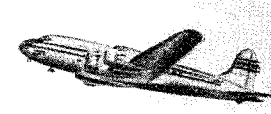
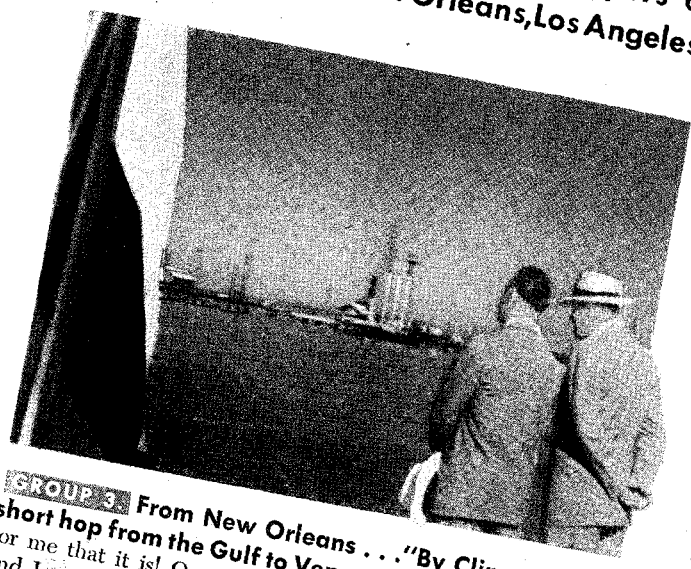
# America can be yours by CLIPPER



Let's follow **four happy groups** of people —each headed for a different destination —as they board Southbound Clippers at Miami, New York, New Orleans, Los Angeles.



**GROUP 4. From Los Angeles . . . "Imagine seeing BOTH Mexico and Guatemala in two weeks**—by Clipper it's easy! Jack and I flew to Merida, explored the Mayan ruins at Chichen Itza . . . Then by Clipper to Guatemala City. We stayed at the perfectly fascinating Mayan Inn (above) in the highlands at Chichicastenango. Then we flew to Mexico City and drove to enchanting Cuernavaca. In two weeks we were home again, Pan American fans for life!"

**GROUP 3. From New Orleans . . . "By Clipper it's a short hop from the Gulf to Venezuela**—and mighty lucky for me that it is! Our oil interests required that my partner and I get to the Lake Maracaibo fields (above) in a hurry. I've traveled by Clipper before—and wherever I have gone, every flying hour has been a pleasant experience. I can readily see why Pan American's service has been world-famous for more than 19 years . . . and how it has saved businessmen thousands of travel-time dollars."

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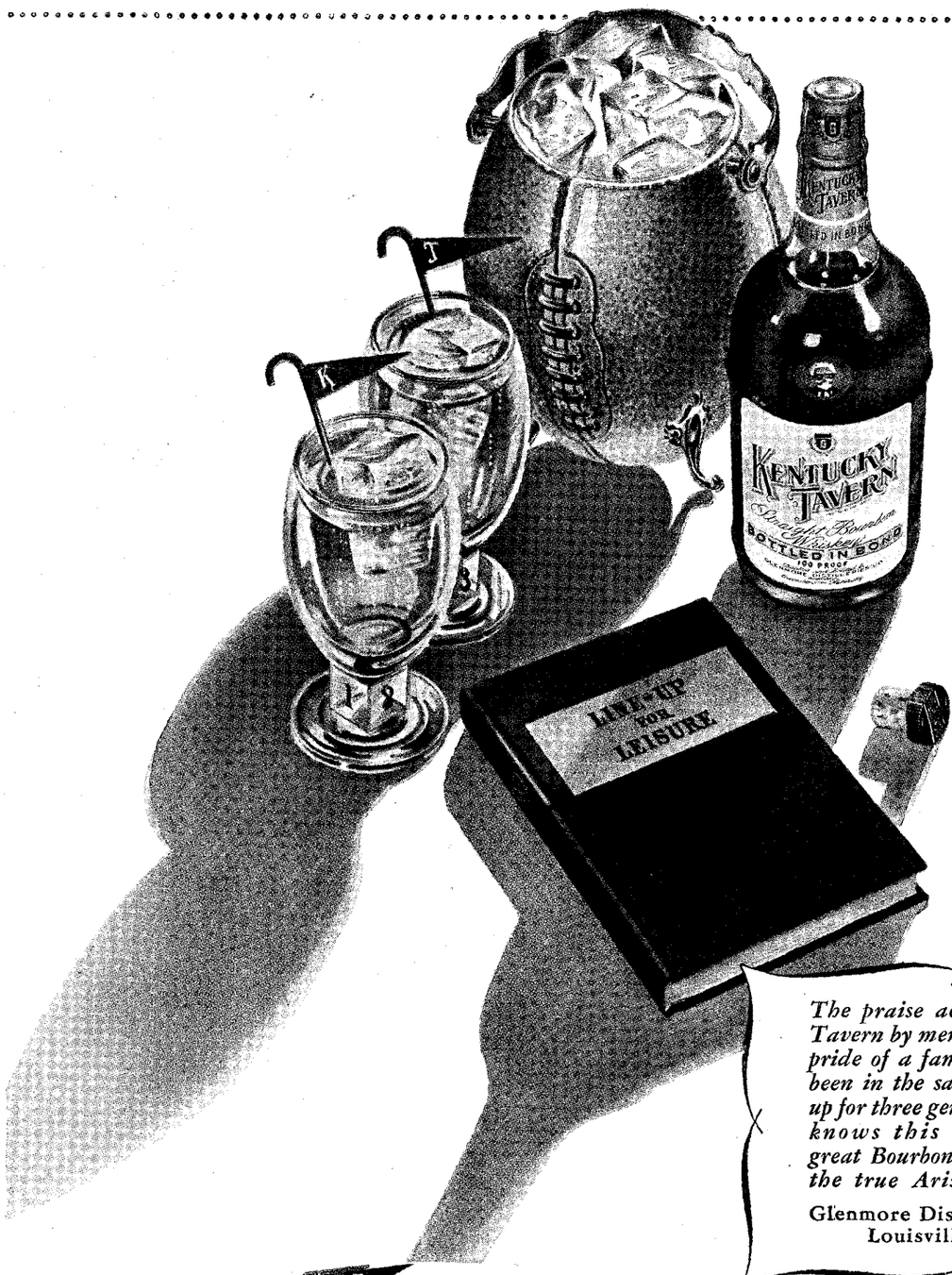


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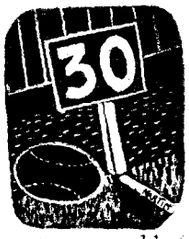
# FOOTBALL

*Underdog Bites Man*




THE old-timers' rule that there isn't any such thing as a dead certainty came to mind again last weekend, when what was plainly the dead certainty of the postwar world (Pennsylvania to beat Princeton by approximately 312 points) collapsed at the moment another cinch (Harvard to beat Rutgers by three or four touchdowns) was collapsing, too. Princeton, which was to have provided no more than a useful afternoon of practice for Penn before the latter's matches with Columbia and Army, got all mixed up and beat Penn, 17–14; Rutgers, which Harvard had booked for the first time, after deciding that it was tired of being pushed around by Penn season after season, pushed Harvard around and aside enough to win, 13–0. There had been hints during the week that both underlings might do better than expected—Princeton because Powers, a freshman fullback, had suddenly developed an ability to run with the ball; Rutgers because Mann, its pet player last year, would be playing for the first time since the Columbia game—but those hints were not strong enough to make anyone change his mind.

Even though Princeton looked remarkably smart on Saturday, it also looked well beaten as early as the start of the second quarter. Ransome, its brightest player, had been knocked out for the afternoon, and possibly for the season, by a three-man tackle; Minisi's clever run had put Penn in the lead, 14–7; and Penn was already on Princeton's twelve-yard line again. What came next, instead of another Penn score, was the damnedest three minutes of football we are likely to see this fall. Meyer, a Princeton end, and maybe the best one in the country that particular afternoon, broke up a neat Penn maneuver, and Princeton, getting the ball on downs, kicked out of trouble. Way out of trouble, as it happened, because a penalty for a foul put the ball on Penn's twenty-four-yard line. Penn tried a quick kick, and confusion took charge of the game. Cleveland, a Princeton guard, broke through the unbreakable Penn line and blocked the kick. Mead, the other Princeton end, caught the ball and started for the Penn goal, but two Penn players (one of them Falcone, the quarterback, who rarely lets a man get

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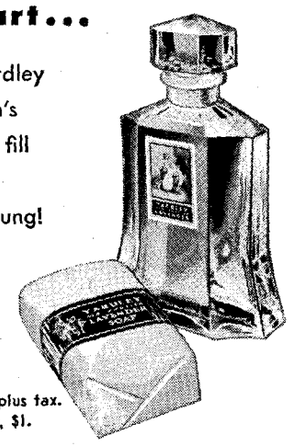

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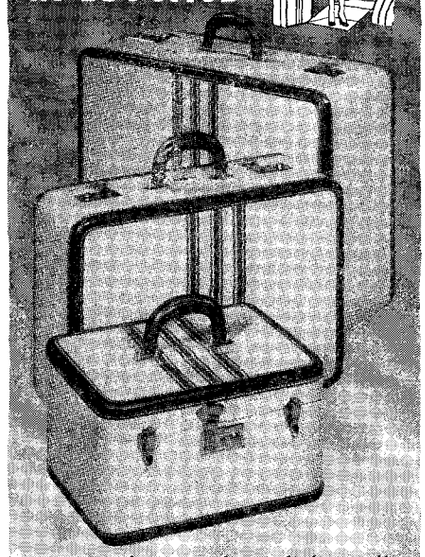

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by him) moved in to cut him down. Mead, pondering this problem, turned and nearly ran into his teammate Cleveland, who had wheeled to see where the ball had gone. Mead hesitated, and another Penn man, grateful for the least opportunity, dived at, and momentarily got hold of, Mead's right ankle. Then Mead, Cleveland, and a couple of comrades organized themselves and, Falcone or no Falcone, ran in a group all the way to the Penn goal line. That made it Penn 14, Princeton 13. On the next play, it was Princeton's line that cracked, and Savitsky, Penn's colossal tackle, bounced through and blocked Keuffel's try for point. West, another Princetonian (I'm sorry the cast of characters is getting so long), picked up the ball, and spotted Mead standing all by himself in Penn's end zone. West raised his arm, shot the ball to Mead, and the score was tied.

After that, any practitioner of the black arts could have told you that Princeton would win, though probably not that it would wait until just fifty-nine seconds before time ran out to do it, with a field goal by Keuffel.

IT is hard to guess why someone thought it necessary to have the Philadelphia cops join in the rumpus that went on at Franklin Field during the demolishing of Penn's goal posts. Once summoned, the law handed out justice impartially, slugging everyone within reach, including Charlie Caldwell, the Princeton coach, a mild young man who has never been known to demolish anything, even an errant halfback. There were those who wished, with the greatest respect to Caldwell, that the late Bill Roper, the old Princeton coach, could have been around that day instead. Roper was exceedingly active in Philadelphia politics, and the chances are that fifteen or twenty of the city cops would now be on nice new outlying beats, somewhere in British Columbia.

WHAT was to have been a much more important event—Notre Dame's first appearance of the season in the East, against Navy in Baltimore—became only the second-best game of the day, considering what happened in Philadelphia. Notre Dame beat Navy 28–0, but Navy, according to a returning wayfarer, made a much livelier afternoon of it than you might think. As always with certain teams, after Notre Dame has taken a lead, there was the suspicion among the spectators that Notre Dame was easing up here and there, and it is of course likely that men

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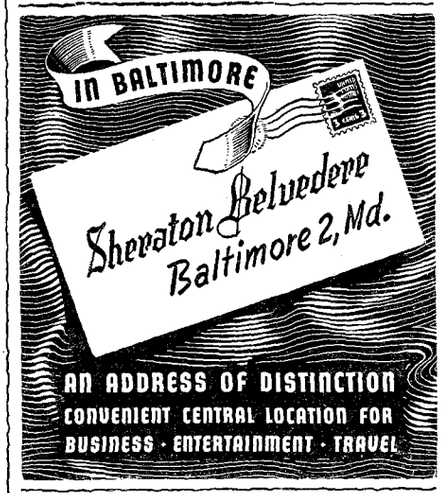


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of the grade of Mello and Lujack will spend a lot more time operating against Army this Saturday than they did against Navy last Saturday. Still, Notre Dame's second team is as good as almost anyone else's first team, and it gave Navy just as much trouble as the Mello-Lujack group. Lujack, a high-class man at palming a football, seems unique until you see his understudies, Ratterman and Tripucka, do the same tricks letter perfect. Again, as always, there is that careful attention to every little detail of playing winning football, such as having someone who does nothing but kick points after touchdown. This year, the specialist is Earley, who must be the smallest man who ever put on a Notre Dame uniform. In relation to his teammates, thirty-four of whom are in the two-hundred-pounds-and-up division, Earley looks like a Shetland pony. As you can see, Notre Dame is in a position to supply anyone with the sort of game that could be described as rough and ready, in the order named.

Considering all the lighthearted crawling with the ball that went on in the early part of the match (some of the players must have had a lapse of memory and thought that they were playing under professional-league rules), it seemed rather too bad that Navy, having finally found a hole in the right side of the Notre Dame line, should have been rewarded by being informed that it had lost the ball on downs on the enemy's one-inch line.

As for the Yale-Dartmouth game, by convention a touch-and-go business, all you need to know is that Yale, though kicking off to Dartmouth, had the first of its many touchdowns five plays later. Jackson, Nadherny, and Furse, in the Yale backfield, and that sturdy Yale line found the mud and the light rain a much bigger handicap than anything their opponents were able to offer. And Columbia, losing 12–0 to Cornell, discovered what other teams had already found out—that Cornell is coming along as fast as any squad in the country. —J. W. L.

•

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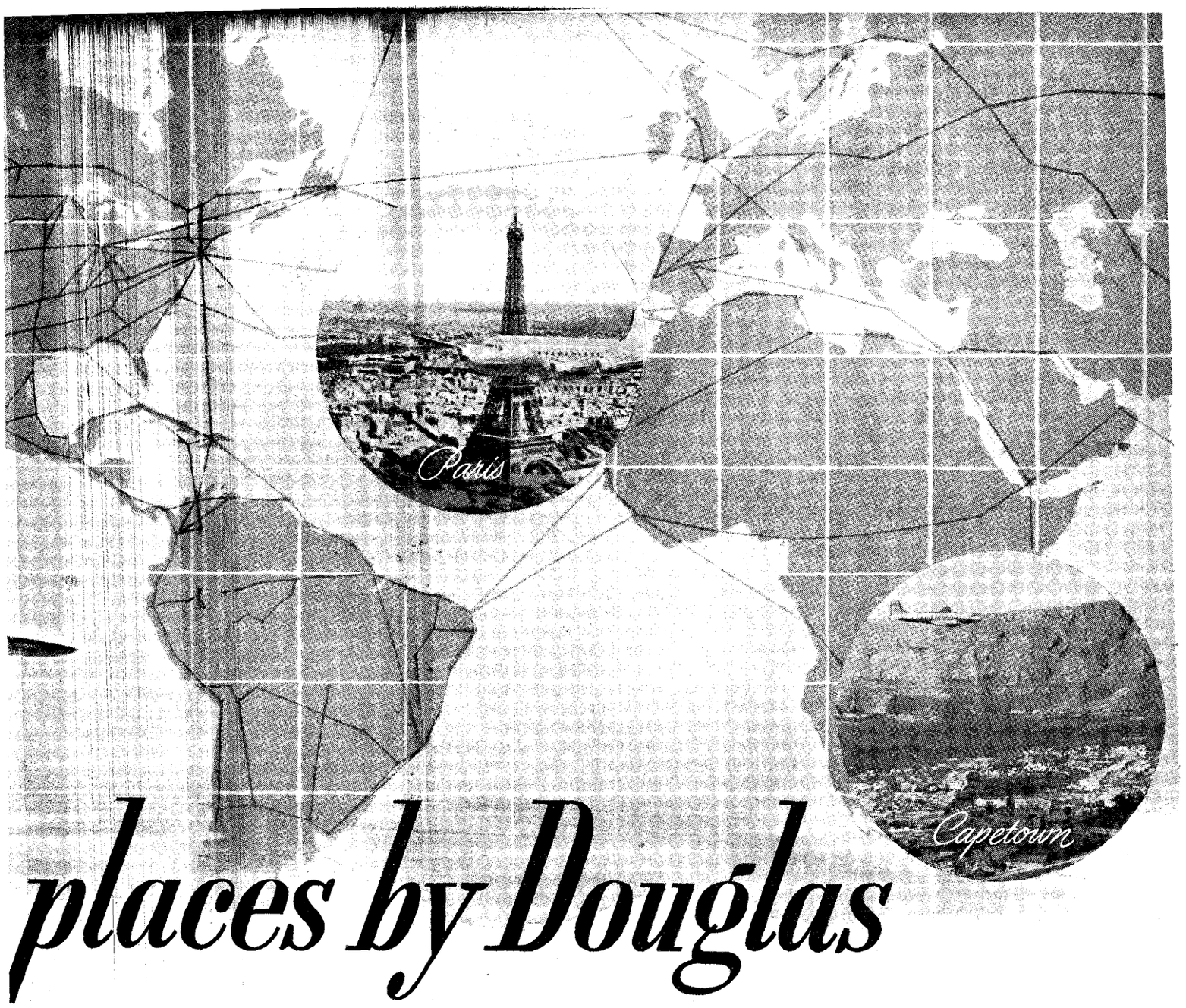


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# LETTER FROM ROME

OCTOBER 25

IF the Big Four's quarrelsome Paris Peace Conference accomplished nothing else, it left behind a remarkably comprehensive list of dissatisfied European nations—former friends, enemies, allies, and good and bad neighbors, all temporarily united in their discontent. From Moscow to Warsaw to Athens to Tel Aviv to Budapest to Rome to Paris to Helsinki and round again to Moscow, the faded daisy chain is now complete. Italy, which expected the most shrivelling blast, got it. Her new Foreign Minister, Pietro Nenni, took office just in time to make the most Spartan and Parthian comment yet on the Peace Treaty's Italian clauses. Nenni, a strict Socialist, pointed out that Italy had been severely punished by the Allies for the war the Italian Fascists officially declared on the Allies in 1940, but that she had gone unpunished for the war she waged unofficially against republicanism and for Franco in Spain in 1935, a date and act the Allies have never shown much interest in. With what may have been equal insouciance, the republican Italian delegation at the Luxembourg Palace, in its vain fight against France's modest reparation claim to the tiny Italian territories of Briga and Tenda, reportedly made its representations, because of the paper shortage, with the aid of some old, optimistic Mussolinian war maps showing the vast French territories of Nice and Savoie as already conquered, properly tinted, and incorporated.

Perhaps because, in the understandably confused eyes of the Allies, it still seems as if there had been a couple of Italys—the original belligerent, or bad, one and the redeemed co-belligerent, or good, one—Italy has been working with double energy. The results are extraordinary. In the past year, Italy has recuperated miraculously. Work has been an outlet for both hope and disillusion, has been the sole connection between rich and poor, left and right, north and south, has been a kind of angry, muscular, unifying national gesture not only against the ruins of war but against the hardships of peace. At the mere threat of unemployment and its formerly taken-for-granted accompaniment—hunger—blood was recently shed in front of a governmental palace on a Roman street. In Europe today, one impersonally asks about a country's employment situation, its food supply, its political stability, and its morale the way one intimately inquires about an invalid's pulse, his appetite, his digestion, and whether he passed a good night. Italy will have to be helped to stand erect if she is to remain in healthy, democratic line with the Allies; she still needs the raw materials she has needed for two thousand years. But she looks as if she has passed through the worst of her bad nights. Certainly she can move about now. Trains, *torpedoni* (big, scarlet interurban buses), shabby trucks filled with vegetables and travellers mixed, freight cars jammed with passengers, motorcycles rebuilt into tricycle delivery cars, smart, new motor scooters that run fifty kilometers on a litre of gas, twenty-five thousand new American bicycles for the nation's priests, a few new, streamlined, sexless Italian bikes with the crossbar running at such a discreet angle that both females and males of a family can ride them—all these, together with thousands of nondescript, old and new, war and peace vehicles, and a slow traffic of donkeys and oxen, are filling the dusty country roads and cluttering the narrow, cobblestoned streets of Rome. And certainly Italy is using her hands. Because of her rocky, terraced fields, the Italian farmers and their women have always been half-masons. Both men and women have been rebuilding, by hand, the bombed-out bridges, roads, homes, shops, and factories of their country.

ENGLAND, because the government has been audacious enough to lead and because the citizens have been vigorous enough to follow, is the only nation

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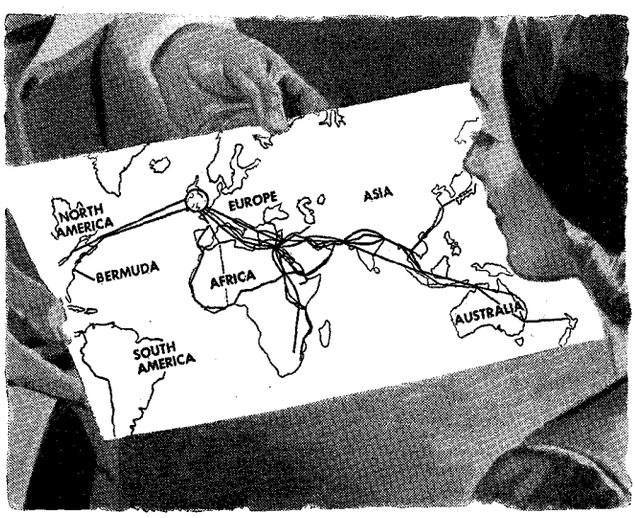


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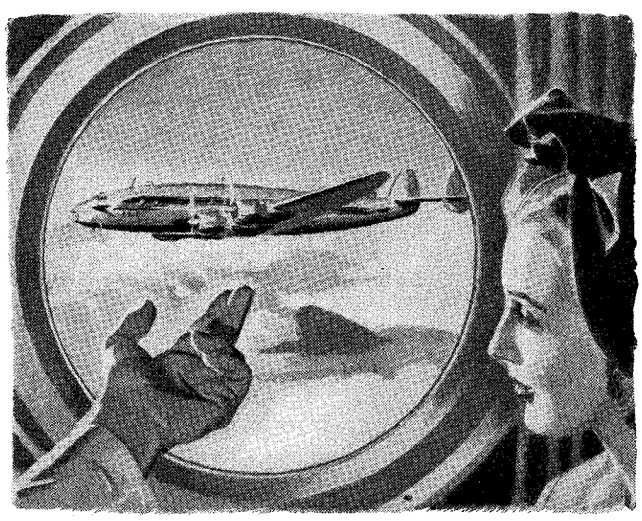

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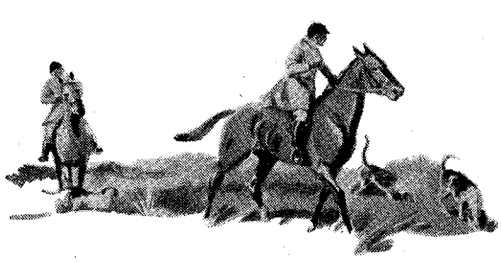

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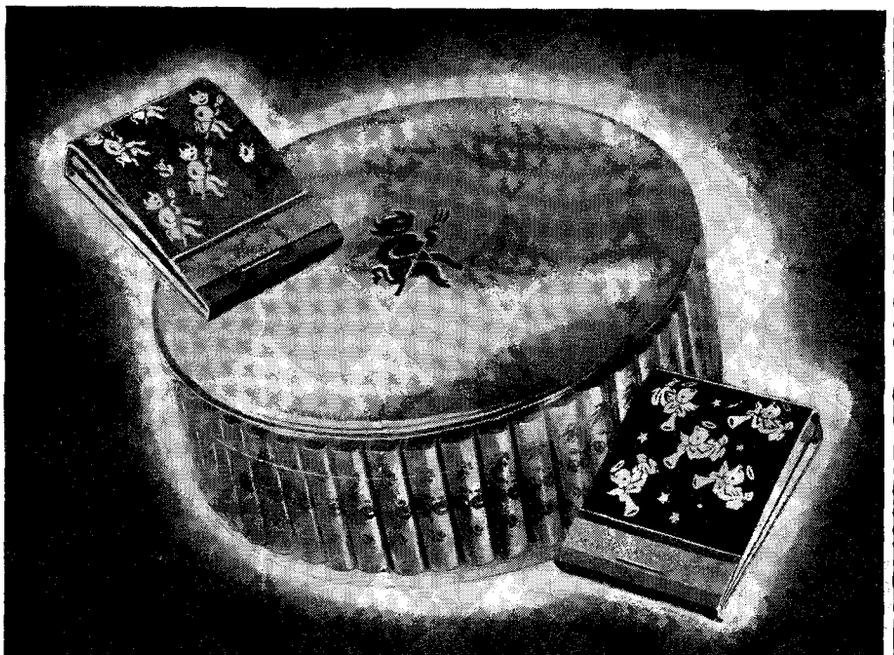

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in the world today showing responsibility, equity, and morality in the distribution of food, and Europe knows it. But Rome, handsome and cynical and long sullenly anti-English, has seen empires, including its own, come and go, and thinks that now is the time for England's shaky empire to begin to fall, that the Britons' sacrifices are in vain, that whatever they do will not matter anyway in a thousand years. Food in Rome is a succulent and selfish matter. In the best Roman restaurants, near the Piazza Navona, there are fresh white truffles from Bologna. Rome is now the only capital city in Europe where the superlative for the stomach has a known address. In the Via Sistina, in a modest chromium bar, is Rome's best *caffè espresso*. In a shabby side street near the Parliament is Rome's best ice cream. At Doney's Café, in the splendid Via Vittorio Veneto, is the best coffee ice with whipped cream, plus the best collection of beggars. Moreover, in the Piazza di Spagna's elegant shops, there are windows full of garments of silk from Milan, Milan's being the only silk in Europe. In the slums at the gates of Rome and in Trastevere, on the wrong side of the Tiber, there are hunger and rags. The gap between the rich and the poor is no greater now in Rome than it was in the time of the Caesars or the Borgias; what is new is the social and political surprise at the width of the cleavage.

France has just passed a decree authorizing the death sentence for those who traffic in food on a grand scale in the black market, and Italy has just passed a law decreeing prison sentences for those who supply edibles to the black market. People don't want to die or go to prison for a few butchered calves, and, with venal courts of justice, they don't expect to, but they may; during the war, hostages lost their lives for much less. Death and jail are not yet back to normal, any more than money is. Italy's reckless black market, reflecting the country's recent surge of energy, has become the most impressive in Western Europe. It is now the only real, functioning medium of Italian business. The legitimate prices of money itself, as quoted in the newspapers, are like hieroglyphs in a dead language. The black market alone furnishes the true prices for all the desirable, necessary things that people live by. Italians are living not only by the *borsa nera* but on it. Children on street corners serve their apprenticeship in its complications by selling single cigarettes, American and Swiss preferred. For everybody, the black

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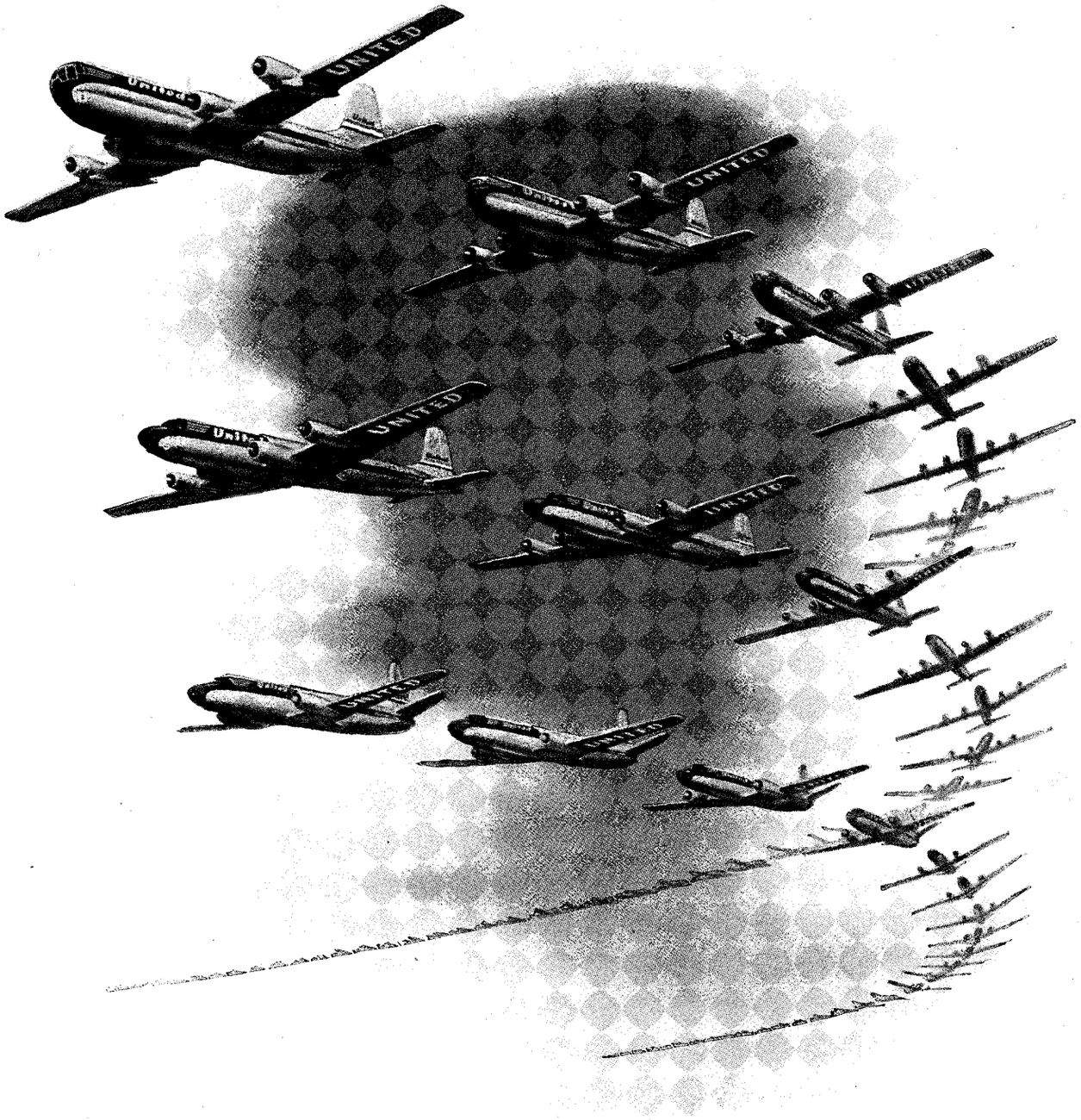


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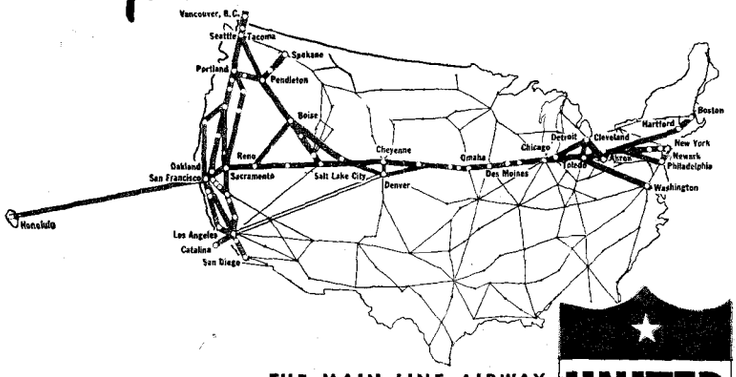


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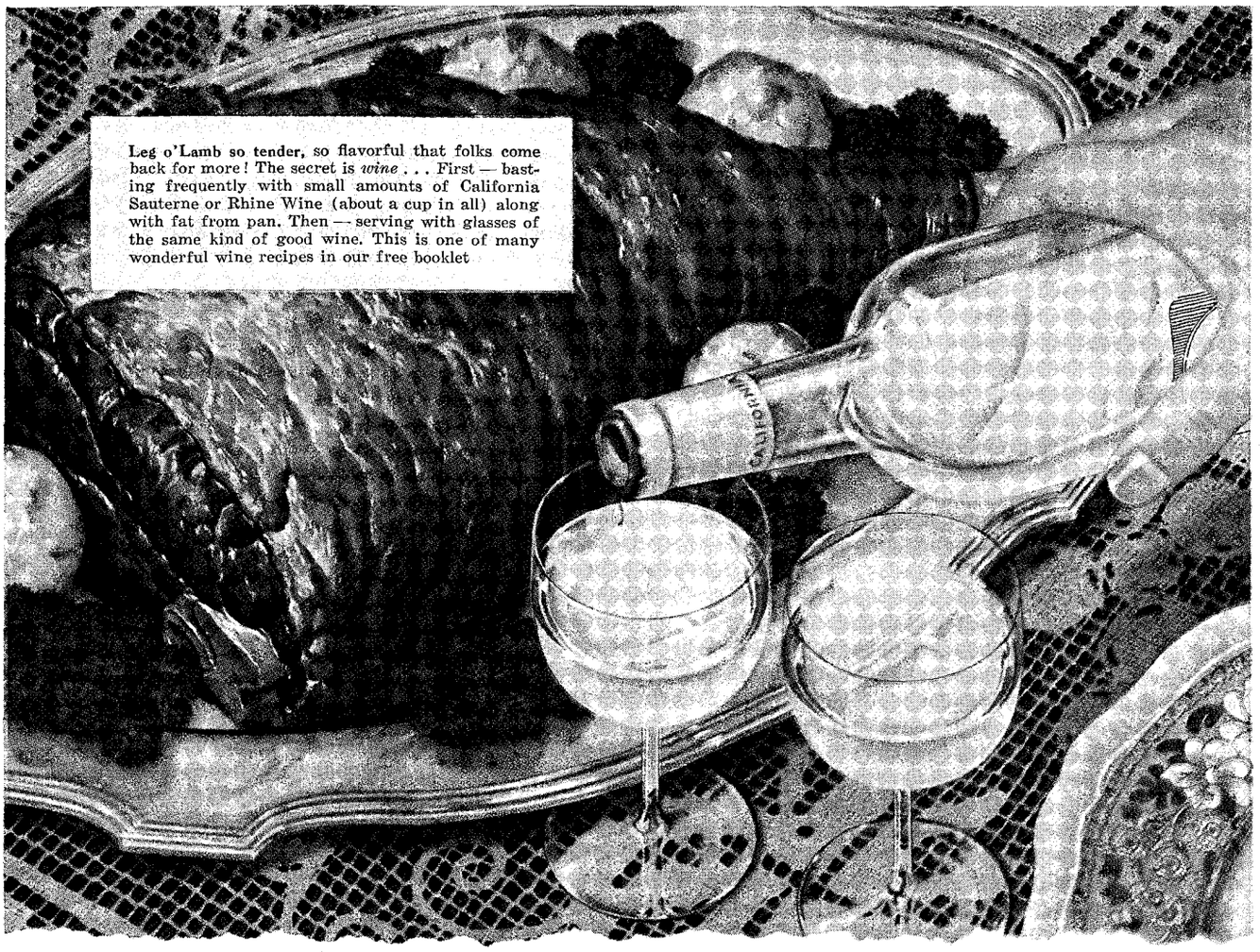

Leg o'Lamb so tender, so flavorful that folks come back for more! The secret is *wine* . . . First — basting frequently with small amounts of California Sauterne or Rhine Wine (about a cup in all) along with fat from pan. Then — serving with glasses of the same kind of good wine. This is one of many wonderful wine recipes in our free booklet

# *To do right by dinner*

# *Wine*

# *is what you need*

IS THAT YOUR hand pouring the Sauterne wine to go with leg o'lamb? You're setting up something pretty tempting in the taste department. Get the roast carved and begin enjoying things.

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If eating can be perfect, this is it! And you'll want some more, so try rich red California Port with fruit at dessert time. Or with coffee and your favorite cheese.

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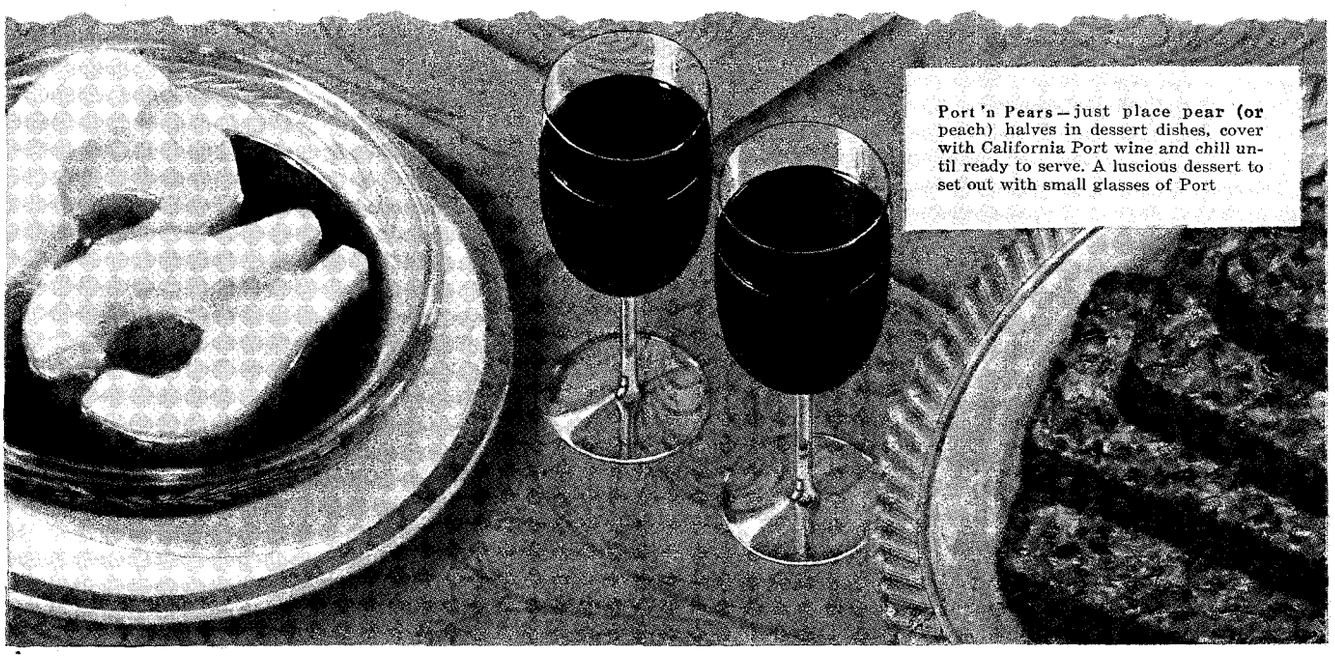

Port 'n Pears — just place pear (or peach) halves in dessert dishes, cover with California Port wine and chill until ready to serve. A luscious dessert to set out with small glasses of Port

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market has become a fantasy in itself, a kind of sleight-of-hand that produces whatever is demanded from wherever it has been hidden or hoarded. The rest of Italy has always looked down on the corrupt port city of Naples, but Naples has at last come into its own. Wherever and whatever the black market sells, behind it is the jocose, brigand spirit of Naples, where chicanery and colorful smuggling have for centuries been a sort of shabby commedia dell' arte, based on poverty, talent, and tolerance. Now this spirit is being accepted as a formal part of all Italy's, if not all Europe's, postwar commerce.

A REMARKABLY fine new Italian film, "Paisà" ("Buddy"), directed by the gifted newcomer Rossellini, who made the extraordinary "Open City," has just been given a gala preview. It was shown in an exquisite eighteenth-century baroque private theatre—made into a projection room—in one of the grandiose old palaces now comfortably occupied by the Roman film industry. The picture is made up of a half-dozen unrelated human incidents, or short stories, some tragic, some humorous, all of them separated geographically and yet all part of the Italian panorama and those patches of its population that became involved with Partisanship and with the invading Anglo-Saxons during the war. With one or two exceptions, the film is acted not by professional actors but by peasants, by ex-Partisans or their widows and children, by our G.I.s, and by monks. The dialogue is a mixture of Italian and English. In time, the film runs from the Sicilian landings through the stalemate at the Gothic Line to the battles in the Po Valley. The first episode has to do with the language difficulties of war: a Sicilian peasant girl tries unsuccessfully to save a G.I. on a lonely outpost from being shot by German snipers and then is herself shot by other G.I.s, simply because she isn't able to explain what it's all about. Then there is a wonderful, typically jovial Neapolitan incident in which an enormous, drunken Negro M.P. on a binge is bought for a few lira, practically like a slave, by a little ragamuffin who wants to steal his shoes. A brilliant recreation of the liberation of Florence shows street fighting between Partisans and Fascists as the dangerous sidewalk civil war it must have been. In this episode an English nurse searches for her Italian lover in the front-line streets and ends up in a doorway holding someone else's lover, dead, whom she never saw

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before. The most amazing acting in the movie is done by some old monks in a Gothic Line monastery, who had never seen a movie and didn't know they were being filmed. The episode they figure in is like a chapter in Rabelais. Three American Army chaplains—a Catholic, a Protestant, and a Jew—beg a night's hospitality among the monks, who, when they discover that the last two visitors are not Catholic, start fasting in an effort to convert them to the only true faith. The final, and longest, episode, which takes place in the rice paddies and marshes of the Po Valley, is concerned with the hopeless fight of two secret-service officers, an American and a Briton, who are parachuted into that watery waste, where the ill-equipped Partisans are losing their fight against the well-equipped Germans and against drowning. In this last episode, everything but courage itself is drowned.

DURING the past month, the Communist daily *Unità* has been carrying a blistering series of articles attacking the Allies, under the general heading "What the Allied Occupation Costs Us." It has made complaints against American scrounging, useless requisitioning, robbery, corruption, drunkenness, sexual immorality and disease, ineptitude, heartlessness, and so on—complaints that sound something like those made against the Russian occupation of Hungary by the hundreds of Hungarians who have fled to Italy and are now begging work in Rome. However, *Unità's* opening article, which bore the subtitle "The Great Amusement Park"—meaning what our soldiers have turned Italy into—was surely not descriptive of a Russian occupation anywhere. The second article, "Negroes on the Merry-Go-Round," described the notorious camp in Tombolo Forest, recently raided by our M.P.s, where Negro A.W.O.L.s, escaped German P.W.s, Italian thieves, and a lively assortment of tough *signorine* had begun, on the strength of stolen American supplies, an experiment in anarchy. "Dancing at the Metal Factory" described our Army's requisitioning of a steel plant near Leghorn and converting it into a dance hall. Another article cited the name, rank, and activities of a certain American officer at Posilipo who has allegedly made his fortune stealing and black-marketing American supplies and never wants to go back to that dreary old capitalistic America again. On the whole, and despite the malicious and mendacious air of the

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articles, the criticism has been healthy and often justified, and, what is equally important, it is a reflection, even when inaccurate, of what a great many Italians are thinking, saying, or (though more subtly) printing. Italy is belatedly going through the phase of xenophobia France went through last year. It is known that our State Department always grieves over such unfriendly outbursts; it is not known whether our Army always peers into the facts behind them.

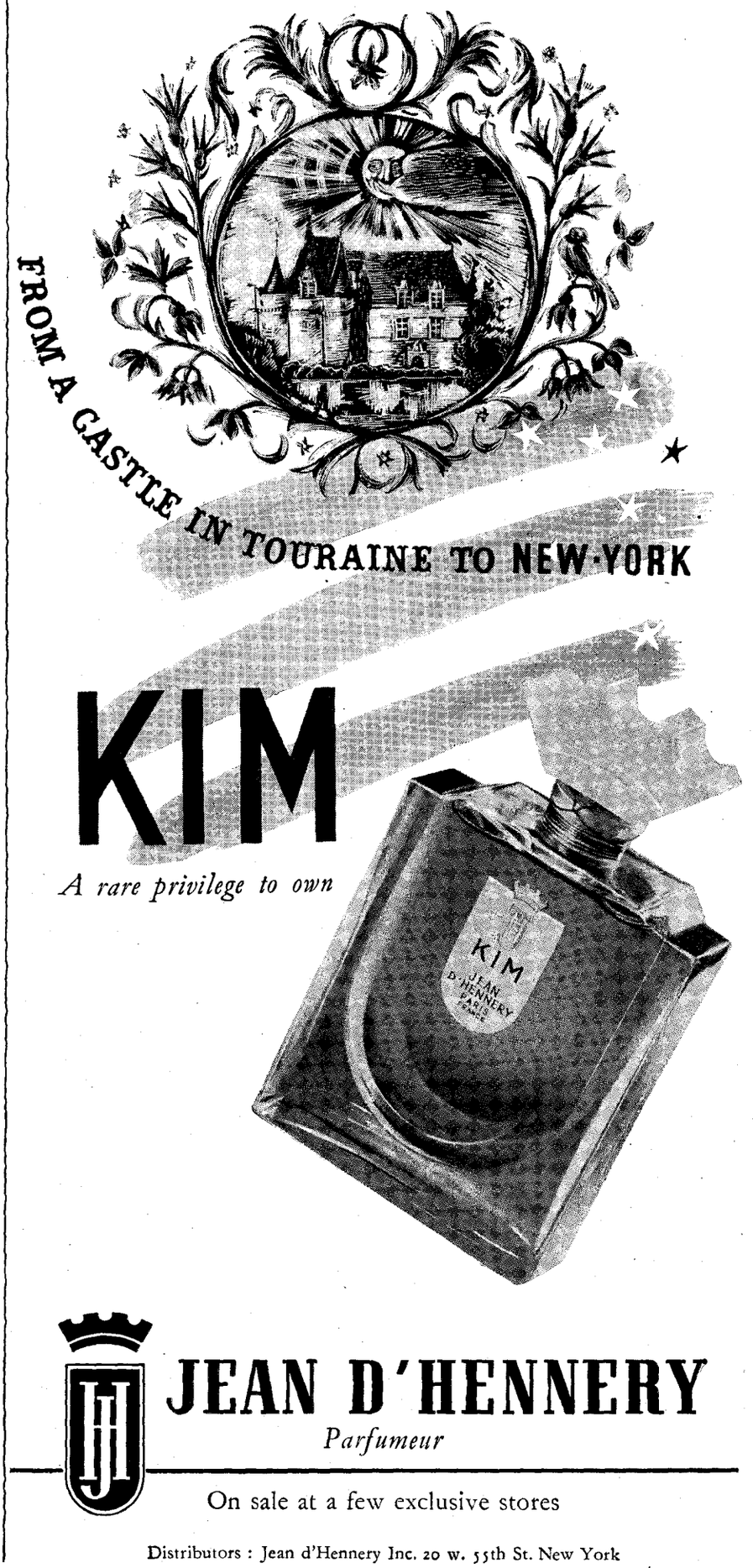
ALL the Roman newspapers, from the Socialist *Avanti* to the Qualunquist *Buonsenso* (*Common Sense*), hanged the late Reichsmarschall Göring in their October 16th editions. *Avanti* led off by stating, "A little past midnight, the correspondent of I.N.S. at Nuremberg reported, 'In a few minutes the first of the condemned, perhaps Göring, will be carried out to the gallows constructed within the prison.'" The *Risorgimento Liberale*, of the Liberal Party, ran a banner headline saying, "How Göring, Keitel, and the Others Were Hanged." One paper had Göring walking boldly, draped in a G.I. blanket, to the gallows; another had him announcing from the steps of the scaffold, "I believe in God." The next day, the independent *Messaggero*, which felt called upon to put things straight, tried to explain what had happened. Two hundred newspapermen, waiting in their Nuremberg hotels, were sure that by one o'clock in the morning the drama must have begun. They calculated the number of minutes necessary for each "macabre ceremony," added up the total, waited until their watches told them the time had elapsed, and rushed to telephone their journals and the world that justice had been done "according to schedule." Great was their surprise, *Il Messaggero* added, without mentioning its own (it had announced Göring's end on the gallows as the "Epilogue to the Hitlerite Folly"), to discover that "the Big One had instead played his last joke on the Allies." —GENÊT

•

Evans is sometimes said to be the Svengali to Sinatra's Trilby, and Sinatra is sometimes said to be the Svengali to Evans' Trilby.—*The New Yorker, October 26, 1946, page 40.*

In "Deception," Bette Davis is a Trilby who finally escapes from her Svengali by resorting to the dubious expedient of shooting him.—*Ibid., page 103.*

Let's see, how does that leave Frankie and Bette?



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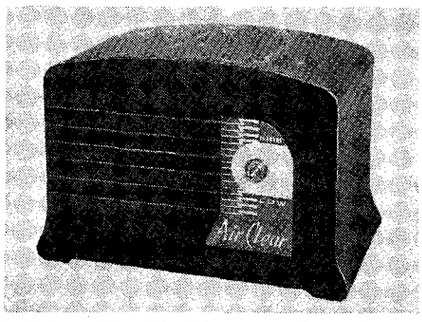


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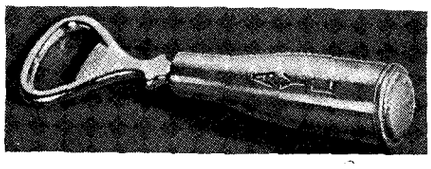

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# CROSSED WITH A BELGIAN HARE

IN the spring of 1935, I bought a peasant hut with a mountain field around it in Provence and discovered what it meant to become a *propriétaire*. I had lived in France for several years, renting houses here and there. I had been on excellent terms with my neighbors. But I had never found quite the acceptance I was finding now; I had never been pressed to a village bosom.

My hut was primitive, my field neglected. Next door, there was a large and prosperous farm cultivated by a family called Hardieux, who had been there fifty years to my few months. I owned my land, they rented theirs. I was greeted with the half smile and the brief word tossed an equal, they were accorded the stately courtesy reserved for transients.

There was justice in this, based on fundamentals, like the tenant point of view. Once, when I sat in the Hardieux kitchen, black with the soot of centuries, I ventured to suggest that, since they seemed extravagantly to admire mine, much might be done with whitewash.

"And enrich the landlord?" Mme. Hardieux exclaimed, horrified.

Evidently not. One preferred to choke. The landlord, too, would let one choke rather than pay out francs for whitewash for a tenant's use. I was not expected to have either point of view, being a *propriétaire* who lived on my own land. I became an object of legitimate curiosity and some concern to the other landowners. There were ancient rights and responsibilities in our fraternity.

For instance, they worried about my means of livelihood. Here I was, a foreigner, an American woman, alone; time was getting on; I had not even begun to cultivate my field. How, then, would I live, they asked themselves. Presently, they thought up answers.

I was informed in a delicate and roundabout way, by the *garde champêtre*, when he came ostensibly to examine my papers, that if I chose, I could be hired in the autumn for the *vendange*, the grape picking, and included in the band of extra harvesters. I made some noncommittal answer, knowing very well that I could not work in the fields, or work at all. I had come to Callian for a long forced rest in the mountain air, after a bout of pneumonia that had left me with a slight spot on the lung.

Callian had been chosen by the government as an ideal site for a large convalescent home for tubercular children, and when I told my doctor where I wanted to go, he agreed that it would be wise and that Paris in summer was no place for me. "But no exertion," he said, "or else the sanitarium!"

"And no expense," my pocketbook said. So I stayed in my hut, avoiding all my friends in the south and conscientiously following a strict regime. But I hadn't reckoned with the *propriétaires*.

A few days after the *garde champêtre's* visit, Smoke, my cat, and I, lazying in the shade, saw M. Armand, the miller, and M. Doux, the baker, both fat men, toiling up the road. They turned into my field. People often used it as a short cut to the River Siagne, which flowed a mile away. Now, instead of crossing the field, they turned and began pacing up and down in a complicated pattern, kicking at the earth. Arguing, I thought at first, until they separated, each man continuing on his own. Surveying? That had been done before I bought the place.

Whatever it was, I realized from the gravity of their pantomime—they weren't speaking a word—that this was Men's Affair. I would be enlightened, if at all, only in due time. When I saw them coming toward the house, I went inside to get some wine. Enlightenment, I always found, came better over *petit verres*.

"You have, in all, three arpents here," M. Armand said when we had greeted one another and I had filled their glasses.

"Owing to the condition of the field and the patent need for manure," M. Doux said severely, "the allotment of loaves will be less than for the usual yield of three arpents." He sucked at his mustache. "It is to be hoped that next year Madame will do much better."

I bowed my head. "It is to be hoped," I murmured.

"Normally," M. Armand told me kindly, "it is best to cultivate the grain oneself. Run in *communauté*, there is,

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# "... and to all ... a Good Light!"

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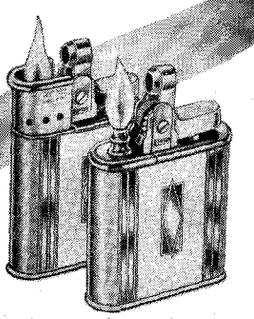
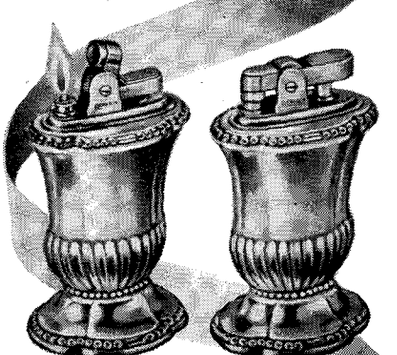
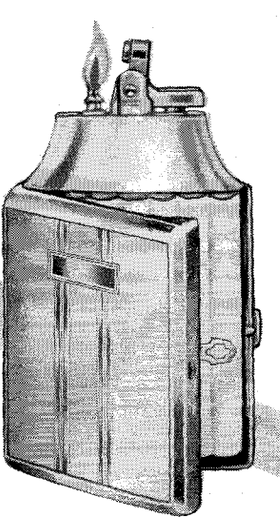


RONSON "Whirlwind", with disappearing windshield... sporty, outdoors . . . dressy indoors.

RONSON "Queen Anne", lovely table lighter in gleaming silver plate.



RONSON "Mayfairs", dainty pair of dinner table lighters in silver plate...a gracious and decorative convenience for guests.



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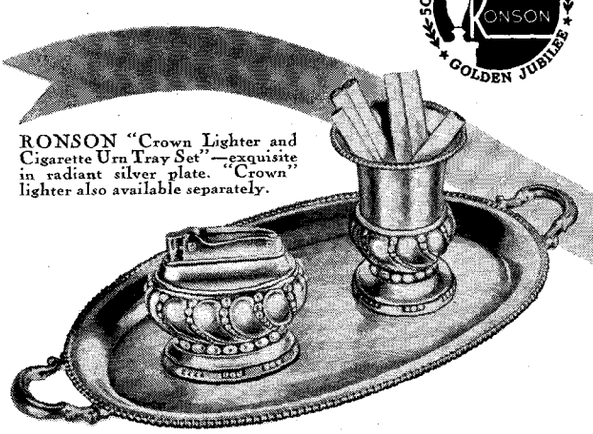

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you understand, the question of the *bénéfice*."

Eventually, I got the gist of it. In return for the use of my field, which they would work, I would be entitled to so many loaves of baked bread, which I could fetch from the bakery at any time after the grain was harvested. I would not be getting loaves from my own wheat, they explained, but out of the common stock, so many to an arpent, long and small, baked from all the grain grown and ground in *communauté*. It seemed to relieve them to know that my bread was provided for. It suited me.

A week later, M. Armand came again. This time, he brought a wooden cage with wire doors. "Good company for Madame," he said, setting it down.

The time had perhaps arrived, I felt, to explain that Madame had come to Callian to avoid good company. Madame was hopelessly gregarious and overfond of her friends. Madame had been ill and must have a long rest. Before I could begin, M. Armand was opening the cage.

"Handled properly," he said, "it represents a strong investment."

In the cage was a large brown rabbit with limp whiskers and a mottled nose. It eyed me searchingly. I noticed it had powerful hind legs and an expression of distaste for what it seemed to be smelling. M. Armand held it up by the ears. "A strong investment," he repeated, beaming.

"What do I owe you?" I asked.

"Madame needn't pay me now."

"What does a rabbit cost?"

"Three francs a pound," M. Armand said. "Only one cannot compute this rabbit so."

"No?"

"Crossed with a Belgian hare . . ." he began in a lowered voice.

I knew that the people of Callian were superstitious. They believed in the evil eye. They cut off their cats' tails "*contre la maladie*." They pointed at crows until they were out of sight. Moreover, people in all lands and times have associated hares with witchcraft. To have a hare cross your path is considered unlucky. Children are born with a harelip. All this went through my mind.

". . . making heavier meat," M. Armand concluded triumphantly. "It never fails. Madame will have fine rabbits later on. I shall put the cage down here"—he selected Smoke's favorite lounging place, in the shade of the laurel tree—"and leave you to know each other. She is called Jeannine. Presently,


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she must eat." He waved his hand toward my field. "Plenty of young green grass and salads over there."

KNOWING Jeannine was an exertion Dr. Ferencier would not have approved of. Her accouchement cost me hours of rest. It was not the event itself; Jeannine took care of that one night without my help. It was the psychological and physical strain of becoming practical nurse to a large family overnight. I pleased no one. Jeannine resented my clumsy attentions and repulsed them with vicious rakes of her long hind legs. M. Armand thought me halfhearted and ungrateful—he came every day and hung, worshipping, over the cage. Smoke was disgusted and jealous. The only time he noticed me directly, or Jeannine, was once when he emerged from the field carrying a large dead rat, which he put down in front of the cage. "See?" his manner said. "That's what those things are. This is what I'd do to them."

It was a painful period. Hypnotized by Jeannine, unwilling to hurt M. Armand's feelings, I went about gathering delicacies, cleaning out the cage, my mind filled with images of hares, thoughts of Australia, rabbit fertility, Steps to Be Taken, My REST. Seven rabbits, I learned as I assisted M. Armand to move the hutch from grass to grass, eat about as much as one sheep. Rabbits mature in a matter of weeks and multiply lavishly. Jeannine had eight, of assorted sex as far as I could see. I began to feel like an Australian rancher in 1860, when men trapped, shot, poisoned rabbits for government bounties, and built rabbit-proof fences around their fields, and still the menace grew. Yet when M. Armand announced that the time had come for Madame to realize on her investment, my heart sank. From the sinister note in his voice and the absorbed way he turned over the young ones, I thought he expected me to kill, clean, and make rabbit pies of Jeannine's family. "I don't think I can," I said.

He brushed this aside. Arrangements had been made for me to go, next day, to Grasse, to the market. I was tempted. Any variation in my regimen seemed a thrill, and to get rid of Jeannine's family—even Dr. Ferencier would smile on that. "But Grasse is forty kilometres away and I have no car!" I said.

"*Evidemment.*" M. Armand's long-suffering shrug of resignation was becoming familiar to both of us. "We go by autobus, from the square at six o'clock. By nine, we are there. You

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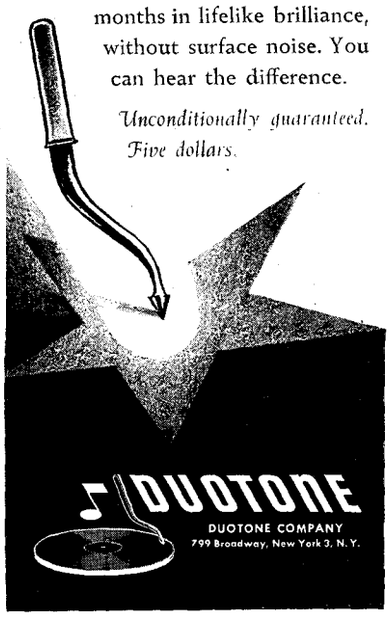


pay seven francs for your station, which you may occupy all day. You can count two rabbits against expenses. The rest will be pure *bénéfice*."

"But who will kill the rabbits?" I asked.

"You. There is nothing to it. I will show you how."

"No," I said.

"It doesn't require strength."

"No."

He looked at me strangely. "You could sell them alive. Yes," he said, warming to it, "that would, after all, be best. 'Remember,' you tell the customer, 'it is easy to add a few pounds to your rabbit's weight before you eat it. Look,' you say, holding up your rabbit, 'a pet for the little ones. They will be interested in feeding it. A dinner that gives pleasure!' You wave them by the ears, one to a hand. '*Voyez mes beaux lapins!*' you cry. 'Three francs and twenty centimes to the livre!' "

"I thought the price of a rabbit was three."

M. Armand stopped in full transaction. He lowered his hands gently, opening the fingers from around imaginary ears. "That is the margin for bartering. You would do well to get two seventy-five."

"I would do well to stay at home!"

He smiled at me and said, "Tomorrow at six. Courage!" He flourished his hat at the cage and went away.

IT was half past four and hardly light when I heard an energetic "Pssst! Madame!" below my window. I looked down on M. Armand, black-suited, broad-hatted, wearing gloves. Beside him was a tall young man with a wheelbarrow. M. Armand carried a sack. "I have business in Grasse!" he bellowed. "I am going with you, and Raoul is come to put the rabbits on the bus!"

I hurried through my dressing. There were grunts and scufflings below. The young rabbits were being trussed and put in the sack, to the accompaniment of endearments and recommendations to lie quietly, delivered in M. Armand's special, falsetto rabbit voice. There was an element of unreality about the whole affair. I found it hard to believe that I was up at five, stumbling to the village bus behind a wheelbarrow loaded with investments.

We got there three-quarters of an hour before the bus was supposed to start, and found it filling up. I sat between a woman with a hearty taste for garlic and a man who had not washed. Three hens, two ducks, and a goat were loose among the passengers. I needn't have worried about being conspicuous. My rabbits, travelling in purdah, were most refined. So was M. Armand, sitting opposite me. He had taken off his hat in favor of a skullcap. His coat was neatly folded, lining out, upon his knees. He sat in his waistcoat, keeping his feet on the slack part of the sack to hold it still, cracking jokes with his friends. There was a spirit of shrewd gaiety throughout the bus, especially over the plight of late-comers. Long before we started, I felt rebellious and faint. Everyone but me had breakfasted.

We were three hours in the bus. Through dirty windows we watched the sun ascend and felt the heat strike in, melting and welding us together, so that when at length we rattled into Grasse and came to a stop in the square, it seemed strange to move one's legs and arms, to stand up alone. I looked longingly at a *bistro* where I thought I might have coffee, but M. Armand was in a hurry to get me to my station and settled, so that he could go about his affairs.

The place he found for me was at the upper end of the market, halfway up the hill, between a vegetable stall and a man selling herbs. "People go slowly here," he explained. "They are winded, they have time to see. On the way back, they buy." He put the sack in the shade while I stood in the sun. "*Voilà*," he said. "*Bonne chance!*"—and disappeared.

I opened the mouth of the sack and peered in.

"What have you got there?" a voice beside me boomed. It was the woman of the vegetable stall on my right. She had a black mustache and snapping black eyes, which were taking in my faded shirt, my sunburned slacks, my sandals—I had on a pair of scuffed *savates*.

"Rabbits," I answered. Trussed, limp, stupefied rabbits.

At the sound of my accent, she nodded her head. I could see her thoughts in letters yards high. I was a foreigner. Foreigners came in two brands—"*les riches Américains*" and riffraff refugees. Provence was full of White Russians. I must be one of those.

"You should have brought a stool," she said, and then, tentatively, "Your husband might take better care of your comfort. All alike! Hurry you to the market, plant you anyhow, go to their affairs. Ah, *ces fameuses affaires*, one knows them—drink and women! You should assert yourself. Here, you can have this box." She pushed a crate to-

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ward me. "Drag the sack a little to one side; then you can have a portion of the shade."

I did as she suggested. I lifted out two rabbits and put them on the ground. A high-pitched yell in my ear startled me so that I dropped a third rabbit. It was my neighbor to the left, selling herbs. He yelled again. I tried to make out what he said. All down the street, hoarse cries were echoing. None of them made sense to me.

"One begins!" the woman said. She returned to her stall, screaming in a powerful low gear something that sounded like "Aaaaaaaaah, God!"

I agreed with her. She held up a bunch of carrots. I realized she was saying, *"Caaaaaaarottes!"* I held up a rabbit.

*"Voyez mes beaux lapins!"* I piped, unnoticed and unheard.

By twelve, I had disposed of three. The first was hardest. A woman in a black silk dress was buying it. "How much?" she asked.

"Three francs twenty-five the livre," I said.

She beat me down to three; then she said "How much?" again.

"Three," I repeated stupidly.

"How many livres?"

I had no idea. "Judging from the ache in my arm, a hundred," I said, trying a joke. It was not a success.

*"Caaaaaaarottes!"* The vegetable woman roared.

"How much?"

The herb man next door, who had not thrown me a word or a glance, leaned over, picked my rabbit out of my hands, and weighed it on his machine. The customer went over to read the result herself. They bent their heads together. She lifted the rabbit, turned it over, dropped it into her *panier*. Then

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she took out her purse. She paid him, dismissing me from the whole transaction. When she had gone, he gave me the money, keeping back two sous. "For the weighing," he said. "Two *petits sous*."

Three minutes before, I'd have given him the sackful for two sous, but now my pride was roused. By noon, when M. Armand trotted up the street and stood before me, rubbing his hands, I was triumphant.

"And the results?" he asked.

The vegetable woman was right about one thing. M. Armand's affairs included drink.

"I've sold three," I said.

"*Parfait!* Business will be better in the afternoon," he said, and wandered off.

The vegetable woman shrugged. "What does he do, your husband?" she asked. "He has not the air of a workingman."

"He is not my husband," I said.

"*Ça ne fait rien,*" she told me kindly.

"He is the miller," I explained.

"*Tiens,*" the vegetable woman said.

Once more, I saw her thoughts. Millers were prosperous. No *bonne amie* of a miller should be selling rabbits, or wearing a pair of old, frayed slacks—or be a foreigner, for that matter. She frowned.

"In these times," I found myself saying, to defend my position, "a little extra comes in well."

"One can see you have not the habit," the vegetable woman conceded, and began to eat her lunch. I'd forgotten to bring any, but I didn't seem to be hungry. I was obsessed with just one thing—to get rid of the rabbits—and I hardly saw the long nose of a car edging its way through the crowd. "*Voyez mes beaux lapins!*" I bellowed in the noonday hush.

The car stopped. The horn honked and I looked up. Two friends of mine from St. Mathieu were sitting there, convulsed.

"Good Lord, Eve!" one of them said. "I thought you were in Paris. What are you doing here?"

"Recovering from pneumonia," I explained. "Selling rabbits. I'm in Callian. I've bought a house."

"Nonsense," they said. "Come home with us to lunch."

I looked about. The vegetable woman and the herb man were eating their *déjeuners*. Their faces betrayed their deep suspicion, their hostility. I was not what I seemed. I might be dressed like a tramp, but I laughed with *richards* in big cars, on terms of equal-

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ity. There was no knowing what I was, or what the affair of the rabbits might conceal. They averted their eyes. I crossed toward them.

"When the miller, M. Armand, returns—" I began, and then I saw him. I waved. M. Armand came up to the car, imperturbable, dignified, drunk. He swept off his hat.

"I'm going with my friends," I said to him.

"Naturally."

"The rabbits—I have not sold all of them."

M. Armand, too, was eying the rich car. I drew him aside.

"They are old clientele," I invented wildly, "from the days of my brother's business."

His expression cleared. "Renew the relationships," he said, flourishing his hat. "I will finish here."

WHEN I got back, three days later, conscience-stricken, with Dr. Ferencier's warnings in my mind, to take up my regimen of rest, I found the hutch deserted. Jeannine had disappeared. M. Armand brought her back across the field that night.

"Madame made a *bénéfice* of twenty-seven francs and thirty-five centimes," he said.

"Then I can pay you for Jeannine," I said.

"If Madame wills. I took advantage of your absence to have her attended to."

"Not that Belgian hare!" I cried. "Not again!"

As I opened the door of the cage that night to set her free, Jeannine looked at me for the first time with understanding. We eyed each other benevolently in the moonlight. Then she loped into the woods. —EVELYN EATON

•

Laurence Olivier, producer and star of "Henry V," at the Laurel, is reading the script of "The Robe," scheduled to be filmed in Hollywood as a $4,000,000 production. If he likes the title role he may return to America to play it.—*Los Angeles Examiner.*

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•

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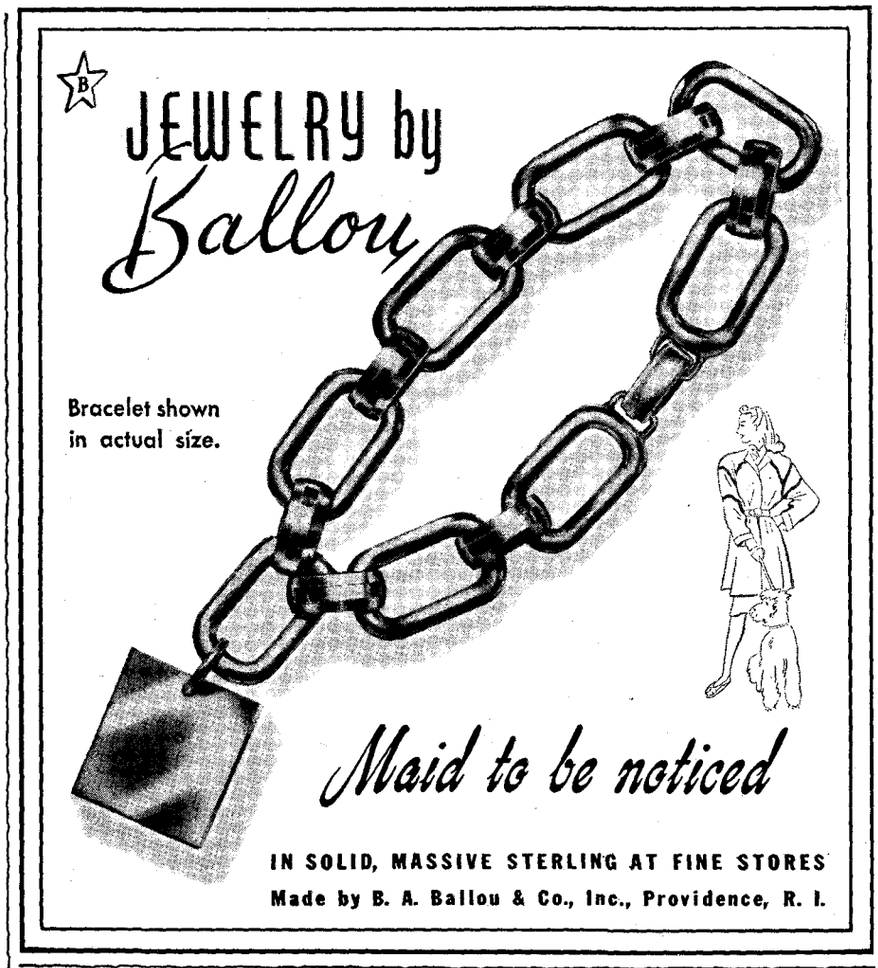


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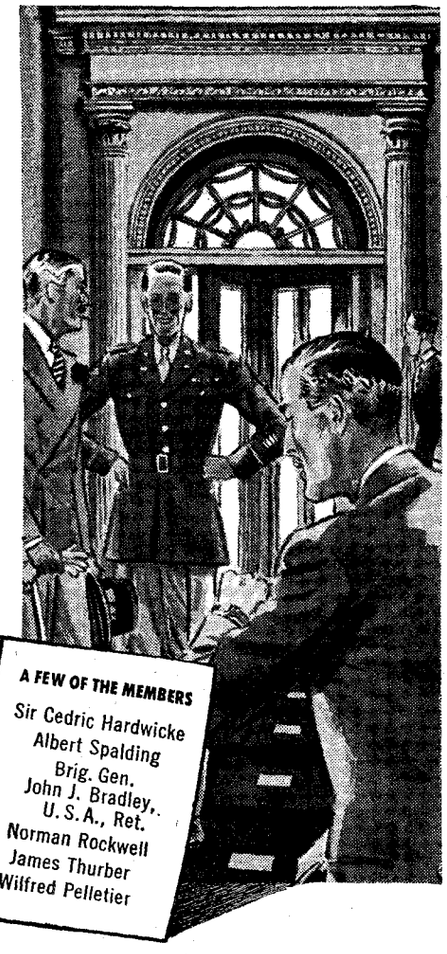



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# ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

THE season is upon us. You may be thinking frivolously of a picnic at the Yale-Princeton game or apprehensively of the rigors of Thanksgiving, but *we* have been thinking about Christmas, and, after a pre-season look around the stores and shops, we are ready to embark on our annual venture—suggesting gifts that on Christmas Day will establish you as being alert, farsighted, practical, imaginative, and considerate. We deplore the idea that a perfectly adequate Christmas present can be picked up at a newsstand.

Our yearly reminder: We have no shopping service. Consequently, if our suggestions interest you, or if you suspect that they may later on, when a Santa Claus with a bell and a kettle has sprouted on every corner and you are more resigned to the imminence of the day, please keep your back copies.

This week we begin with Christmas cards, getting off to an early start on this particular subject because of the time (three or four weeks) it takes to get engraving or printing jobs done during the rush season. We'll skip next week while we adjust our sights to cover the rest of the field. After that, until almost Christmas Eve, we'll be turning our findings over to you as fast as ever we can.

### *Christmas Cards*

THE cards that are best remembered are often those with a personal touch—photographs of people's homes or children, cards with drawings made especially for the sender, and cards that have been scrawled over with a message. (Bergdorf has an especially copious lot of cards for message-scrawlers.) We are firm supporters of the full-blown Christmas spirit, and in our rounds we have passed over those cards that contain no more hint of Christmas sentiment than a valentine.

The American Artists Group always has excellent cards and you can find them almost everywhere. This year, it presents good, big reproductions of pictures in the Encyclopædia Britannica collection, including Everett Shinn's "Ballet," Paul Sample's "Maple Sugaring," and Rockwell Kent's "Polar Expedition." These are thirty-five cents each; other charmers in the collection cost from ten to twenty-five cents.

Now, down to business:

ALTMAN: Round-faced dolls, photographed in color, decorate a series of eleven cards showing, among other notions, a small boy and girl adding finishing touches to a top-hatted snowman brandishing pine cones, a bright-eyed Santa Claus reading "The Night Before Christmas" to two youngsters in night clothes, and pictures of choirboys. All these are $6 for twenty-five, which includes printing your name. Nice small cards, with the Christ Child welcoming a black lamb into a fold of white lambs, or a black lamb sheltered by a rose-garlanded cherub, or angels with golden halos, and so on are $3.75 for twenty-five, including printing.

BERGDORF GOODMAN: Prepossessing cards of the sort that are meant to carry your handwritten greetings instead of best wishes thought up by some engraver. Green cards are decorated with holly branches whose three white leaves provide space for your message; fifty for $6.50, and the shop supplies the appropriate red ink for the greetings—which you may find handy for other purposes, too. Narrow white cards with greetings engraved in green and two rows of red stars are $9 for fifty. Small, square white cards have black-and-white borders of angels with wings outspread; $9 for fifty. Government penny postcards, decorated with a conventional red-clad Santa Claus wearing green wings, are $4 for fifty.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM: Six delightfully detailed and hand-colored drawings of such fancies as New England churches and Victorian couples laden with bundles are $22.75 for twenty-five. There's a nice collection of beautifully hand-colored reproductions of Madonnas by old masters; $16 for twenty-five. Both prices include printing your name or engraving it if you supply the plate; a new plate costs from $6.

BRENTANO: This place likes cards from other countries. Excellent Italian ones have Florentine floral borders around pictures of the Madonna and floral

*"Perhaps if Madam would try to meet it halfway . . ."*

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# What! Build furniture with Rayon?

THAT THEY DO, INDEED! New, attractive, reasonably priced and well-nigh indestructible coffee tables, radio cabinets, trays, baby carriages now contain up to 65% rayon intimately blended with plastic resins.

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adornments on their backs; twenty to sixty cents apiece. Another card shows pixy children riding a lavender-and-green carrousel and carrying minute trees ornamented with real glass jewels; $1. Then there are Swiss postcards printed with Christmas flowers, like *poinsettias, holly, or pink or white roses*; five cents apiece.

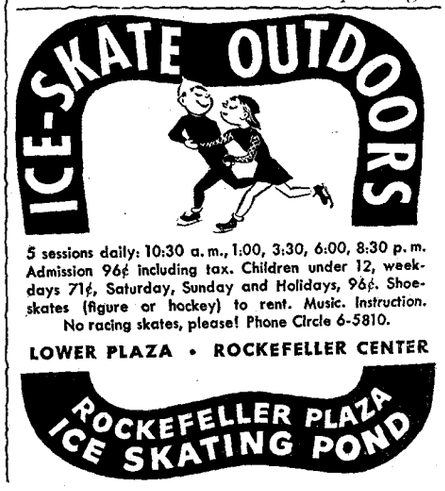
CARTIER: Etchings of the Statue of Liberty, the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and other New York landmarks; $20 a hundred with your name printed or engraved from your plate; Cartier will make a plate for from $5 up. Painted English reproductions of Madonnas are $1.35 and up, and the inevitable English coaching scenes start at fifty-five cents. Also, a splendid hand-colored reproduction of Greuze's "La Cruche Cassée," for $1.25.

DEMPSEY & CARROLL, 556 Madison Avenue (56th): Really gay cards, rich with Christmas spirit and decked with mistletoe, pine cones, sprays of holly, and the like; $9.25 for twenty-five, including printing of a Christmas message (there's a choice of twelve) and your name. For young people, angels on skis with peppermint-cane ski poles, angels astride Christmas-tree balls, or little boy angels skating on a star; twenty-five for $1.95, with printed name.

GEORG JENSEN: One card shows a black sheep with holly in his mouth; another is decorated with a lion holding a peppermint cane and a white lamb wearing a Christmas wreath (both are $5 for twenty-five). Still another pictures choirboys singing outside a cathedral ($8.75 for twenty-five). Prices include printed name. Among the painted cards, there is an angel with, for a change, lank hair, a black halo, and a scowl, scattering stars from a cloud (forty cents), a giraffe dolled up in holly (forty cents), and a French poodle guarding a Christmas package (fifty cents).

LORD & TAYLOR: Cards showing graceful, silvery trees hung with golden candles, Madonnas surrounded by pink-winged angels on rosy clouds, the Christ Child on a grassy bank surrounded by bluebirds, and angels distributing peppermint canes to boy cherubs in sleeping suits are among L. & T.'s twenty own designs; $5.50 for twenty-five, with printed name. Among five unusual green-and-cerise cards, one has letters spelling out "Noël" suspended from four gold-and-cerise paper streamers, and on another, "Joyeux Noël" is spelled out on green-and-cerise tabs stuck to a gold background; $16 for twenty-five, including printed name.

MACY: A very nice collection, one of the best in town. Two angels with green wings and blue bonnets tote a Christmas stocking; three particularly appealing blue angels play harps in a rose-spattered sky; a dignified angel, holding a star, climbs a ladder to decorate a tree; a snow figure sports a very

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Daché summer hat trimmed with bluebirds and pineapples. Twenty-five for $5.98, including printing a name. And there are a lot of cards that start at ninety-four cents for fifty, name included.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART: As always, reproductions of the Museum's treasures—a Chinese print of a white tree on a black or red background, the "Unicorn in Captivity" tapestry, and so on. Among cards intended for later use as bookmarks is one showing a sepia angel (he's a detail from a Crivelli painting). Another bears the "Journey of the Magi," by Sassetta, in colors. Five to fifteen cents.

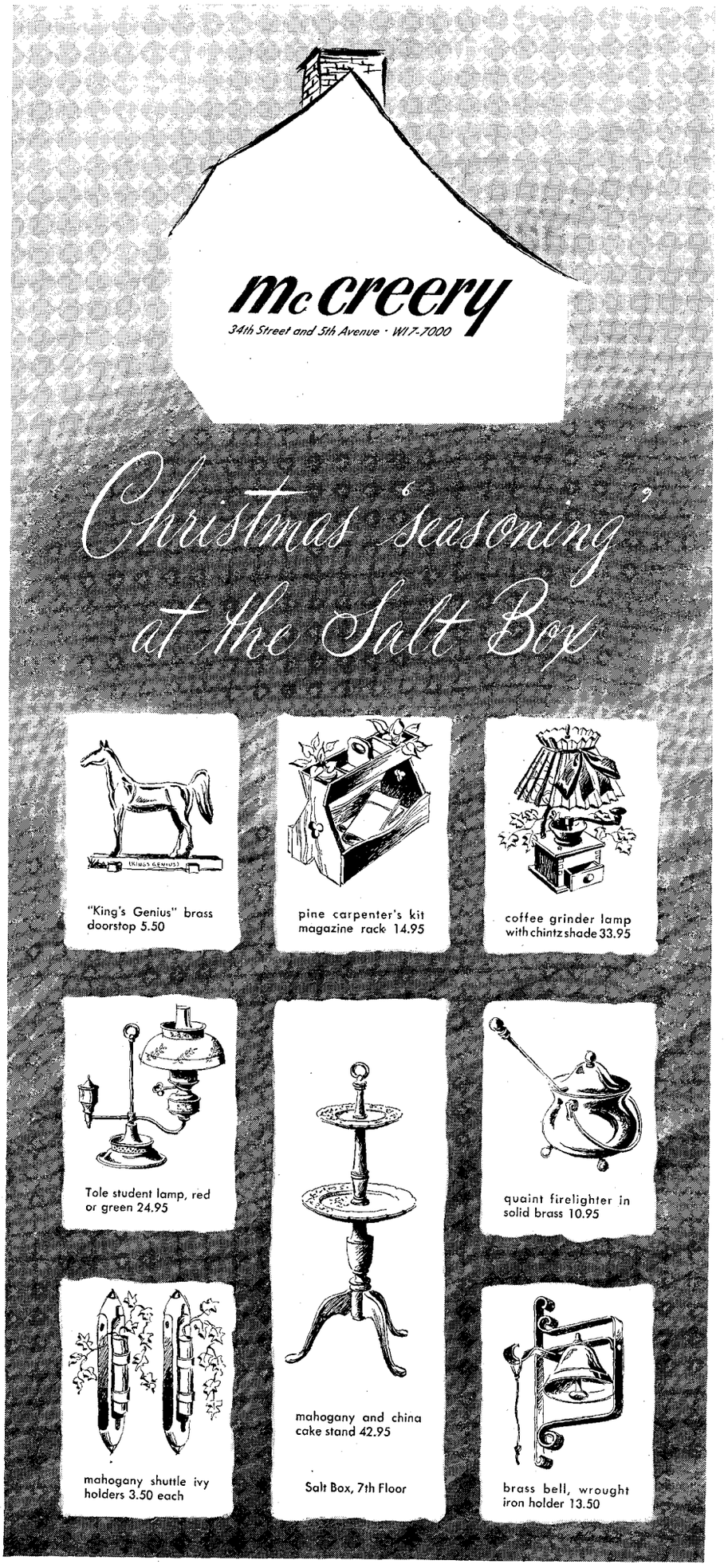
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE: A series of twenty photographic cards—Rockefeller Center by Margaret Bourke-White, a skyline of New York at night by Dmitri Kessel, and a Gothic church by Weegee, for instance; twenty-five for $8.50, including printing your name. Other designs: a Madonna and Child on a sixteenth-century Spanish ship (twenty-five for $8.50, with printed name), a rotund Santa Claus taking a curtain call before a nineteenth-century English backdrop, and branches of a modernistic Christmas tree hung with a miniature Victorian house and presents that might have been found in old-time mail-order catalogues (twenty-five for $11, printed name included, for both of these).

SCRIBNER: Here you'll find a handsome group of cards, on handmade paper, that bear such curiosities as a sixteenth-century French Christmas sonnet by Jean Dorat, lettered by hand; seventy-five cents apiece. Parchment affairs, showing Mr. and Mrs. Snowman singing carols, or angels with Christmas wreaths, are $7.50 for twenty-five, including printed name. And this shop always has wonderful Currier & Ives reproductions; from five cents.

TIFFANY: Cards with exceptionally well-done traditional subjects and merry, engraved greetings; from $27 a hundred (you sign them yourself). Other cards, embellished with a Madonna and Child by Titian or colorful New England coaching scenes, are $45 a hundred with greeting engraved from your plate or printed, and a serene, golden-haired Victorian girl, dressed in a pink basque and lighting a Christmas candle, is $35 a hundred, engraved or printed. If you haven't a plate, Tiffany will make you one for from $7.50.

UNITED SERVICE TO CHINA, 1790 Broadway (57th): Six beguiling reproductions of Chinese paintings—flowers, butterflies, deer, egrets, and other fantasies; $1 a dozen.

WASHINGTON SQUARE BOOK SHOP, 27 West 8th Street: A fine collection of jaunty and inexpensive cards, starting at five cents. Black-and-white drawing of a bus going through Washington Arch in a snowstorm, colored pictures of chil-

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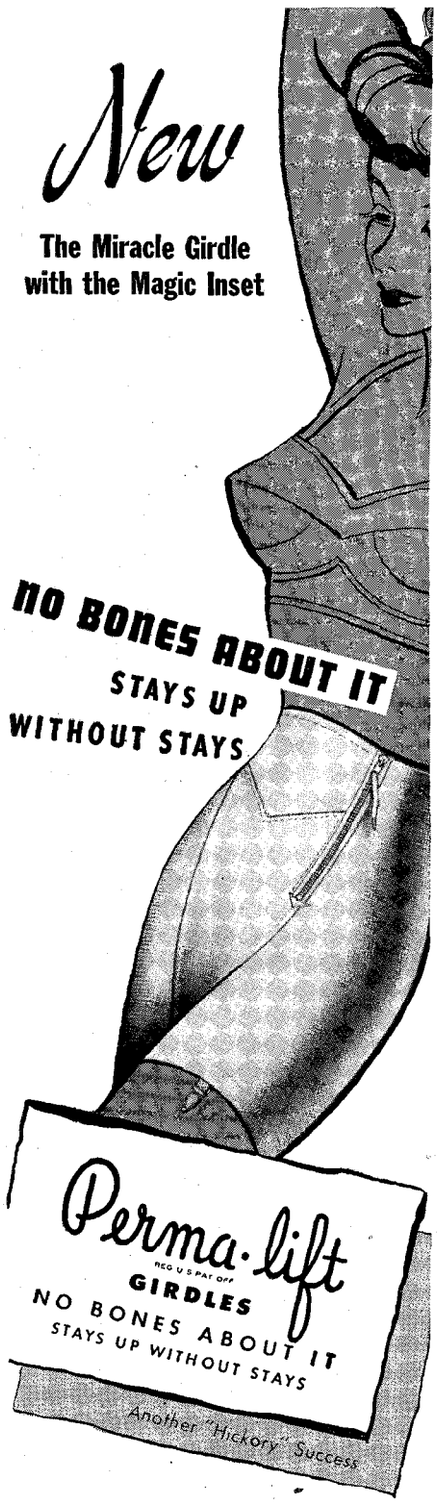


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dren sleighing in the park, angels and dogs asleep under Christmas stockings, and such.

YOUNG BOOKS, 746 Madison Avenue (65th): Pert angels playing silvery pianos while other angels, with polka-dotted wings, sing (twenty-five for $6, printed name included); wind-blown angels trying to catch their flying halos (thirty-five cents each); Father shovelling snow while helpful children kibitz from windows (twenty-five for $6, with printed name)—oh, all sorts of enchanting things like that. Hand-painted cards show *twelve* dwarfs (how did those five feather-bedders creep in?) trimming a gigantic Christmas tree; forty cents each. Wonderful gold-trimmed cards, too, at a nickel a throw.

•

## WHEN?

What a beautiful world is the world of the ad,
Where everyone's happy and nobody's sad.
There are plenty of soap flakes and sugar and meats,
An abundance of autos, shirts, towels, and sheets.
For that is the place where the stuff we all wish is
(And the children all beg to help Mom with the dishes).
The housework is over before it's begun,
Because cooking and cleaning and dusting are fun.
All the women are lovely and highly admired,
And mothers are busy but never get tired;
Where one drop of scent ensures honorable kisses
And turns any girl from a Miss to a Mrs.
Accounting and Russian are easy to learn,
And handsome young men smell of heather and fern,
And Labor's contented and Management's wise,
And Grandmother's busy with muffins and pies.
The grocer is cheerful, the waiters are smiling,
Stenographers dote upon carbons and filing,
The husband's insurance provides when he's ill,
The postman brings money but never a bill.

I really must stop. I am breaking my heart.
How long does it take reconversion to start?

—AGNES ROGERS


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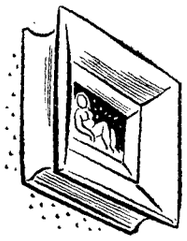
# THE ART GALLERIES

*New York and London*



THERE are no important big shows in the galleries this week, but I found a number of small ones that are interesting, these ranging, more or less inconsecutively, from a collection of new wash drawings, temperas, and water colors by Reginald Marsh, at the Rehn, to an exhibition of works by three young British painters, pretty much unknown in this country, at the American British Art Center.

I liked the Marshes better than anything else of his I have seen in some time. He is, as you probably know, a man with an unusually limited choice of subject matter. His beat is the lower East Side and the Bowery, plus occasional side trips to Coney Island and the Jersey City burlesque shows, and he has been painting the phenomena to be encountered in his narrow strip of the human panorama for what must now be twenty years. He is unusual in another sense, too, for although most of his subjects derive from the poor, he could not, by even the wildest stretching of the term, be called a "socially conscious" artist. Unlike most of his contemporaries who deal with people on this economic level, he seems to feel neither amity nor commiseration for them. Instead, his attitude is curiously detached; he sees his bums and his shopgirls merely as picturesque objects, to be arranged or arranging themselves in a setting, and there is no question but that this absence of emotional response on his part is the source of Marsh's major weakness, for it robs his work of really great depth and human awareness. Add the fact that he is no colorist, and you have his main faults as an artist.

The great value of Marsh's current exhibition is that it minimizes his faults and concentrates on his virtues, which are considerable. Though he is uncertain in his handling of color, he is completely at home in black-and-white, and nearly all the pieces on display are done in monotone. And while Marsh may not be especially penetrating, he is certainly not lacking in perception. No one—no one with any sensitivity, at least—can spend most of his mature life in observing a given area of human activity without developing an eye for

*How many Checking Accounts should a New Yorker Family have?*

What's your judgment? The head of the house, of course. But who else?

Many up-and-coming *New Yorker* families find it a great advantage and convenience to have *a personal checking account for each adult member.* For the housewife or homemaker. For the student. For the son or daughter just starting in business. In short, for everyone with things to buy or bills to pay.

A special checking account at The New York Trust Company calls for no minimum or average balance, and costs but ten cents a check. Your checks are distinctive, and carry the prestige of one of the nation's largest and most highly regarded banks. They are imprinted with your name, and bear no "special checking" marks or account numbers. The services of the officers and staff are prompt, efficient, courteous and helpful.

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the pertinent details, and in some of his Bowery pictures Marsh displays his familiarity with the life there most tellingly. Not all the pieces are successful. He has a tendency toward the muralesque (an effect, I suppose, of the baroque influences that have had so much to do with the formation of his style), which makes some of the pictures seem too stately and overblown for their subject, and in others the design is too loose to achieve real impact. But to make up for this there are a few that are excellent indeed. I'd mention particularly his "In Pale Gray" and "White Tower Hamburger"—the first, a study of a girl on a carrousel horse, which through its very simplicity of treatment manages to convey a wonderful feeling of wistfulness, eagerness, and innocence combined; and the second, a much more elaborate composition, which by a skillful use of light and shade succeeds in making something august and spacious out of such elements as the "L," a few buildings, and a group on a corner of the Bowery. I liked, too, his "Strokey's Bar, 1945," in which, again, his years of observation of the locality prove effective.

THE flow of art between England and America has for a long time been less continuous than that between the European countries and this country. One reason, of course, is that until recently there hasn't been any contemporary English painting of consequence to *get* flowing. But the situation has been changing; a real renaissance is under way in modern British art, it would seem, and the more we see of it over here the better.

The three men now on view at the American British Art Center—Keith Vaughan, Leonard Rosoman, and Ceri Richards—are all fairly young, and they reveal their influences more clearly than they will when they have reached full maturity. All show only water colors and gouaches. Of the three, Vaughan's work seems to me the best. Richards is too Picassolike for his own good at the moment, I think (though his "Violin Solo," with its very clever treatment of the player's hands and his instrument, is first-rate), and the two Rosomans on view display little save a rather overrefined good taste and a delicate skill in conveying it. Vaughan, however, has far more solidity as an artist. A good many of his pieces are studies of Army life—such as "Under Canvas, Figure Getting Into Bed," "Night Orderlies Tent," and "Echo of the Bombardment"—and in these there is

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more than a suggestion, in mood as well as style, of those unforgettable water-color sketches Henry Moore made, also during the war, of figures in London bomb shelters. The influence, if it is influence and not mere resemblance because of similarities in theme, is well absorbed in his work, and all of it shows a capacity for direct, unambiguous statement and uncluttered design that is truly admirable. Among the Army paintings, I especially liked his "Echo of the Bombardment," a brilliant piece of compositional dexterity. I also thought well of the small, tight "Yorkshire Industrial Landscape" and the extremely tense "Gale-Swept Orchard."

THE Buchholz has an exhibit of abstractions by Kurt Roesch and of new sculptures by Charles Cutler. Cutler, who works directly in stone, reveals an occasional tendency to let his feeling for its surface textures supersede his interest in his subject, but there are times when he brings both texture and sculptural form into focus, and then, as in such examples as "Venus" and the small, compact "Dragon," he produces works of real distinction and power. This year's pieces by Roesch seem at once more complex and more animated in design than his previous ones; his color, too, has grown stronger and richer; and in general the new work has much more authority than the old. I liked his "The Fisherman," with its wavelike design and opalescent coloring, as well as the more sombre "In Tears."

—ROBERT M. COATES

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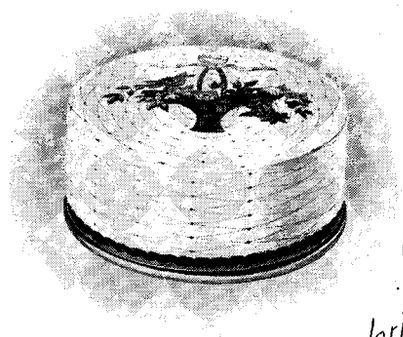
### DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From the Opinions of the Judge Advocate General, U. S. Army.*]

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY

*(10) Proof.*—Accused was found guilty of being drunk and disorderly in a public place in violation of A. W. 95 and sentenced to be dismissed the service. Accused gave a party in a hotel to celebrate his promotion to major, drank several cocktails while in uniform, and became profane and abusive to several women present. Later, dressed in pajamas, he entered the room of another officer and his wife, where accused's wife had taken refuge from him, and there cursed and beat his wife. Still later, in his own room, accused beat his wife severely, causing her to scream. Upon the approach of the hotel manager, a deputy sheriff, and a civilian, accused called the hotel manager a vile name and addressed him in grossly obscene language. It was necessary to hit accused on the head with a bludgeon to pacify him and rescue his wife. Held: The record supports the finding and sentence. The conduct of accused was unbecoming an officer and gentleman. *CM 226357 (1942).*

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By VICTORIA LINCOLN

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# OUR FAR-FLUNG CORRESPONDENTS

## THE KATZENJAMMER KIDS AT C. I. E. 409

SIX miles southeast of Nuremberg, just off the road to Munich, are a hundred and twenty acres of flat land on which, only a few years ago, twenty thousand Schutzstaffel men camped every September for their *Reichsparteitag*, the inadequately named, week-long jamboree staged by the Nazi Party for the purpose of celebrating itself. Here, too, from time to time, the S.S. held rifle competitions, military drills, and pogrom practice. During the war, the Germans turned the area into Stalag XIIID, and today it is an American camp, known as Civilian Internment Enclosure 409. By a poetic coincidence that the Allies may or may not have planned, many of its inhabitants—forty-five hundred of them, in fact—are S.S. men. These unhappy members of the Schutzstaffel can hardly consider themselves displaced persons. They are right back at the old stand, even though now they are on the wrong side of the barbed-wire fences they put up for their predecessors—first, fellow-Germans whom the Schutzstaffel wished to interrogate before sending to concentration camps, and, later, Allied officers, ten thousand of whom were still there when, on April 20, 1945, the camp was liberated by the American Forty-fifth Infantry Division.

As the S.S. men pace about the familiar fields, waiting for the Allies to decide how to dispose of them, it must seem to them longer than two years ago that SHAEF was describing the Schutzstaffel to its counter-intelligence officers as "a state within a state, superior to both Party and government." Remembering letter perfect everything about their unchallenged empire of only a little while back, they may lately have been bewildered to learn from the *Neue Zeitung*, the daily newspaper distributed to them by the American authorities, that so much time was being taken up in the Nuremberg courtroom with disentangling, in the judges' minds, the S.S. from the Nazis' other organizations. Witness after witness had to point out that the S.S. was not the same thing as the S.A., or Sturmabteilung, the old Storm Troopers' club, even though the original S.S. unit was a small group of Storm Troopers who were chosen to be a special guard for Party leaders, particularly for Hitler. The witnesses also testified that any vestigial bonds with the Sturmabteilung were severed on June 30, 1934, known as Bloody Saturday or the Night of the Long Knives, when Ernst Röhm, who was the S.A. leader, and most of his associates were removed from office in thorough style, the knives in question being handled by their old fraternity brothers in the Schutzstaffel. The S.S. was also distinguished in the testimony from the S.D., or Sicherheitsdienst, the Nazi Party's secret service, which in 1940 was combined with the Gestapo, the secret service of the state, thus removing one of the last pretenses that the state and the Party were not identical. If it distressed the S.S. residents of C.I.E. 409 to read about this incomprehensible confusion in the Nuremberg courthouse, it undoubtedly distressed them even more to recall that they had spent eight hours a day during most of last fall rebuilding the courthouse so that their leaders could be tried and found guilty in comfortable surroundings.

The record of the S.S., as the prosecution at Nuremberg made clear, was a terrible one. The organization, which had only two hundred and eighty men in 1929, when Heinrich Himmler was given the title Reichsführer of the Schutzstaffel, grew with the Nazi power and with the power of the R.F.S.S., as Himmler always signed himself, to a strength of nearly a million in 1944. As Himmler took over, gradually and cumulatively, other strategic jobs—Chief of the German Police, head of the agency responsible for extending Germanism into occupied lands (which frequently meant the removal or extermination of the residents), Minister of the Interior, Chief of Military Rearmament, and, finally, Commander-in-Chief of the Replacement Army—the S.S. men spread across Europe and built their powerful and independent state upon the terrors and dead bodies of their victims. "I know that there are millions who sicken at the sight of the black uniforms of our S.S.," said Himmler happily in 1936. Officially, the S.S. were the Nazi Party's mercenaries, and as such they were paid salaries—which

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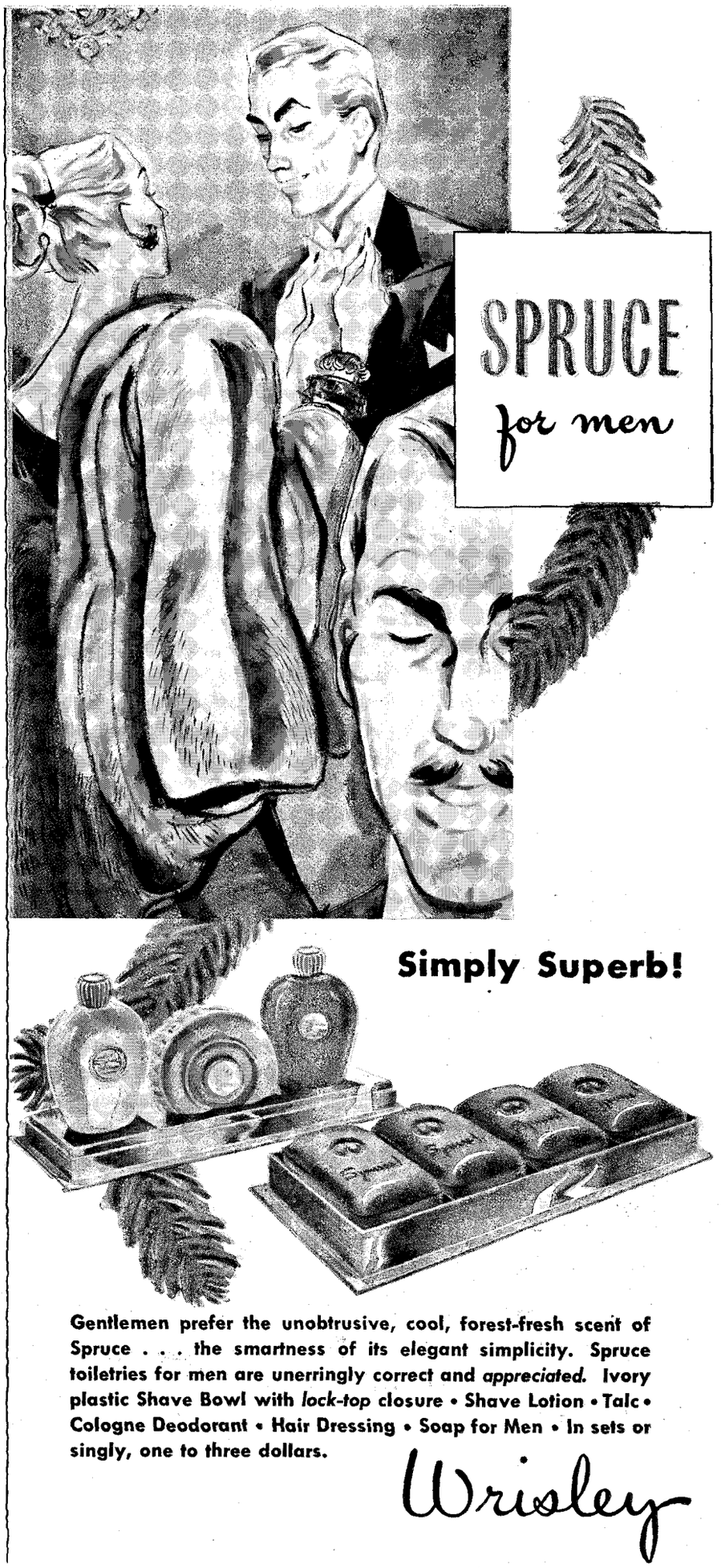
the S.A. men were not—but in their travels they acted more like missionaries. It is doubtful if any missionary ever gave more impressive evidence of having his heart in his work than did an S.S. man. What he must have considered his mission was to make the world safe for men like himself, men who could prove that back as far as 1800 (1750, in the case of officers) there was not a trace of non-Aryanism in their ancestry, who were allowed to marry only women who could pass the same test, and who were required to produce at least one healthy Nordic child every two years thereafter to be eligible for promotion. In his ideal world—so nearly realized in some miserable lands—there was no peace or security except for those who wore on the buckle of their Sam Browne belt the motto established for the S.S. by Hitler in 1933, "*Meine Ehre Heisst Treue*" ("My Honor Is Loyalty"), and whose papers bore the S.S. insignia, two S-shaped bolts of lightning. This emblem, so important in the national life that it appeared on most German typewriters after 1937, was proudly referred to in S.S. publications as the *Zeichen der Willkür*, or token of arbitrary action. Beginning late in 1933, when the Totenkopf, or Death's Head, units of the S.S. took over the running of the concentration camps, the *Zeichen der Willkür* was involved in nearly every awful example of the Nazi reign, including such wholesale crimes as the destruction of Lidice, the medical experiments at Dachau, and the Action Reinhardt, a campaign in which a million and a half Polish Jews were robbed and murdered. From their bodies, and the bodies of other concentration-camp victims, a hundred and forty-seven million reichsmarks' worth of gold spectacles, watches, wedding rings, and fillings from teeth were removed and deposited to the S.S. account in the Reichsbank in Berlin.

I DROVE out from Nuremberg the other afternoon to visit C.I.E. 409, where these forty-five hundred of the twenty-five thousand S.S. men still in American custody are, like most of the Nazis, at least temporarily in retirement. Nuremberg is largely in ruins, but the beautiful countryside around it is unharmed and is again being tilled industriously. The camp's hundred and twenty acres make a barren patch in the middle of green farmland. The man in charge of C.I.E. 409 is a tall, red-headed American lieutenant colonel from Syracuse named Henry Clisson. I found him sitting on the front steps

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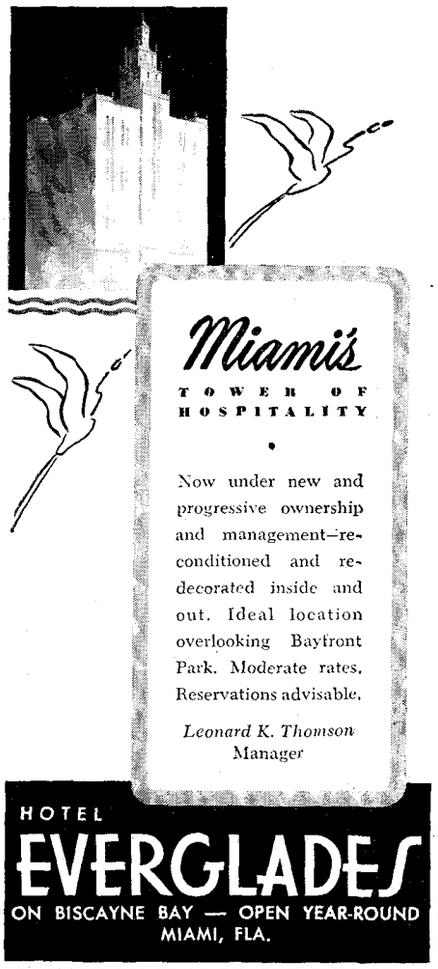


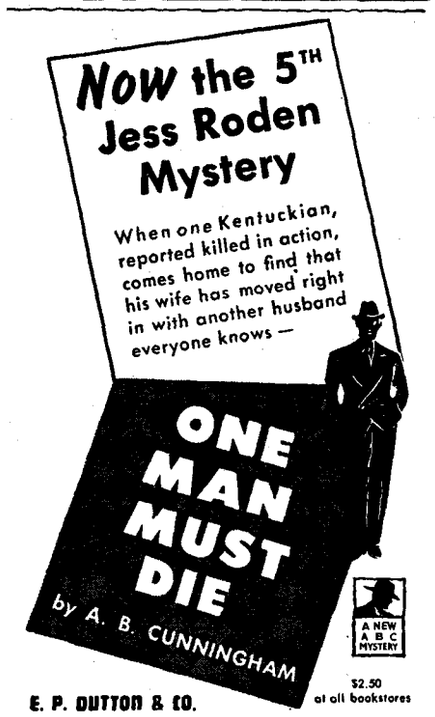


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of the officers' club, reading a letter from his wife, who, with their three little girls, was to arrive in Bremerhaven in a few days. Like all the three hundred and fifty-four buildings in the camp, the officers' club is a long, narrow, unpainted wooden structure with a green tar-paper roof. The view from the front steps, as from any other spot in the enclosure, is of rows of these buildings and of barbed-wire fences—a single one that surrounds the entire camp and a triple one that surrounds the portion of it which the soldiers call the Cage, where the Germans are kept. "I think this all may be something of a shock to my wife," said the Colonel. "I don't mean that in a way it hasn't been an interesting job, but you've got to admit the place is nothing like Syracuse." I admitted it. As it happens, this fact isn't quite so important to Colonel Clisson as it must be to the rest of his battalion, since he has been in the Army for twenty years and is used to living in all sorts of places, few of them anything like Syracuse. He fought with the First Division all through North Africa, Normandy, the Bulge, and Czechoslovakia, and then brought the Second Battalion of the Division's Twenty-sixth Regiment to the Nuremberg camp on July 24, 1945, to prepare the place for the arrival of the men whose honor had been loyalty. Nearly all the barbed wire was lying on the ground by that time, he said, and what buildings had been provided for Allied prisoners of war in the days of Stalag XIIID had been condemned and torn down. All that was left were the open-air latrines, installed years before for S.S. rallies. Around these the Americans had to erect a whole new camp.

Colonel Clisson put his letter in his pocket and led me inside the club, a single room built, in accordance with standard Army architecture, around a ping-pong table, and with a bar at one end. At the other end, five or six officers were clustered before a radio, listening to a brisk version of "Besame Mucho." The Colonel and I sat down in a corner with a couple of cokes. He talked about the early days of C.I.E. 409, and the first batch of S.S. prisoners to arrive. He and his men had been working only three days on the new camp when, owing to one of the countless mixups of that disorderly period, thirty-nine hundred prisoners were delivered ahead of time. "I just turned them out in the fields, surrounded them with machine guns, and we never had a bit of trouble," the Colonel said. "As a matter of fact, we haven't had much trouble with any of them. Haven't had anybody in solitary for five months now, and the last time they dug an escape tunnel was on the third of March. Look here." He turned to a small bookshelf and took down three folders bound in camouflage cloth. He opened one of them to a kind of comic strip, in water color, showing dozens of fat little men, looking very much like the Katzenjammer Kids, first digging a tunnel to freedom, then being greeted, as they stepped through the exit, by dozens of other Katzenjammer Kids, in American Army uniforms. Below the pictures was written: "For Lieutenant Colonel Clisson. Remember Midnight of March 3rd, 1946." "The boys sent it around to me the very next afternoon," Colonel Clisson said. "That was the third tunnel they built. We always let them dig all the way through, and then catch them coming out. Keeps their little hands occupied, as they say."

The Colonel wanted me to see two other pictures, each in a folder of its own. One was a drawing of an Easter bunny laying not an egg but a powdered-egg can. This picture was inscribed: "By this way I am sending you my best wishes for a happy Easter. Thank you for your kind support. Respectfully yours, Herbert Kuhlmann." The other was a water color of the camp in which the barracks looked considerably bigger and brighter than life. This had been given to the Colonel with the suggestion that he present it to his commanding general, the S.S. having a good memory for the importance of this sort of amenity. "When I look at a pretty thing like that, it's kind of hard for me to remember all those millions of people killed and how these men used to laugh their heads off watching some poor guy tear his hair out by the roots in one of the low-pressure chambers," said Colonel Clisson. "You know what they made for me last winter when I went home to see my youngest daughter, who was three years old and whom I'd never seen? A little tea set. Out of old, mashed C-ration cans. Now, how do you figure that?"

Colonel Clisson's car arrived just then, and we started off for the internment area, which is in one corner of the camp. The Colonel told me, as we drove along, that twelve American officers and two hundred and eighty men are stationed at the camp. Except for one first lieutenant and twelve enlisted men who live in some of the wooden buildings inside the triple barbed-wire fence, they have very little

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to do with the Cage and see the S.S. men only at a distance. The outer ring of barbed wire, which is electrified, would send three hundred and eighty volts through the body of anyone who got that near to freedom. Around the perimeter of the Cage are thirteen fifty-foot watchtowers, in which guards with machine guns are constantly stationed. We passed a small building which the Colonel said was filled with piles of American, British, and German uniforms waiting to be dyed black before being issued to the prisoners. One might have expected black to be popular among the S.S. men, but when we reached the Cage, it was evident that this shade has lost its fascination. Most of the internees were wearing black pants, but they also wore old red sweaters, tattered green or yellow shirts, and orange or purple scarves, as if now they wanted the brightest colors they could find. There were 7,541 Germans in the camp at the moment. Until June, the place housed only S.S. prisoners. Now three-fifths of them were S.S., and the rest were Nazis of various other kinds. Of the men who were visible, nearly all were wearing on their trousers, just above the knees, the broad white stripe that was the official marking for S.S. men when they were being taken to Nuremberg every day under guard to rebuild not only the courthouse but the Grand Hotel, formerly the Gasthaus Reichsparteitag, where most of the men who prepared the case against the S.S. lived, and the old Opera House, so that the prosecution could take in a movie.

Most of the S.S. men were wandering by themselves around the caged area, generally with their arms folded and their heads down, but a few were kicking a soccer ball around a recreation field and several more were sitting on the ground reading. The ration of seventeen hundred calories a day had probably thinned them all a bit, but not dangerously (they are still getting five hundred more than the average German), and, like so many men whose strength has grown out of uniformed arrogance, they seemed to have lost weight mostly around the lower part of their faces. Watching these very ordinary, spiritless, middle-aged men in their cage, it was not easy to believe that they had thought themselves, just a few years back, the ultimate achievement of the human race. It was hard to believe, too, that the S.S. had been a young men's organization, in which a member was officially superannuated at thirty-five. These prisoners were no longer young,

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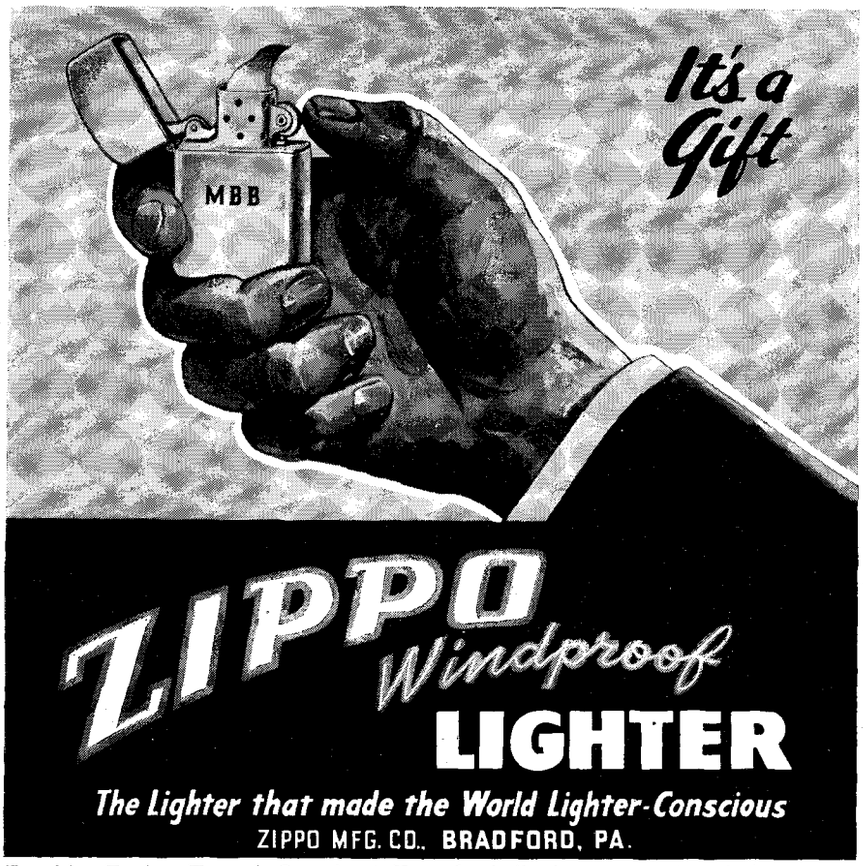


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and they looked as if they had begun to realize it.

Some of the men who were sitting on the ground were just beyond the barbed wire, and I could easily see what they were reading. One of them had the *Neue Zeitung*, another a German book on selling insurance, and a third had an Armed Services edition of "McGraw of the Giants" on his lap. Beside him was an English-German dictionary, to which he referred frequently. "That fellow with the dictionary was one of the Lidice boys," said Colonel Clisson. "Gave the order himself, for all I know. And see the fellow picking up that soccer ball now? One of the top guards at Dachau. About the pleasantest fellow you ever talked to. You can certainly get confused about the human race in a place like this."

That reminded me of a question I had wanted to ask the Colonel. What was the "kind support" Prisoner Kuhlmann had referred to in his Easter present to him? The Colonel said that he had had some water-color paints sent from Paris, so that the prisoners could have art classes three afternoons a week. They also have, it seems, organized classes in tailoring, cooking, dentistry, Russian, and English. "In addition to a bunch of artists, we've practically the whole German diplomatic corps in there, you know," he said, "and we have an actor named Theo Lingen, who is supposed to be the best actor in Germany —or *was*, when the Nazis were in. The S.S. had an infiltration policy that worked so well that even the head of the German Academy of Poets was, I understand, an S.S. man. As a matter of fact, we've got two crown princes in that cage—the Crown Prince of Waldeck and one from some other damn place. A lot of them speak better English than I do, and they can beat the champion team of Bavaria at soccer. In fact, there are times when I get to thinking they're really a pretty good bunch of men that happened to be on the wrong side. And then some American officer comes back to look the place over and tells me how they used to treat him when they were running things here, and I feel like going out and pouring those water colors down their goddam throats."

WE got into the car again and were driven to a small building in which are kept the records of the hundred and fifty thousand men who have passed through the camp during its fourteen months as an American in-

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stallation. In one room I saw, stacked in piles, what Colonel Clisson assured me were exactly 7,541 manila envelopes, each bearing the name of one of the incumbents and containing the money and other valuables this prisoner had to surrender when he arrived at the camp. "I counted up the other day," said the Colonel, "and I figure that altogether, since we started, we must have had twelve million dollars' worth of stuff lying right in those manila envelopes on that floor." He reached down and picked up an envelope that looked fatter than most of them. "One of our crown princes," he said, opening it and shaking the contents out on a table. "Look at the diamonds in those tiepins. Real pearl studs, too." He held them in his hand a minute and then slid them back into the envelope. "You should see their faces when we give the stuff back to them. They figure everybody's as crooked as they are."

It was time for me to go, and Colonel Clisson and I were driven to the entrance of the camp. On the way, we passed the Cage. It was beginning to get dark now and the soccer players had gone into their barracks, but the alumnus of Lidice was still sitting near the barbed-wire fence, deep in the history of John J. McGraw. Just before I said goodbye, I complimented the Colonel on the orderliness and behavior of his prisoners. "Did you read that War Crimes Commission report that came out a few weeks ago on all those atrocities in Yugoslavia?" he said as we shook hands. "Nearly everybody mentioned in it was one of our boys."

—ANDY LOGAN

•

I'd already pruned it down to the nub before I'd sent it to The Rat. But after all, The Rat had been on the magazine scene during the past four years and I had been not on it. The chances were that The Rat knew a little more straight dope on this story than I did. It took me four days to get it down to 2500 but I got it down, I got it down.—*Writer's Digest.*

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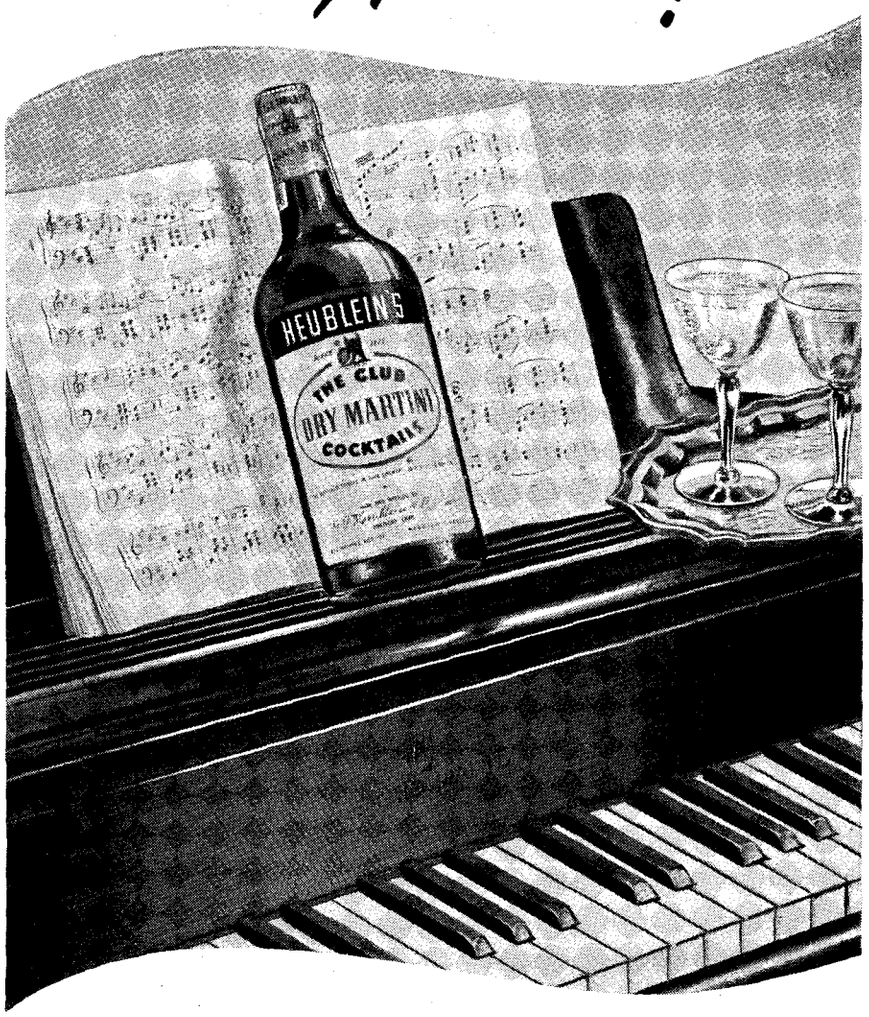


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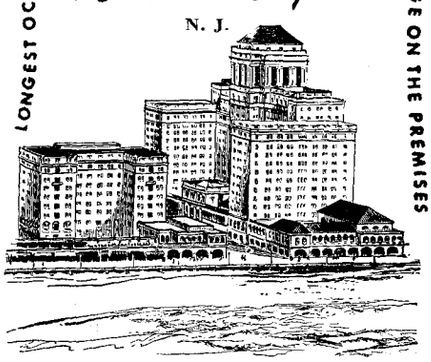

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"AND as you see, the bathroom, like the rest of the place, is practically brand-new," the super said.

"It's simply wonderful," Ann said. She took Hal's cigarette out of his mouth, puffed on it, and then gave it back. "It's all too good to be true—stumbling onto two and a half rooms like this."

The super looked over at Hal. "I guess Mr. Winston told you the—the circumstances?"

Ann winked. "Aha! The furniture is selling for a thousand dollars. Worth it, too—easily worth it. And I suppose we have to slip you—"

Hal said quickly, "I told her all about it."

"Well," the super said, "you folks look about the place. I'll be downstairs." He walked over and opened the door, then stopped. "Just slam the door on your way out. It'll lock," he said.

"Sure. We'll be down in a few minutes," Hal said.

The super shut the door and Ann ran through the rooms, yelling, "A real, honest-to-God apartment of our own!" In the living room, she whirled about, her skirts ballooning up to show her long stockings and pretty legs.

HAL stood between the living room and the bedroom, his tall, thin body half filling the doorway, grinning at her. She threw herself on the couch and kissed it. "Darling, I'm going to kiss every lovely piece of furniture. After two years of horrid furnished rooms—this!"

"We're lucky as hell," Hal said. "It's a bargain at sixty per. If Bob's sister hadn't mentioned it to him—just by chance—we'd never have heard of it. Even the furniture is reasonable. In good shape."

"It's a steal. Whoever is giving it up has fine taste. Why, you couldn't duplicate this furniture for a thousand, even before the war. Some of the etchings, that oil, are pretty corny. We'll change those. Who is he, or she?"

"He was some sort of minor advertising man," Hal said.

Ann giggled. "Was? He lose the job?"

Hal started to go over to her, then stopped and leaned against the wall. He said, "You might as well hear this now—somebody is sure to tell you. The guy killed himself."

Ann sat up straight. "You mean—here?"

"A week ago. Hung himself. Some girl, I believe his former wife, remarried and he—"

Ann stood up. "I won't live here!" she said quickly. "I won't spend another second in this place, not for all the money in the world." She started for the door, and Hal came over and offered her his cigarette. She shook her head.

"Let's not be silly about this," Hal said. "The guy died. If he had died in bed, you wouldn't say a thing. This other stuff is none of our business. It has nothing to do with us."

She said, "All it has to do with us is we use *his* furniture, sleep in *his* bed, wash in *his* tub. No, I can't do it, Hal. It would make a nervous wreck out of me."

"And living in a stinking furnished room, sharing the bathroom with a whole damn floor—that must make you hysterical with joy!" he said loudly. "Listen to me. I've had furnished rooms and lousy hotel rooms up to my ears. All we have to do is mind our own damn business, forget what doesn't concern us, and things will be O.K. For Chrissakes, we can have real meals here, have a party, see friends. We can live!"

"Oh, it will be lovely here in the middle of the night, or on a rainy day, or when we're drunk—it will all be just dandy!" She took his hand. "I want an apartment, but not in the morgue. We'll go down and tell the super we want out, settle this."

For a second, Hal stared at her. Then he said, "You're damn right we'll settle this!" He picked her up, carried her into the bedroom, stood her against the door leading to the bathroom, and held her thin shoulders against it. "Look, in Basic English, this is a *door*. It also is where he did it. With a necktie over the top of the door."

She started to fight, but he held her. "It's nothing but a goddam hunk of wood," he said. "Maybe, when it was a tree, ten people were murdered against it. So what? To us it's just a door!"

Ann began to cry, and he held her in his arms and said, "I didn't mean to

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be rough, but, Ann, we *have* to take this."

She looked up at him. "Have to? You mean you already bought the furniture?"

He let go of her and lit a cigarette. "No," he said. "Maybe it's because we've never given ourselves a real chance. Too much living out of a trunk, gin and milk bottles on the window sill. I'm tired of all that—pretty tired. I want this place. We need it, you understand. We need it quickly and damn bad—to keep us together."

"Well, this is something to hear," she said. "My God, this *is* news!"

"I don't say it's your fault," Hal said. "Everything's been against us, and now this looks like a break. We can't afford to give it up just because of a state of mind, a superstition that—"

She shivered a little, as if she were cold. "All right, we'll try it," she said in a dull voice. "Let's go down and sign. I never knew you felt this way."

"It isn't your fault, honey," he said.

"Does that make any difference, whose fault it is?" she asked.

They walked out into the hallway and rang for the elevator. She reached up and took his cigarette. "Did you slam the door?"

Hal went back and tried it. "It's locked," he said.

Ann blew out a cloud of smoke and handed him the cigarette. She was staring up at him and she said, "Nothing ever goes *completely* right with us, does it?" —LEN ZINBERG

•

It happened because the Army had placed in charge of the prison a pompous, unimaginative, and thoroughly likable officer who wasn't up to his job.—*Time.*

Maybe he wasn't up to his job, but he was unique.

•

THE FOLDED LEAF (Faber, pp. 275, 8s. 6d.), by Mr. William Maxwell, is one of those highly detailed American novels whose setting and language are often unfamiliar to the English mind. (What, for instance, is "an autographed yellow slicker"?)—*Manchester Guardian Weekly.*

It's a bird, son.

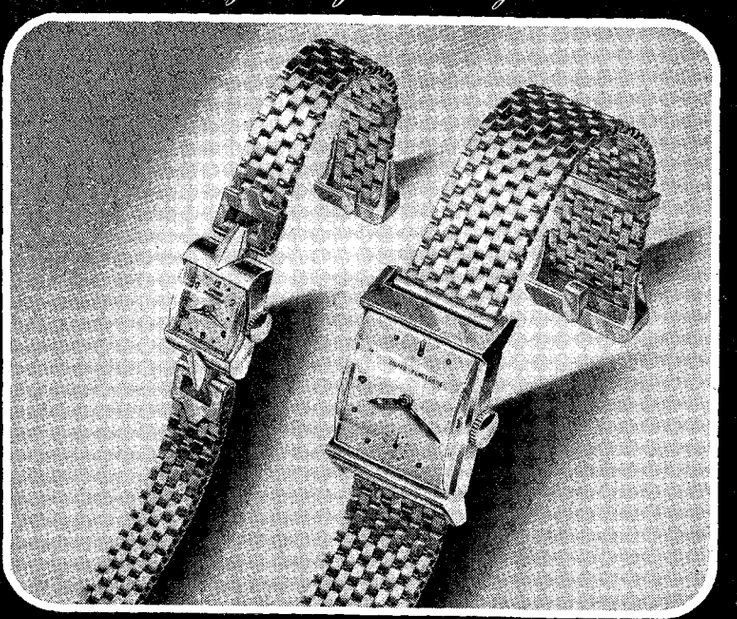
•

**MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK**

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot*]

Two cows being driven through the streets of Neath, England, entered a drug store, one going behind the counter.


*From the distinguished Girard-Perregaux collection*



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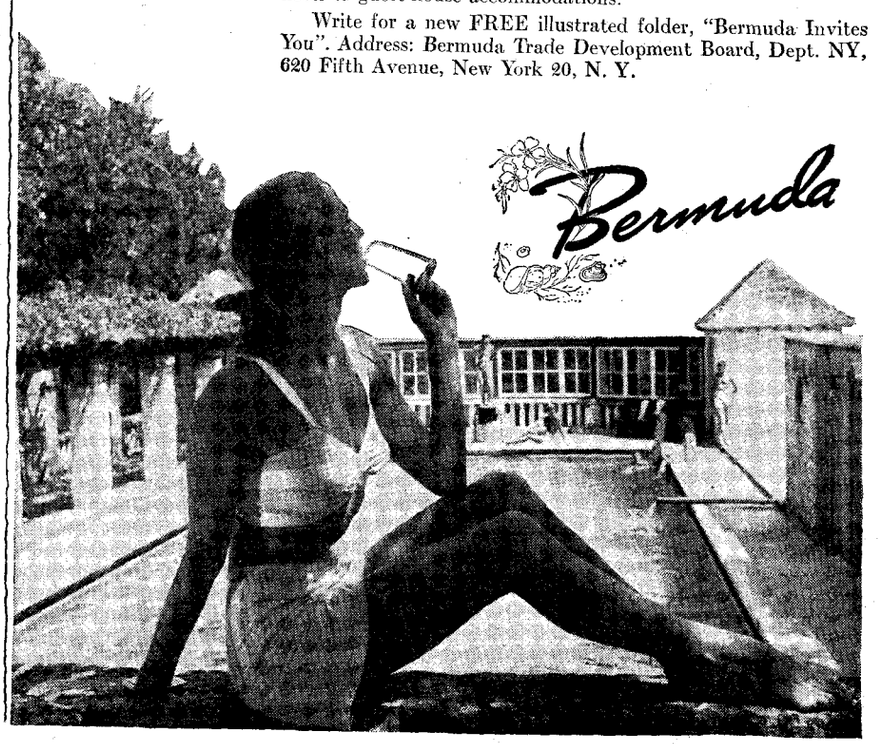
Do you find yourself pleasantly beset with memories of pink beaches, winding limestone lanes, the scent of hibiscus and oleanders? In short, is Bermuda on your mind?

The Islands are busy getting ready for you. Many of the hotels and guest houses are open. In a few months there will be facilities for everyone.

Right now, however, be sure to have your travel agent arrange round-trip passage and reservations and obtain confirmation of hotel or guest-house accommodations.

Write for a new FREE illustrated folder, "Bermuda Invites You". Address: Bermuda Trade Development Board, Dept. NY, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N. Y.





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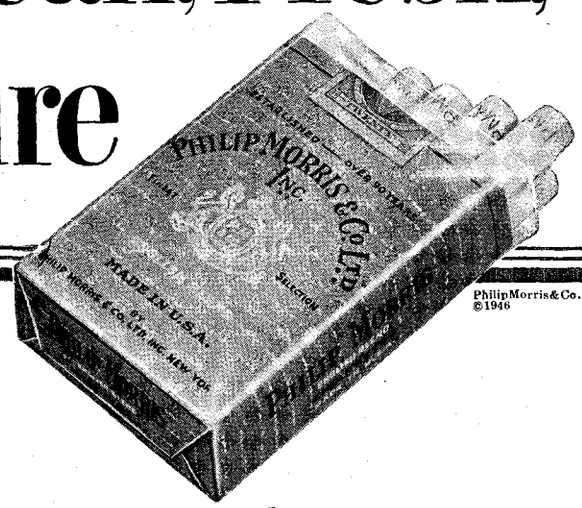


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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

*Man of Decision*

DESPITE the *fact that it is* lengthy and often doesn't move along as briskly as it might, "The Turning Point," in which the Russians pay tribute to General Muravyev, who transformed the siege of Stalingrad into one of the decisive battles of history, is as good and as well acted a film as we have had from the Soviet Union in quite a few years. When General Muravyev took over at Stalingrad, the Nazis were getting set to eliminate the badly battered Russian armies completely. The picture, after having established the variety of the men who composed the Russian High Command, and done so without blinking at the temperamental differences that existed among them, concentrates on the badgered Muravyev, whose method of operation apparently pleased neither the impetuous nor the cautious members of his staff. Muravyev, responsible to no one but Stalin, had to decide at what moment he could afford to gamble his reserves and ammunition in a sudden assault upon the hordes of Nazis smashing their way through the city. "The Turning Point" shows Muravyev uneasily waiting, but confident enough of his judgment to fire his best friend for insubordination when he fails to follow Muravyev's strategy, and to dismiss another general for advocating a more conservative policy. When the blow is finally struck, the picture presents some exciting panoramic newsreel views of battle and some excellent studio shots of such individual heroes as a dying soldier who succeeds in mending a broken wire while holding the ends of it together with his teeth. The director, Frederick Ermler, has assembled a first-rate cast, and the actors are always interesting, even when the film is moving only leisurely toward its effective climax. Whether you're a military buff or not, you will, I'm sure, find it absorbing to watch General Muravyev figuring out a way to keep the Nazis from crossing the Volga, and certainly you'll find an awful fascination in following the camera around

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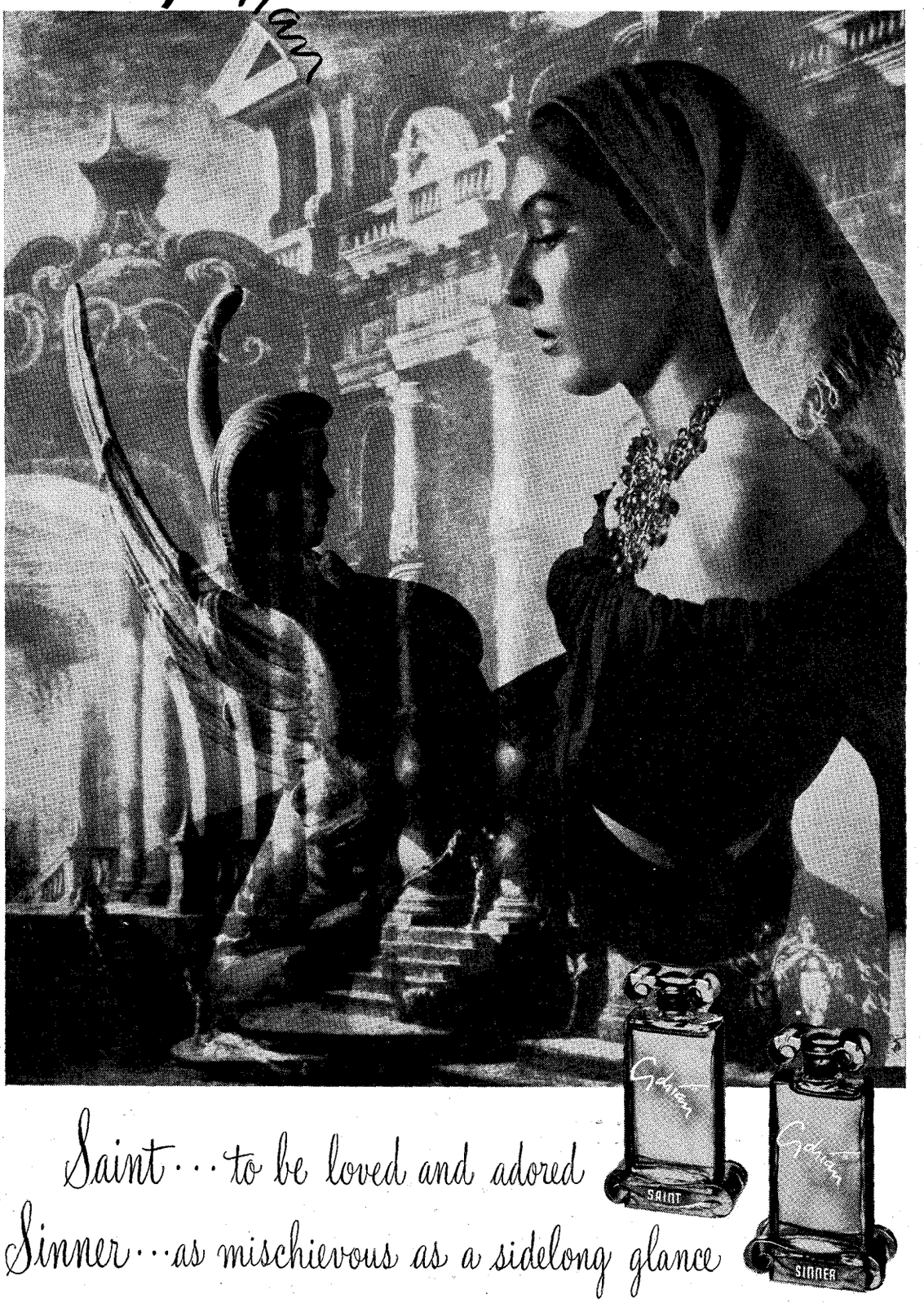


Saint . . . to be loved and adored

Sinner . . . as mischievous as a sidelong glance

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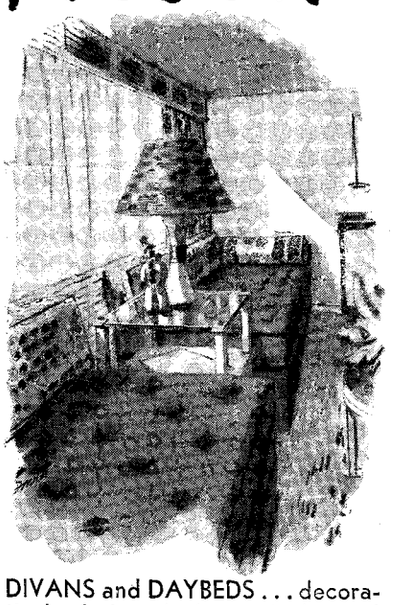
MODERN



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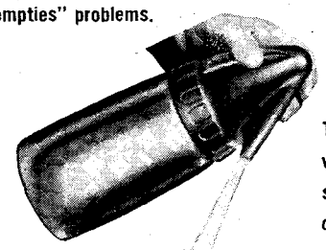
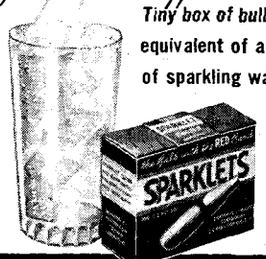


Turns tap water into sparkling club soda.

SPARKLET
Refillable Syphon

Tiny box of bulbs makes equivalent of a case of sparkling water.

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If your dealer can't supply, write
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the torn and gutted remnants of Stalingrad itself.

As a man whose interest in gambling is wholehearted in the face of persistent misfortune, I was pleased to discover a group of card sharps, touts, and crapshooters dominating "Lady Luck." Regrettably, though, a silly plot about a man who renounces gambling at the request of his wife and subsequently finds her taking a flyer in a Las Vegas joint keeps getting in the way of the players. When the story isn't obtruding itself, Frank Morgan and Jimmy Gleason manage to be quite funny as they manipulate their cards and pore over their *Racing Forms*, and Teddy Hart is even funnier in the role of a small-time crapshooter feverishly involved in a high-stake game. As husband and wife in "Lady Luck," Robert Young and Barbara Hale are always lost in the script, but the rest of the cast escape from it often enough to make the film not entirely tedious.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

## $64 QUESTION

I make. But, for God's sake,
tell me: What do I make?

Plans? Every day. But sportive
Fate makes the bulk abortive.

Love? When I'm not too tired
to care that I'm admired.

Haste? Like a frenzied snail
rushing around a pail.

Peace? Like a dove whose claw
is bitten by a saw.

Money? Man's likely lot—
two coins gone for one got.

Merry? Whenever I can,
like any child of man.

At best, my tartan thrift
affords this: I make shift.

—DILYS BENNETT LAING

•

Relaxing in the spacious living room, top side, is like looking at the ocean from the bridge of a luxury liner, with your feet resting on a soft ottoman placed on a pegged plantation oak floor. Or turn one's head and look into the glowing flames in the fireplace, on the windward side. A beam ceiling, curved high in the middle, gives the impression of specious open sky.—*Adv. in the Redondo Beach (Calif.) Daily Breeze.*

Flooded with that phony sunlight?

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# OF ALL THINGS

RUSSIA's proposal that the General Assembly take up at once the question of disarmament seems to have come as a great surprise to the British and American governments. It had been generally assumed that the world's farewell to arms would be a long and lingering one.

•

There is reason to fear that our political campaigns may have given the United Nations delegates a low opinion of the American form of government. Our visitors are urged not to believe half of what the Democrats and Republicans have been saying about each other.

•

The fact that a number of distinguished people in England have been robbed of their jewels has caused great embarrassment to the British government. That is not at all what the Labour Party meant by a broader distribution of wealth.

•

After many weeks of dislocation, life in New York has again assumed a normal aspect. As Robert Louis Stevenson almost said, peace reigns on the truck drivers here and on the ships at sea.

•

In the closing days of October, the Eastern seaboard enjoyed an unprecedented heat wave. On some afternoons, it was almost too hot to play football or run for office.

•

O. John Rogge, the Justice Department's sedition expert, lost his job for making a speech he had been given permission to make. Like Henry Wallace, he was arrested for passing a green light.

•

John L. Lewis's attempt to reopen negotiations on the miners' contracts has been coldly received by the public. There is little demand for a revival of his play "The Coalman Squawketh."

•

New York has been following with interest the career of a cashier in a linotype-manufacturing company who accumulated a fortune of well over five-hundred thousand dollars. His success is attributed to hard work, clean living, and the falsification of his firm's accounts.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

*The special cuvée of a great wine maker*

CHARLES FOURNIER

BRUT

NEW YORK STATE

*Champagne*

A truly great American champagne—a wine of breeding, balance and delicacy—light yet vigorous—with the supreme quality of a classic. Its memorable bouquet is the inspiration of M. CHARLES FOURNIER—former master wine-maker of Veuve Clicquot-Ponsardin, Reims, France.

*Leaflet on request to the famous winery of . . .*

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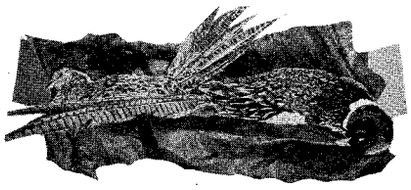

a complete gift package for the person who "has everything".

This *unusual* gift box contains a brace of PLUMP, YOUNG RINGNECK PHEASANTS

*PLUS!*

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and RECIPES FOR PREPARATION

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YES, what a change BOVRIL can make in finicky, underweight children! How it stimulates appetite! Provides the 10 "magic aminos" vital to growth, sturdy muscles, rich red blood. And how children go for this rich essence of beef!

Bovril is the grandest pick-up for tired, busy mothers—for *anyone* exhausted by a hard day. Splendid for giving convalescents new strength and stamina.

Drink beefy-rich Bovril at bedtime, at meals, when you're tired. Enjoy that wonderful *pepped-up* feeling! This top-quality beef extract goes a long way—a 4-oz. jar makes 24 servings. Ask for Bovril *today* — at better food stores.

BOVRIL
FAMOUS BEEF EXTRACT

# LETTER FROM LONDON

OCTOBER 30

MR. BEVIN, giving the House of Commons his anxiously awaited review of foreign policy just before he sailed for the United States, was heard by an audience at first so crowded together that the members were squeezing each other off the benches and perching on the steps. Long before he had finished his hour-and-fifty-minute tour of Europe's trouble spots, however, there were plenty of empty places on the benches, and in the diplomatic gallery a Chinese gentleman who resembled a painting of an Eastern sage had bowed his head in what may have been prayer but was probably ennui. As the platitudes marched on, the listeners began to relax. There was nothing in the speech to arouse new hope or new trepidation. Bevin's speech was, for him, remarkably lifeless indeed. "The working-class John Bull," as Winston Churchill not unfondly described him the other day, sounded as though his bullish spirit had been tamed somewhat by his having had to step delicately in the terrifyingly fragile china shop of the Paris meetings. Only once did Bevin snort in anything approaching his old style. That was after he had rashly remarked that Greece must be left alone, and the Government benches, sitting mum and disapproving behind him, had suddenly howled, "Why don't you do it, then?" To this, Bevin retorted that he was not interfering in Greece, and added, "I give the lie direct to all those charges so glibly made."

The most interesting part of his speech, at least to people here, dealt with British policy in Germany, about certain aspects of which a sense of uneasiness and public responsibility appears to be growing. Perhaps, people are gloomily saying, Britain, in addition to losing so much else, has lost her knack of colonial government. Stories trickling home from Germany certainly do nothing to disprove the idea. Many well-informed Englishmen back from the British zone deplore the strangling paper bureaucracy, the appearance in Germany of some of the worst features of the British caste system in India, the many third-rate types who are being shipped over to represent the sahibs at home, the sickening expense to the tax-

Maryland's exquisite bottled beer may be enjoyed in just about every hotel, club and restaurant named in this issue.

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PEOPLE
(including women)

TO WIT: professional and amateur cooks, gourmets and plain hearty eaters, are everywhere finding Greig's Oyster Sauce most "different" and flavorful—an indispensable adjunct in sparking up gravies, egg and fish dishes, left-over meats — albeit it's definitely *not* an oyster cocktail sauce.

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*made from oysters and choice condiments*
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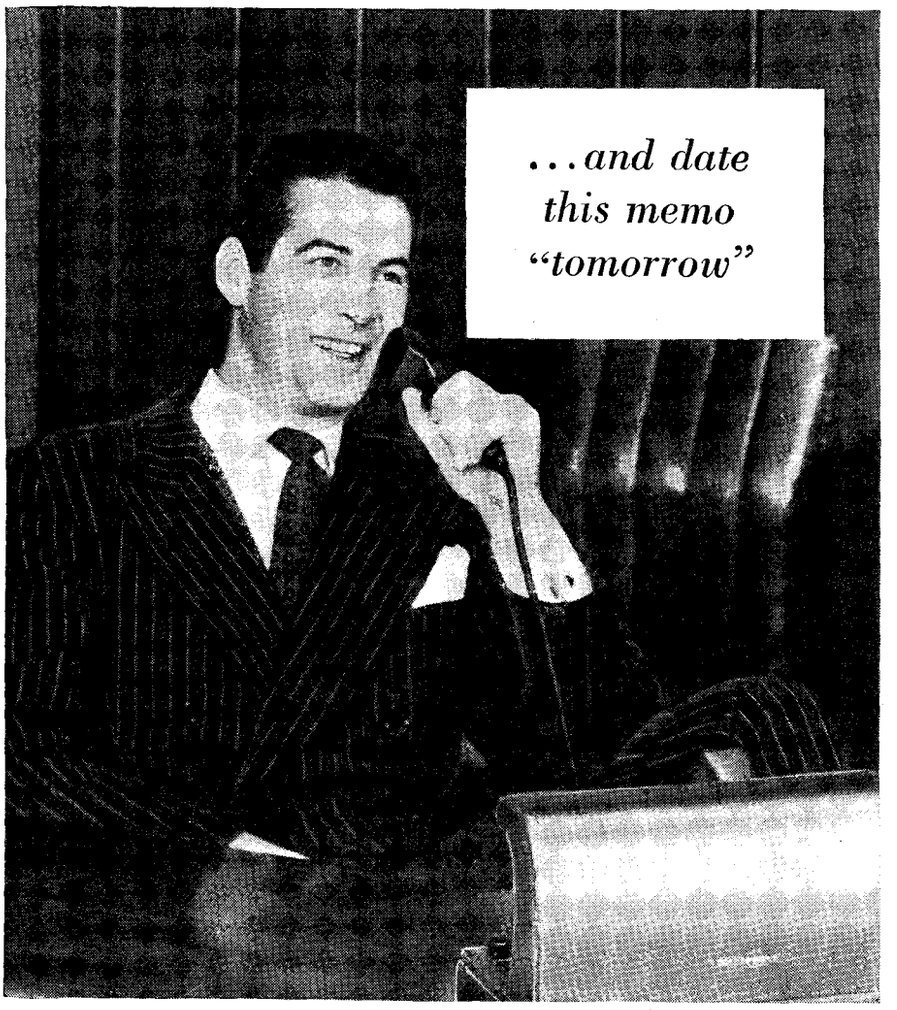
payers of maintaining the huge numbers of civilians in Germany, and, worst of all, the depressing unproductivity of the country itself. The fact that the unfailingly rosy optimism of Government pronouncements on the state of affairs in Germany is so frequently contradicted by sadly unrosy statistics only increases the ordinary man's conviction that something is dangerously wrong somewhere. Almost the only encouraging sign is the public's sudden awareness of that wrongness, which may persuade the Government to replace some of the key men concerned.

LAST week saw the opening of the first big postwar art exhibition at the Royal Academy, where the King's collection of pictures, assembled from all the royal palaces, will be on view until March. The flabby ghost of Göring must be regretfully haunting the galleries, covetous of the superb loot which that fervent connoisseur would have been able to commandeer if the Battle of Britain had swung the other way. The more than five hundred splendid pictures on display are a fascinating record of the tastes of royal collectors, from Henry VIII, patron of Holbein, down to the Prince Consort, whose canny buying added to the Crown's holdings many fine, although then unfashionable, Italian, Flemish, and German primitives. The most generous of royal art patrons, however, was undoubtedly Charles I, who invested in masters of the past and also enthusiastically encouraged such contemporary painters as Van Dyck and Rubens. His extraordinary collection was sold by the Commonwealth (the Roundhead valuers, incidentally, wrote off the Raphael cartoons at the modest figure of three hundred pounds), but much of it was recovered by his son and is part of this show. The Stuart pictures include the famous Rubens' "St. George," in which the Saint has diplomatically been given the features of Charles I. George III added to the collection some wonderful state portraits of himself and his family, by Gainsborough, and George IV enriched it with many Dutch masterpieces. He also commissioned Sir Thomas Lawrence to do the "Waterloo Chamber" portraits of all the kings and statesmen who had combined to down Napoleon. The catalogue dryly notes that these portraits, which fill one room of the exhibition, were first suggested in "an enthusiastic epistle from an unbalanced poetess, Lady Anne Barnard." This unsteady lady "kindled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This trading zone,* in area is only 8% the size of the state of Oregon, (and Oregon is 1½ times larger than all New England). Yet in this area is concentrated a population equal to 62% of the state of Oregon; effective buying power equal to 66%; retail sales equal to 59%.

And Portland's growth continues unabated! Expansion of existing firms and the influx of new business have made Portland a bigger, better market than it was before the war. In the nine months of 1946, 126 new industries came to Portland. Payrolls now exceed $18,000,000 a month, a 92½% increase over peace-time 1941.

**● The Oregon Journal, Portland's favorite newspaper, has done much to promote this postwar growth. Result: The Journal today offers advertisers the largest peace-time circulation in its history, daily and Sunday.**

* as defined by A B C

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Only Afternoon Newspaper In Oregon's Only Metropolitan Market!

**Represented by REYNOLDS-FITZGERALD, Inc., New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle**

the Prince Regent" into undertaking what was a pretty level-headed project, since it added to his collection twenty-seven superb Lawrences, including a portrait of himself in his coronation robes—one of the most stunning bravura compositions of a man and a whole lot of fur and dress goods ever painted.

Maybe some contemporary art patron will get the idea of commissioning a portrait gallery of everybody who helped to finish Hitler. The only trouble is that in these days no patron can feel as sublimely confident that his portraits will survive to be admired—or his children to admire them—as could George IV, back at the time when Lady Anne picked up her scatty pen in a world just freed from a dictator and looking forward to living happily ever after.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

### POESY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Madison (Wis.) Capital Times*]

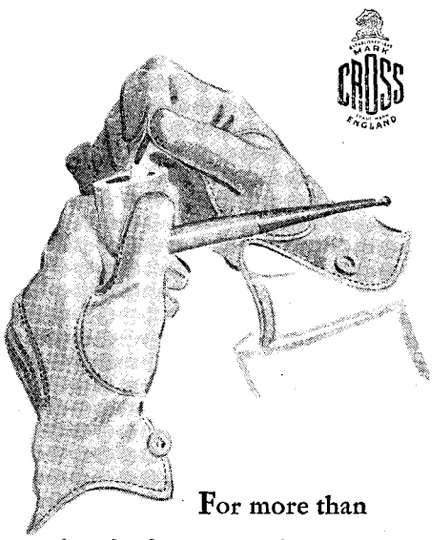
OH! WISCONSIN! FIELD OF SKIES

I have here a book its pages bethumbed
O! so often have I gone it through and through
Of the scenes I spent with love and happiness
Where none but the skies and waters e'er are blue,
Of the days with you oh! my Wisconsin,
For all the roads in the world they lead to you.
Until the end of the many pages—
Until the end of the chapter—you!

Oh! Wisconsin! Field of Skies
In thee all my mem'ry lies,
And at night when purple grackles flit
I roam that dear homeland 'til I am lost in it.
The children sing on their way to school.
The people greet you with a friendly nod,
While the spires of beautiful churches
Strike out for the sky and God.
Three colors ever greet the heart and meet the eye—
The green of nature, the pink in people's cheeks and the blue of the sky.
And, when I'm blue, oh when I'm blue!
I get so all wrapped up in you
I wander where the blue of the waters below mirrors the blue up high
And go on with distant tanager that flies
To co-mingle with thee—Field of Skies.

When pickaninny clouds embalm the sun
I meet my sweetheart where meet the two ravines
Where the one nest of yellow violets grow
Just away from the spruce and the wintergreens.
My mother still framed in the doorway stands
On a mulberry tree my father leans upon.
When eternity is but a memory
For you, my Badger State—I carry on.

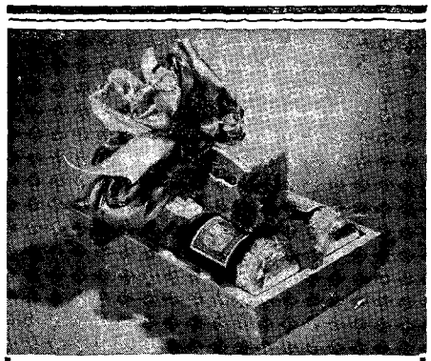
—John A. Zimmerman, Reedsburg, Wis.




For more than a hundred years Mark Cross has been famous as the maker of the highest quality gloves of fine leather for men and women.

**MARK CROSS**

FIFTH AVENUE at 55th



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This gay Thanksgiving Knife Box contains 4 large and 2 small jars of luscious assorted jams and fine tea balls, charmingly decorated with autumn ribbons and flowers. Knife Box (antique reproduction) measures 12¼" x 7" x 2½".

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Alice H. Marks

9 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Flows perfectly. Does not feather-edge. Eliminates pen troubles. Ten brilliant, striking colors. Sanford's—the world's most famous name in inks.

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# MUSICAL EVENTS

*Orchestras and Voices*

THE Philadelphia Orchestra, which had devoted its first Carnegie Hall visit of the season to Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, returned last week with a program of premières. Under the direction of Eugene Ormandy, the Philadelphians introduced Serge Prokofieff's "Ode to the End of the War" and Manuel Rosenthal's oratorio "Saint Francis of Assisi." The "Ode" is short, generally tuneful, and sometimes thunderous. It is hardly one of its composer's important works, but it is interesting for its odd instrumentation, which discards violins, violas, and cellos in favor of extra winds, percussion, pianos, and harps. At last week's hearing, the orchestra offered two pianos and three harps instead of the four pianos and eight harps specified in the score, but I don't think that anyone asked for his money back because the music wasn't loud enough.

"Saint Francis of Assisi," in which the orchestra was assisted by the Westminster Choir and by Guy Marriner, as narrator, is a composition notable for its clarity. The orchestral writing is elaborate and the choral effect is frequently massive, but everything is easily comprehensible and melodious. The singers' clean enunciation was extremely helpful in making matters plain, and Virgil Thomson should be complimented for his understanding and understandable translation of the French verses, as should Louise Beck for her English version of the narrator's lines. The composer, obviously, is a master at expressing in tone exactly what he wants to say, and he has written an unusually rich, colorful composition. Halfway through the oratorio, however, there are episodes which are too long and the total effect of the work suffers somewhat as a consequence. The playing and singing were first-rate, and Mr. Ormandy made the most of the score.

A CONCERT condensation of Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" was a feature of the Philharmonic-Symphony's program last week. The object of the condensation was to highlight the personal drama involving Pelléas and Mélisande, and to provide suitable or-

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chestral connectives between the vocal passages. This opera is so carefully unified that it is difficult to present except in its original form, and the instrumental subtleties lose some of their magic when the score is played on a concert platform. Nevertheless, conceding the inherent handicaps of the enterprise, the experiment was well worth while. Maggie Teyte, as Mélisande (it was the first time many of us had heard her in that role), did not, of course, try to act before a background of musicians in evening dress, but her projection of the drama was remarkable just the same. Raoul Jobin, substituting for the indisposed Martial Singher, was a worthy associate for Miss Teyte, and the orchestra, under Artur Rodzinski's knowing guidance, played excellently if sometimes a trifle too assertively.

As preliminaries to the "Pelléas" condensation, the orchestra undertook Lalo's "Le Roi d'Ys," which was rather uneventful, except for Leonard Rose's work as cello soloist, and Bizet's youthful and charming C-major symphony.

THE New York City Symphony, with Leonard Bernstein conducting, last week brought back to the City Center Marc Blitzstein's vocal and orchestral symphony "The Airborne," giving it an expert showing that repeated the success of last season, with approximately the same cast. The one important newcomer was Robert Shaw, director of the Collegiate Chorale, who took over the speaking role of the monitor, originally handled by Orson Welles. Mr. Shaw, who already had been acclaimed for his training of the chorus in "The Airborne," gathered additional honors for his ingratiating delivery of the spoken text.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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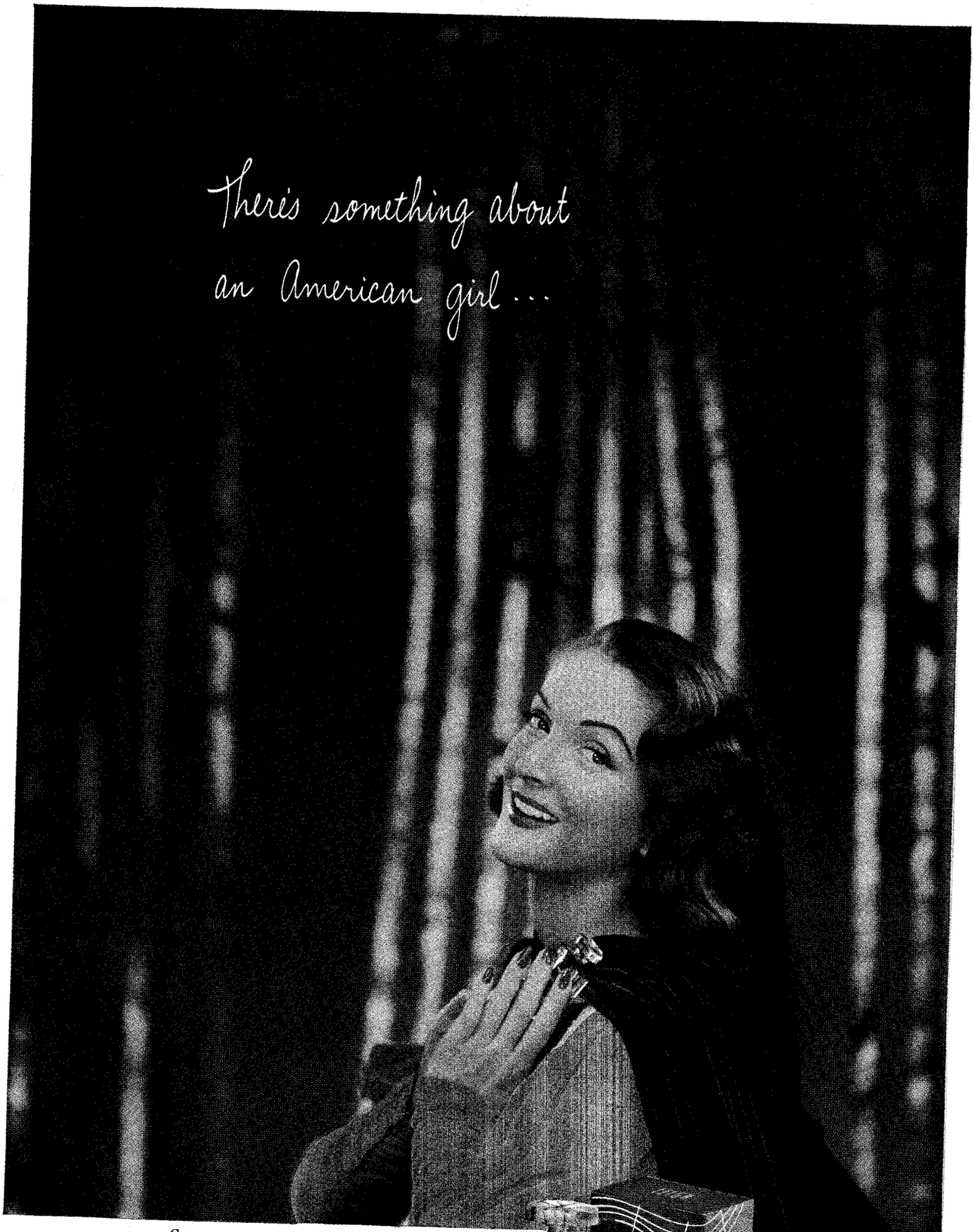
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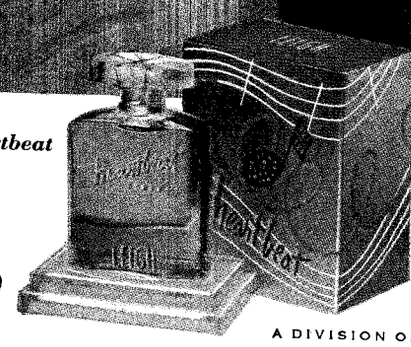


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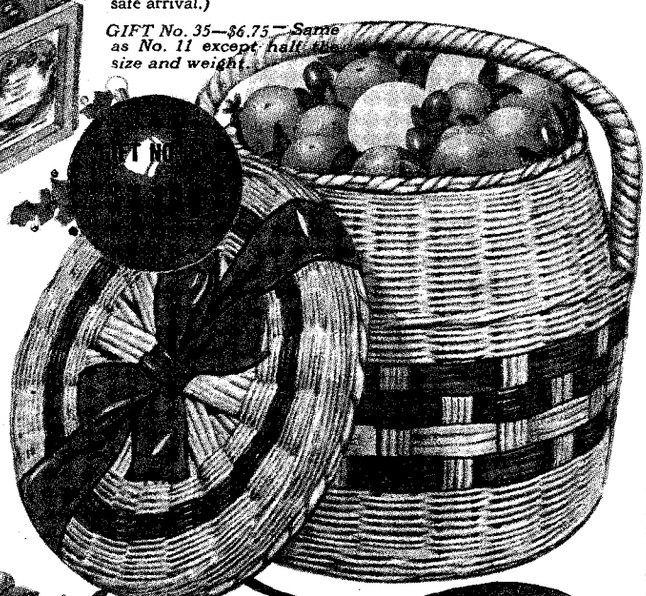

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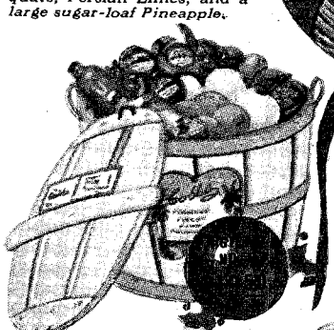

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# BOOKS

*Wife vs. Secretary vs. Husband vs. Father, Esquire*

THE new novel by John P. Marquand, "B.F.'s Daughter" (Little, Brown), was not published in serial form before it came out as a book. That is regrettable, because it has a plot and a set of characters which would have lent themselves nicely to the synopsis treatment used by some magazines to bring late readers abreast of the situation ("and now go on with the story"). Also, by clipping out one or more synopses from the serial, I might have briefed the book for you at a saving of labor to myself. Without any such saving, here are the events that Mr. Marquand asks you to consider:

POLLY, beautiful, frustrated daughter of the great industrialist BURTON FULTON, known to his friends and family as B.F., finds no happiness in the wealth and security that have surrounded her from girlhood. Groping for her true place in life, she becomes engaged to handsome, correct BOB TASMIN, Yale, Harvard Law School, who loves her deeply and purely and with the permission of her father and her brother HARRY. Discouraged by this arrangement, she waits until just before the wedding to throw herself into the arms of

TOM BRETT, radical young Columbia teacher whose pants are never pressed, and marries him. The arrival of the war finds TOM writing DIRECTIVES in Washington, while BOB, who is now married to MILDRED, whom I forgot to mention, joins the Army. POLLY learns from a radio broadcast by MILTON QUERBACH, a discarded suitor, that BOB may be dead in the Pacific or somewhere near there, but cannot give the matter her full attention because she has begun to suspect the relations of TOM with his secretary,

WINIFRED JAMES, demure and curly-haired, and, sure enough, she is 100 PER CENT RIGHT. Discouraged by this arrangement, POLLY goes to MILDRED's apartment. By a strange but useful coincidence, she is there alone when BOB returns from the front, expecting to find MILDRED, and the two of them face things together.

Now go on with the story. There are only a few pages of it left, and there is nothing in these, I think, which would come as a surprise to a reader of Fannie Hurst, Temple Bailey, or Adela Rogers St. John. The heroine and the hero—I am pretty sure Mr. Marquand means Bob Tasmin, the squash-playing lawyer, to be his hero—spend the night together, but they do so strictly within the limits of the "tease" pattern familiar to patrons of the motion pictures and the *Ladies' Home Journal*, one in a bed and one on a couch. Before retiring, Tasmin psychoanalyzes Polly and explains to her, in well-chosen words that take up slightly less than one page of text, the moral of a tale that has taken four hundred and thirty-nine pages in the telling. He says that she is possessive and dominating, like her father, the industrialist, before her; that women like her are dangerous until they know what is the matter with them. This discourages Polly, who, for that matter, has been discouraged almost continually from the start of the novel to its finish. But she forces a brave smile and checks out of Tasmin's life to put his information to use somewhere else, being careful not to leave her toothbrush in Mrs. Tasmin's bathroom.

"B.F.'s Daughter" is a readable book. Most all of Mr. Marquand's novels are readable. Thanks, however, to the school of reviewers, including jacket writers, which holds that they are also "significant," "provocative," and "bitter satires on a mentally decadent society," you sometimes feel it necessary to mention that Mr. Marquand's talent in his novels is exactly the same one he applied in his earlier, potboiling, highly successful *Saturday Evening Post* stories about Mr. Moto, the Japanese solver of crimes. That is, it is a talent for finding, and using over and over again, a formula that will entertain a public accustomed to formulas. In one of his books, Mr. Marquand makes his leading character, a potboiling author, remark rather irritably that formula writing is not as easy as it looks; that it is, in fact, a damnably exacting trade. This is probably true, in the sense that a lot of people would like to do it well and very few succeed. Once you have your formula in working and selling shape, though, I doubt that the racket is quite so tough as this witness makes out. The change from the Mr. Moto stories to the Marquand novels consisted in turning a formula inside out and using a negative, ironic tone instead of a positive, gee-whizz tone. Irony is not a hard form to work in if you are writing about nothing in particular, and most of the people in the latest Marquand novel come smoothly to the conclusion that they and their lives mean nothing at all, so they do not constitute a great tax on the author's time and energy. The Marquand novels keep ap-

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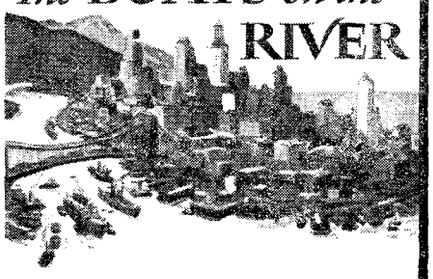

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pearing at short intervals, and it is getting a little difficult to remember which is which.

Their best point, to me, is the easy and well-directed malice with which they touch on things at the surface of current life that Mr. Marquand has had a quick but discerning look at, such as wartime Washington lobbies, radio commentators, fashionable girls' schools, and Army and Navy society at the two- and three-star level in Guam. But even his kidding is apt to turn into slapstick at short notice. There is a device employed in the "Tom Swift" and "Rover Boy" books, and in comic strips, whereby the authors seek to create or emphasize character by having the subject repeat his key phrase—"Bless my buttons!" or "Leaping lizards!"—as often as possible. Mr. Marquand does a good deal of this, especially at the end of scenes or chapters, with a sort of blackout effect. When you see such tricks walking hand in hand with a style that is weary and pessimistic almost to the point of significance, you begin to talk to yourself as follows (and I do not by any means quote):

"Long time no see," said Harry. "You've really been around in this man's war."

Looking at the yellow sky above him, and the clouds, Bob felt a faint distaste for Harry. He remembered when Harry had pimples. He remembered when his own nose used to run all the time, in the soft, nostalgic dust of Gray's Point.

"All right, Harry," he said, "but please don't say 'this man's war.' "

"O.K.," said Harry. "Long time no see."

THERE was poetry as well as novelty in "Canapé-Vert," the first book by Philippe Thoby-Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin about the peasants of Haiti, published a few years ago. The authors' new novel, "The Beast of the Haitian Hills" (Rinehart), while it has things to say that are fresh, strange, and moving about the same peasants and their daily dealings with the spirit world, is told much more flatly and banally, very possibly because it has a different translator. The second book, originally entitled "La Bête du Musseau," was translated by Peter C. Rhodes, with no apparent attempt to equal the rhythms and the tinted phrasing of Edward Laroque Tinker, who translated "Canapé-Vert." Since I have not read either book in French, however, I am not the man to say with certainty whether Mr. Tinker or Mr. Rhodes comes closer to the style of the brothers Marcelin.

"Canapé-Vert" had the further advantage of offering a number of Haitian folk songs and work songs, all good, all contributing to the effect of the black Greek tragedy the authors had in mind. "The Beast of the Haitian Hills" is simpler in design and less exotic and musical. Both books, written by educated men of the administrative class of Haiti, tell how the free but thoroughly downtrodden people of the farms and villages adjust themselves to misery with the help of a pantheon of spirits, good and evil—even the good ones being sensationally tyrannical and perverse. As in "Canapé-Vert," and in tragedies of Greek persuasion generally, most of the characters in "The Beast" die or go mad in the end. —JOHN LARDNER

## VERSE

IT is extraordinary how vital and adult the poetry of Arthur Rimbaud, who passed with the speed of a comet through the French literary world between his sixteenth and his nineteenth year (1870-73), now appears. Beside it, the poetry of the Surrealist André Breton, one of his successors, who was born in 1896 and has worked all his life as a literary experimenter, seems much more the work of an adolescent. This season, we are able closely to compare the works of the young innovator and of this successor. View Editions has published a volume of André Breton's poetry, "Young Cherry Trees Secured Against Hares," translated by Edouard Roditi (with drawings by Arshile Gorky and a cover designed by Marcel Duchamp), at the same time that New Directions has published a new translation, by Louise Varèse, of the prose poems from Rimbaud's "Illuminations." The comparison brings out the truth that there are no short cuts to the world of the imagination. Rimbaud, in spite of occasional big talk about control over his subconscious processes, knew that he was only an instrument for them. ("It is wrong to say: I think. One should say: I am thought.") Breton has consciously applied every known method to get at "*le merveilleux*," of which the subconscious seems to have the secret. But, at fifty, he seems undeveloped beside the wild youth who pushed into maturity in a flash, after attempting to live his life in accordance with his compelling and terrible vision. (The Surrealists, by the way, rejected Rimbaud long ago as being vulgar.)

Breton entered the Surrealist movement from French Dadaism. He has

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been its leader almost continuously, in spite of, or because of, his high-handed manner of leadership. The changes through which Surrealism has passed have Breton's intransigent nature behind them. Breton has, in fact, committed repeatedly what, according to early Surrealist doctrine, is one of the chief literary sins: he has taken himself too seriously. If the movement has now reached a blind alley, it is largely Breton's doing. He has multiplied his effects, rather than developed his gifts, and thus, after years of issuing manifestoes, diatribes, defenses, counter-defenses, of excommunicating disciples with the severity of a pontiff and inventing tactics with the ingenuity of a field marshal, he is beginning to assume the tone and features not of a master but of a rather bullying boy.

It is interesting to conjecture just why Surrealism, with its high aims—to change modern sensibility, to plumb the subconscious, to release the writer from isolation and a sense of futility and despair—has ended in smallness and dullness, without having "transformed the world" or "changed human life," as its adherents once planned. (Surrealist painting has been more successful in projecting various subliminal emotions.) It has thus always had the air of a turbulent schoolroom. The actual literary forms adopted by its members have often resembled caricatures of schoolroom tasks. There are poems made up of questions and answers, in the form of adages, proverbs, and definitions, of lists and catalogues—all close to the manner and matter of the examination paper. Or they have resembled the catechism and litanies familiar to those with a religious upbringing. Surrealists have played parlor paper games, like intelligent children; they have produced automatic writing and hypnotized each other; they have told each other their dreams, drawn up lists of literary ancestors and favorite writers. They have written insulting letters to the Pope, to eminent men of letters, and to their friends. The long squabbles, hairsplittings, and choosing of sides; the continual demotion of leaders and excommunication of followers; the practical jokes, the indiscriminate hatred of "culture," and the extreme sentimentality (on the whole) of their love poetry—all these preoccupations point to an emotional and intellectual fixation at a pre-adult level. Breton's new volume, which includes poems written from 1923 through 1944, preserves a good deal of this student childishness intact. He is a fine and eloquent rhetorician, but he is tiresome


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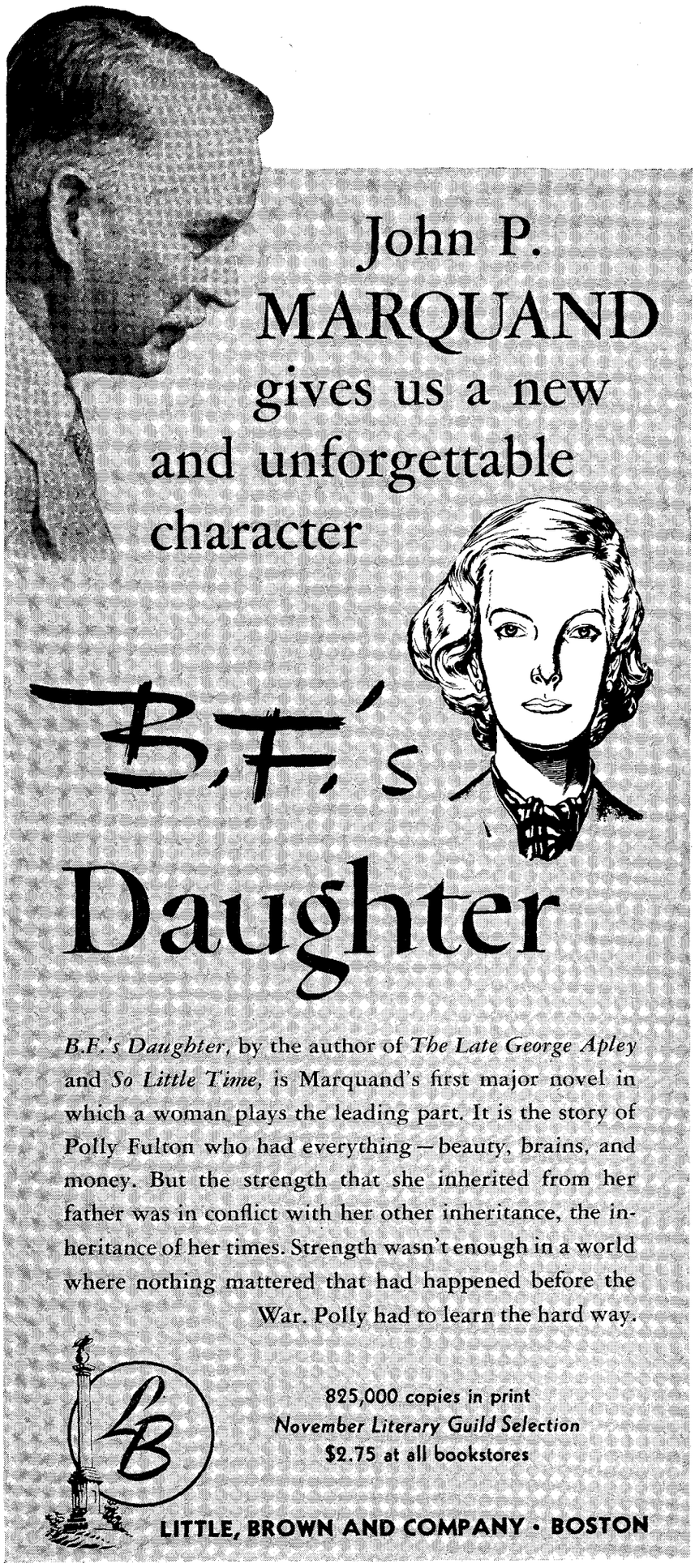



nonetheless. His subconscious, at least, seems never to have grown up.

The young Rimbaud, however, who, at the age of sixteen years and seven months, decided to make himself a "seer," remains enchanting. "His visionary universe," says one of his modern critics, "retains a haunting kinship with the world of common experience, for it represents [that] world disturbingly blended with an hallucinatory vision of the supreme beyond." It is Rimbaud's loyalty toward and reverence for both worlds that give his poetry depth and reverberation. He was through with poetry at nineteen. He never went back to engage in explanations, self-advertising, power politics, recapitulations, or rebuttals. The new volume of his verse contains a chronology, based on Enid Starkie's definitive biography, and the two so-called *lettres de voyant*, written in 1871. This additional material gives the reader some background against which to place the poems. The book, which also contains all the prose poems, is more nearly complete than Helen Rootham's, published by New Directions some years ago, and though the translation is not as resonant, it is accurate enough. —LOUISE BOGAN

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

WOMAN OF THE PHARISEES, by François Mauriac, translated by Gerard Hopkins (Holt). This is primarily a study of the mind and heart of a terrifyingly good woman, living in a provincial town in France after the first World War, who must at all costs be right, even though her dominating self-righteousness will inevitably bring down the temple about her head. It is at the same time an intense scrutiny, by an intellect at once subtle and undeviating, of the nature of good and evil. M. Mauriac dissects his characters with rare objectivity; he is often cruel but never brutal or savage, and he exposes the soul's corruption as well as its grandeur with serene detachment. A deeply impressive novel by an author whose growth has been continuous and whose present stature makes so much contemporary fiction seem sadly thin by comparison.

THE WIND AT MY BACK, by Victoria Lincoln (Rinehart). Those who have admired Miss Lincoln for her wit will be pleased to know that in the collection of stories that make up this volume (the publishers mistakenly call them novels) her talent has matured and deepened. In "Before

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the Swallow Dares," the longest and most successful one, the author does a difficult thing charmingly—she writes about first love and first tragedy with clarity and directness and even humor. Her insight into unhappy young love is tender and altogether affecting.

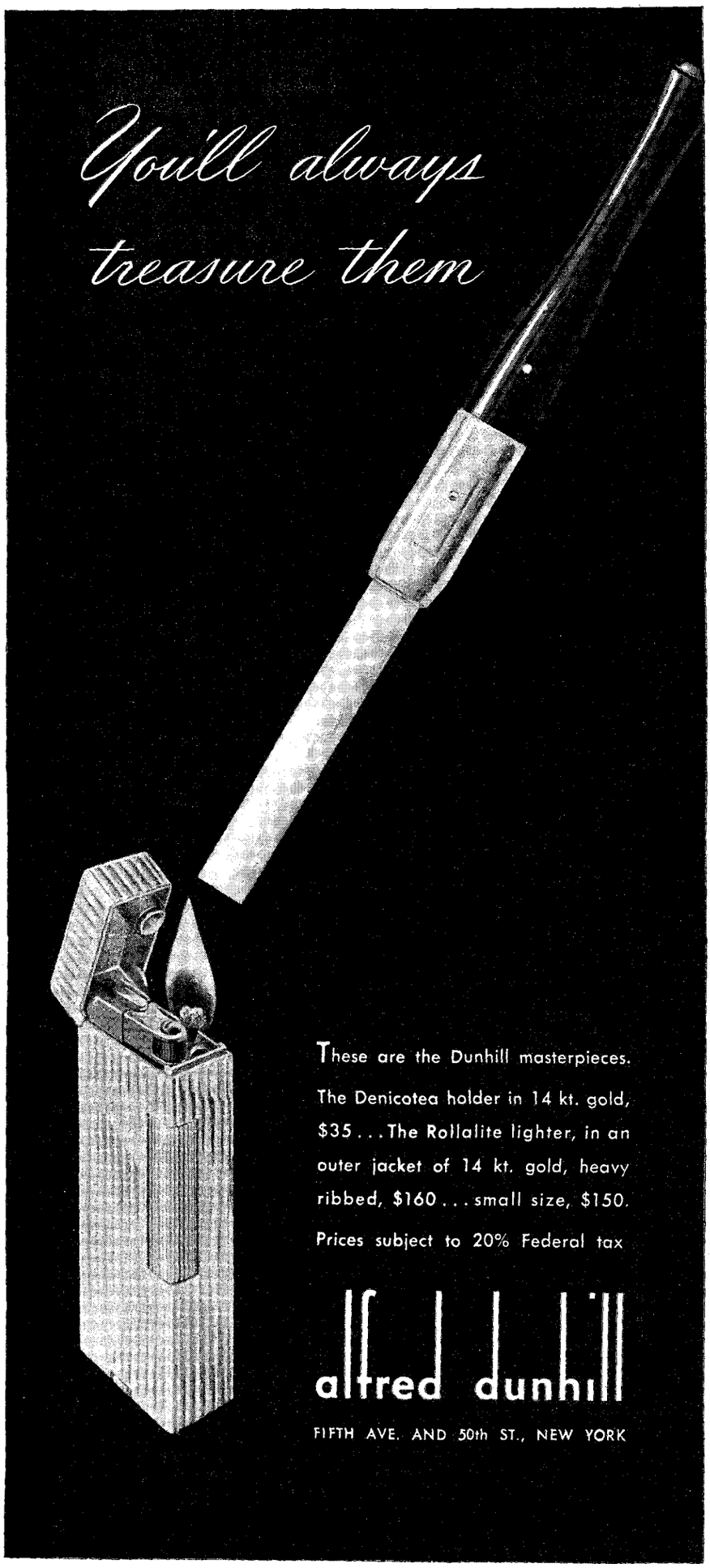
THE MAGICIAN, by Bruno Frank (Viking). Nine short stories and a fragment of an unfinished novel by the late German refugee. None of the tales are at all startling, but most of them are written with grace, a nice irony, and an infectious pleasure in telling a good story. Considering the quality of current fiction, maybe these *are* startling qualities, after all.

YES AND NO STORIES, by George and Helen Papashvily (Harper). Folk tales being a special taste, it is hard for a *terre-à-terre* reader to say anything pertinent about these ageless stories from the Caucasus. They are, of course, all about talking wolves and bears, shrewd peasants, and easily fooled kings, but even a *terre-à-terre* reader can tell that they are written with delicacy and imagination. Illustrated by Simon Lissim.

SELECTED WRITINGS OF GERTRUDE STEIN, edited by Carl Van Vechten, who also provides the introduction and notes (Random House). The contents of this collection of Gertrude Stein could not have been better chosen and presented. It includes "Tender Buttons," "Melanctha," and the whole of "The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas," as well as some excerpts from "The Making of Americans," the last chapter and the epilogue of "Wars I Have Seen," and a variety of shorter pieces, some of them from books that have gone out of print. Every phase of the author's style, from the queerest to the most limpid, is represented, and every period of her career. Mr. Van Vechten has made it possible for new readers to become easily acquainted with the work of this eccentric and remarkable woman and for old readers to get a well-rounded view of it. To start at the beginning and go through this volume, skipping, if they bore you, the parts that seem opaque, might be one of the best ways to read Gertrude Stein. There is a foreword by Miss Stein, written just before her death.

### GENERAL

LINCOLN'S WAR CABINET, by Burton J. Hendrick (Little, Brown). This study, by one of America's most emi-

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nent historical scholars, of Northern statesmanship during the Civil War is a complementary volume to the author's "Statesmen of the Lost Cause." Lincoln's cabinet was a remarkable coalition of the leaders of the Republican Party, five of whom had been his rivals for the Presidential nomination. Mr. Hendrick discusses these men and their political ideologies, which were in constant conflict, with great skill. A distinguished book.

LEGENDS THAT LIBEL LINCOLN, by Montgomery S. Lewis (Rinehart). The alliterative title is misleading; the three legends examined here are in no way libels on the President's memory—they just do not add anything honorable to his reputation. Mr. Lewis takes up the stories that Lincoln's father was a shiftless no-good, that Ann Rutledge was Lincoln's only love, and that Mary Todd, the woman he married, was a shrew who made his life a hell. It is the author's claim that these stories were all fabricated by biographers who wanted to stack the odds against their hero so that his greatness would seem even more lustrous. A fine example of scholarship and detective work.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND THE WIDOW BIXBY, by F. Lauriston Bullard (Rutgers). Another notable piece of detection on the Lincoln story. This one is concerned with the controversy over whether Lincoln did or did not write that letter to Mrs. Bixby consoling her for the loss of five sons in combat (Dr. Bullard thinks he did). The author offers the results of his researches into the origins of the mystery about the letter, into the part played by John Hay, Lincoln's secretary, and into the long succession of forgeries.

BRANDEIS, by Alpheus Thomas Mason (Viking). A thoroughgoing biography of the great dissenter. Louis Brandeis was a powerful personality, and the author has wisely written about him in terms of the history he was part of—from his early contests with "bigness" to his last, influential years on the Supreme Court. It is not easy to present a man as complex as Brandeis full length. He was "radical" (though hardly the anarchist his enemies called him), yet he was conservative, too, and strove all his life to keep inviolate the basic American institutions. He made a fortune as a corporation lawyer, but he was feared more than any man of his time by monopolists, and he was not a standard bearer for either labor or the industrialists. Professor Mason has done a fine and useful job in this discerning and sympathetic book.

LOST MEN OF AMERICAN HISTORY, by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan). The lost men (and women) dealt with by Mr. Holbrook are the people in the footnotes of history books—men ahead of their time, prophets without honor, and unsung inventors, as well as the cranks, quacks, and malcontents who, in their way, were just as important to our national development as the heroes. Mr. Holbrook has deviated from the familiar beats, and his fascinating book might well start a trend in historical writing, like the debunking movement of twenty years ago.

LITTLE TROLL, by Karin Michaelis (Creative Age). The reminiscences of a Danish novelist who was familiar to an earlier generation in this country as the author of "The Dangerous Age." Mme. Michaelis, now in her seventies, goes over her past romances and friendships and, in writing of her youth and young womanhood, recaptures a mood that is both charming and a little ridiculous. Her remembrances of old friendships with such a catholic assortment of people as d'Annunzio, Emma Goldman, Gerhart Hauptmann, Krupskaya (Lenin's wife), Ibsen, and Rainer Maria Rilke show insight and a sly humor. An ingratiating book, if not a very consequential one.

THE CHILDREN'S INFERNO, by Lilika Nakos (Gateway). A collection of stories, apparently with a factual background, about the occupation of Athens. It might be described as the White Book of the Greek children. The author, a novelist and short-story writer well known in her native Greece as well as in France, became a nurse after the Germans invaded her country and began scientifically to starve the people, and the majority of these stories center on the children's ward of her hospital. Most of them, especially those dealing with children forced by circumstance into depravity and crime, are harrowing, but Miss Nakos's literary skill, compassion, and faith in her people have made her book much more than a mere chronicle of horror.

ACCENT ANTHOLOGY, edited by Kerker Quinn and Charles Shattuck (Harcourt, Brace). A collection of good short stories, poems, and critical pieces from *Accent*. As it happens,

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the stories by the unknowns who were discovered by the magazine's editors are more impressive than those of the celebrated contributors—probably a healthy sign. The critical section is preoccupied with such people as Kafka, Virginia Woolf, Gerard Manley Hopkins, and T. S. Eliot, and the critics are unable to say much that is new.

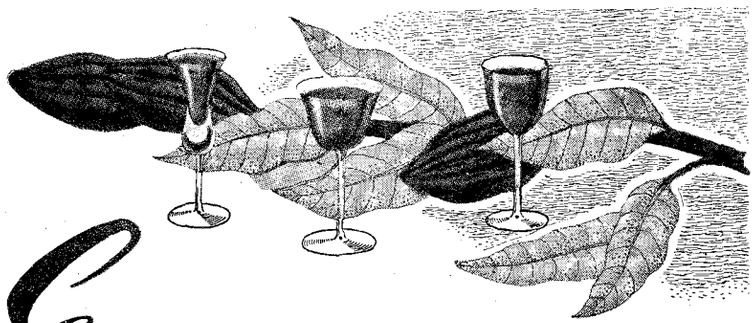
REMINISCENCE AND RAVIOLI, by Nika Standen (Morrow). Pleasing recollections of a childhood in a middle-class Italian family passionately and delightfully concerned with eating and drinking. In fact, the main interest of the book lies in the fifty-odd recipes for the savory Italian dishes that are the glory of *la cucina borghese*. Not really a cookbook, but a first-rate means of starting you thinking along different culinary lines.

THE THEATRE BOOK OF THE YEAR, by George Jean Nathan (Knopf). Mr. Nathan's annual, now in its fourth year, is beginning to achieve institutional status. A scrapbook of a year's opinions about plays—the greater part of which are no longer even memories—may not sound very rewarding. But Mr. Nathan, in his pleasantly acid prose, can take even the most footling piece of Broadway nonsense and, with entertaining digressions, write an essay on it with critical perception, humor, and vitality of expression.

NOTE: The editorial paragraphs on world government contributed anonymously by E. B. White to the Notes and Comment page of *The New Yorker* during the last few years have been gathered into a book and published by Houghton Mifflin under the title "The Wild Flag." The volume contains selections from April, 1943, through June, 1946, including items you may remember: the fable about the wild flag, the paragraphs on the death of President Roosevelt, the instructions to the United Nations delegates, and the Christmas editorial of 1944 about the gifts with the hard names.

## MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE HARD-BOILED OMNIBUS, edited by Joseph T. Shaw (Simon & Schuster). Fifteen tales from *Black Mask*, by exponents of the slug-him-again-he's-still-breathing school of detective fiction and compiled by the magazine's former editor, who knows a good, tough story when he sees one. Among those represented are Dashiell

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Hammett, Raymond Chandler, Lester Dent, and Raoul Whitfield. A handy volume for readers who hanker after gore.

BLOOD ON BISCAYNE BAY, by Brett Halliday (Ziff-Davis). Crime among the playboys and playgirls of Miami Beach, with Michael Shayne, the tough redhead, drinking his way to the answers. Among the unappetizing citizens with whom the long-suffering dick is forced to deal are three maniacs (two dipso- and one nympho-), an effeminate gambler, and assorted blackmailers, murderers, and thugs. The action is fast, but the solution is only so-so.

PURGATORY STREET, by Roman McDougald (Simon & Schuster). Mrs. Mona Wayne, a small-town matron, undergoes considerable nervous strain when her husband, who has returned from the war with his face reconstructed by plastic surgery, is thought by his relatives to be an impostor. Things get even worse when Mrs. Wayne is suspected of breaking the neck of a skeptical uncle, but with the help of the police a lot of confusing evidence is eventually sorted out. Fairly frightening, in spite of the author's hopped-up method of presentation.

•

Please send me a pamphlet telling what girls should know. I am 73 years of age and I am miserable with hay fever from the middle of August till a good frost.
—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Well, a girl ought to know about Jack Frost, for one thing.

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Then the depression wiped him out leaving him with little else than his wife and his collection.

His sister-in-law had a candy store in Philadelphia for sale, which Maurice bought by selling everything except his records.—*The Playbill.*

At a decent price, we hope.

•

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[*From "Confidentially," by Lucille Leimert, a column in the Los Angeles Times*]

The Adolph Spreckelses, who have just given a super-duper party, are already compiling a list for another one. This time, I hear, instead of having balloons floating individually on the swimming pool the balloons will be clustered like giant bunches of grapes.



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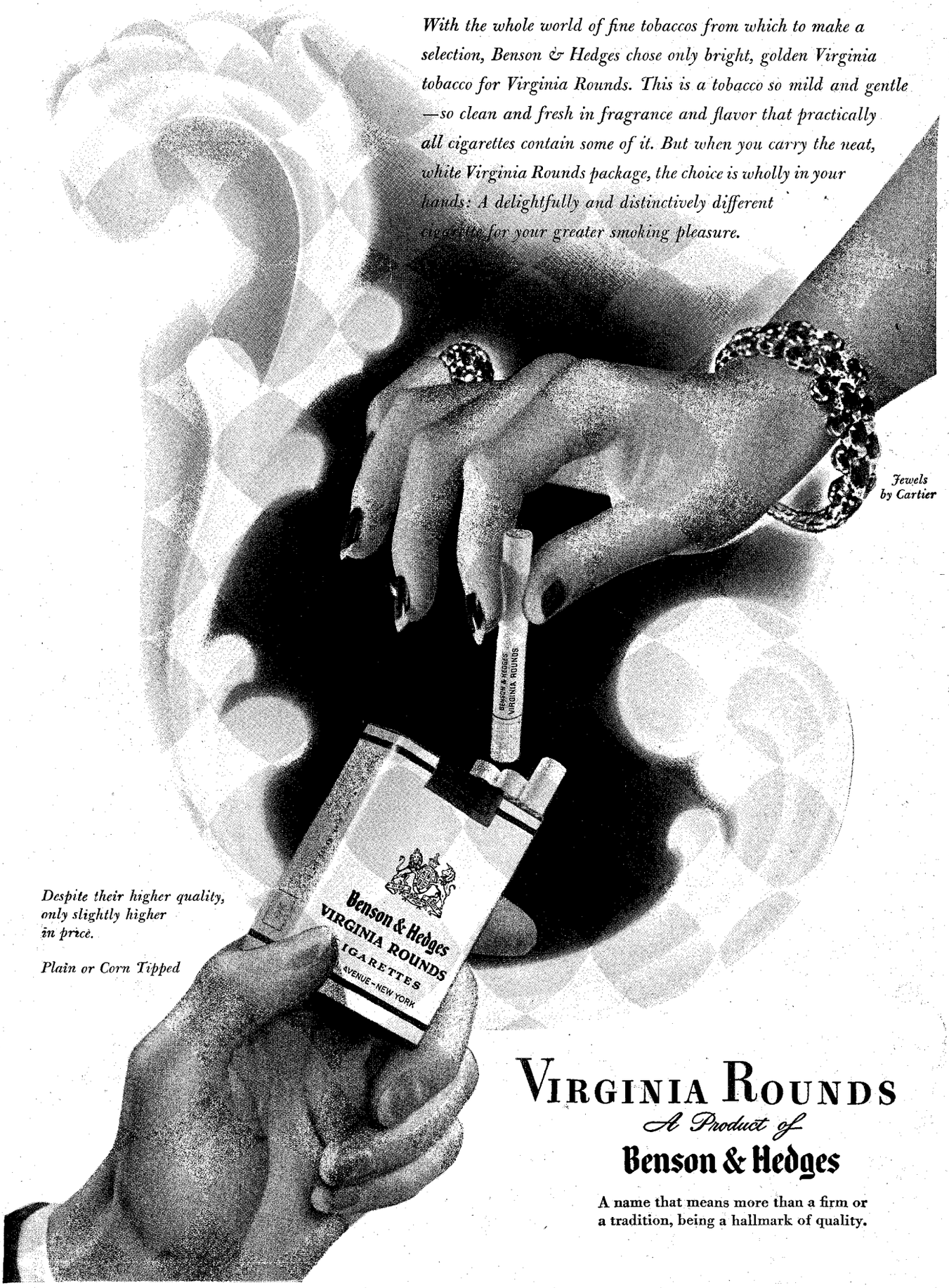


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